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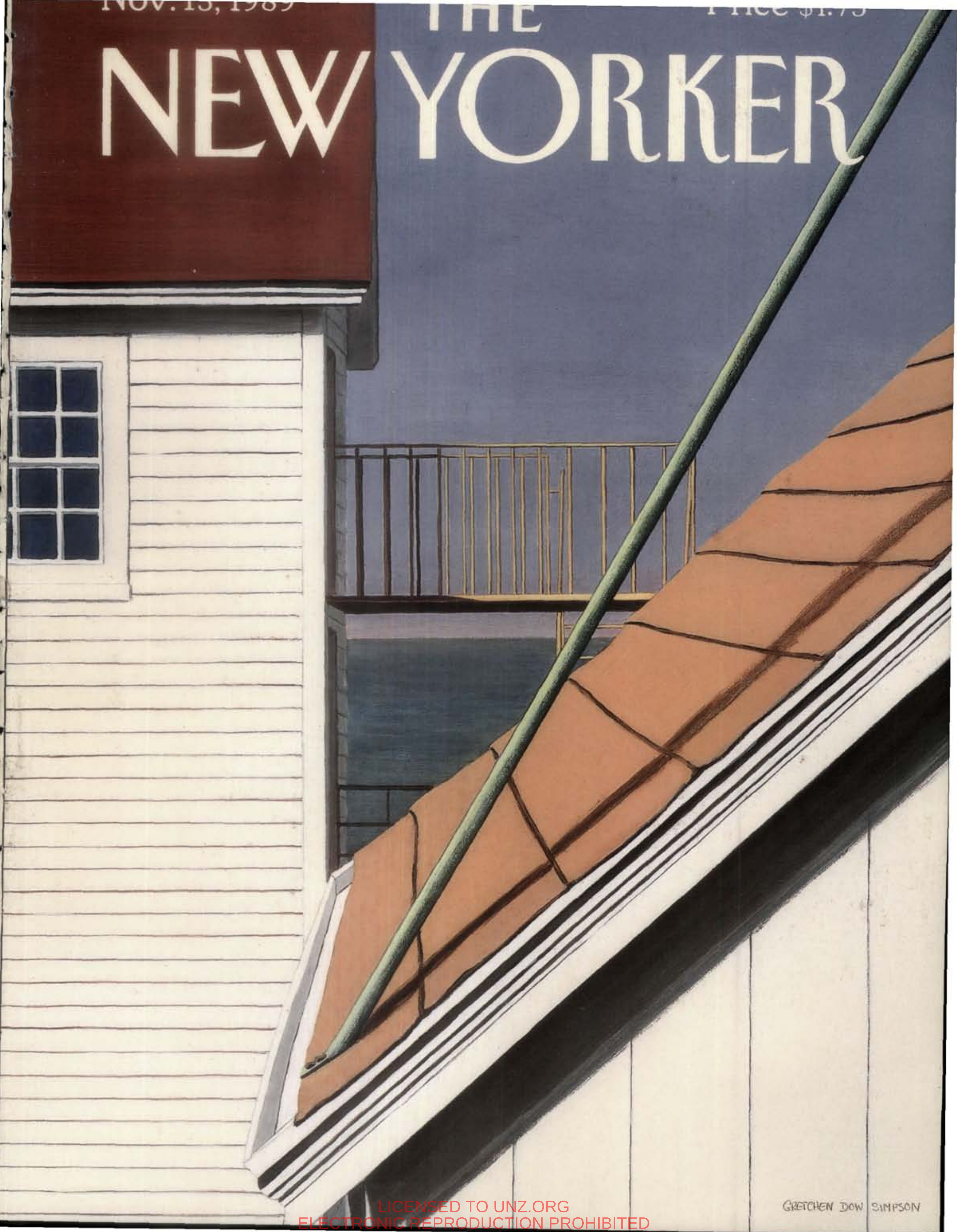
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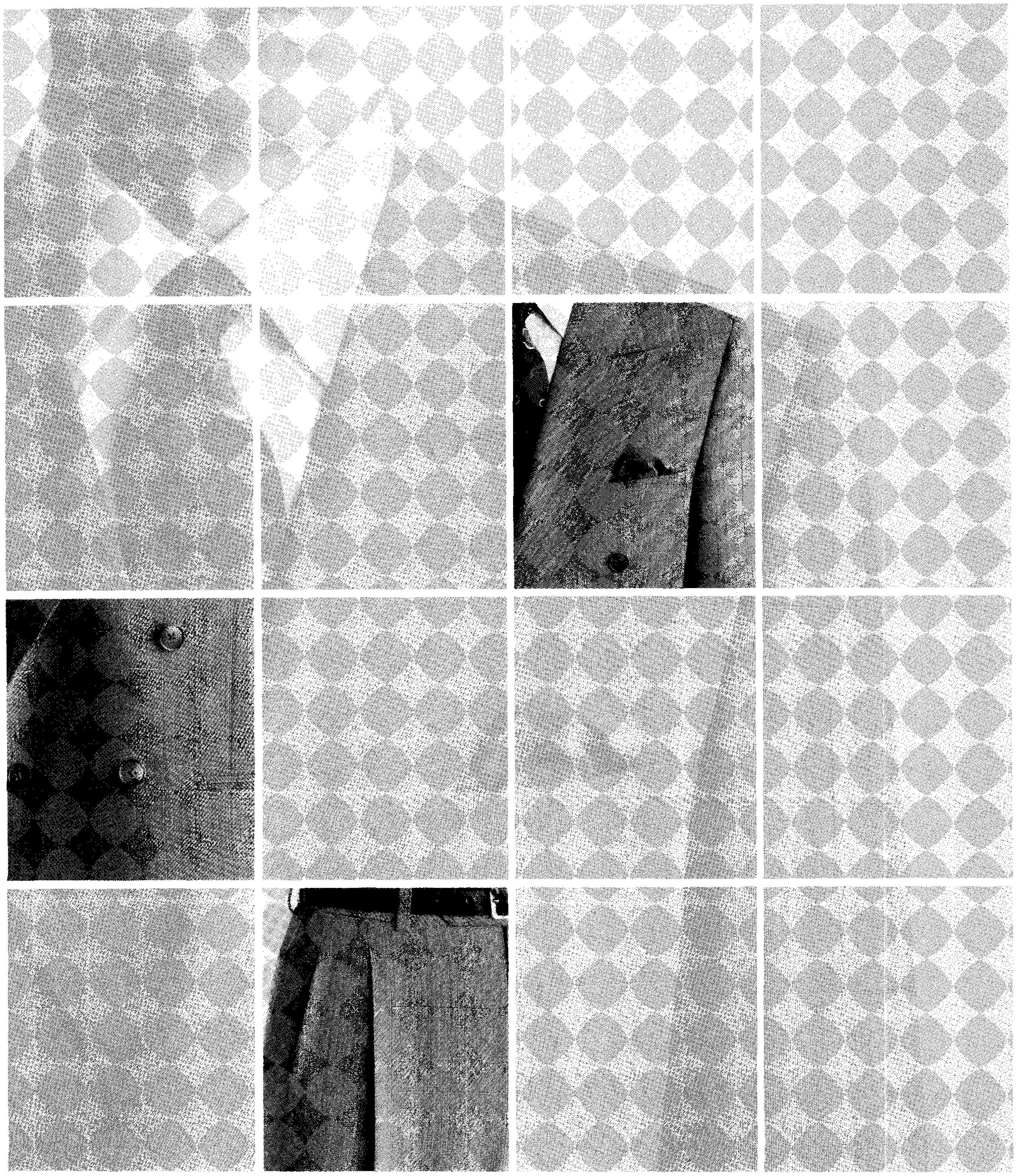

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

FRIENDS who had gone to see the revised version of Terrence McNally's "The Lisbon Traviata," at the Promenade Theatre, had been giving us a certain amount of flack about the new ending. Mind you, when John Tillinger's magnificent production first opened at the Manhattan Theatre Club, last spring, we weren't the only one to complain about the ending. Still, we may have got a little too specific in our recommendations, arguing that Mendy should reappear at the end of the second act for the sake of symmetry and comic relief, and that Stephen shouldn't actually *kill* Mike. In the new version, according to one friend, Mendy comes back in a Road Runner suit; according to another, he comes back and kills both Mike and Stephen.

So it was with a good deal of anxiety and trepidation that we went off to see the new version. But we found, to our relief, that McNally has shaped "The Lisbon Traviata" into a play perfectly poised between comedy and seriousness, and perfectly balanced so that each of the two acts transcends its subject. Just as the first half is about more than the experience of being an opera queen (and we stand by the term, thinking that one has to acknowledge a metaphor in order to get at the meaning behind it), the second half is about more than homosexual relationships. Add to the pleasure of the writing the virtuoso performances by Nathan Lane, Anthony Heald, Dan Butler, and John Slattery and you have a sterling evening.

Just about the only thing we could find still wrong with the play is the address given for the record store Music Masters. It's on West 43rd Street: even if you approach it from the 44th Street end of the building's arcade, you have to go right through to the other side.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

BABA GOYA—Estelle Parsons and her daughter Martha Gehman in a revival of Steve Tesich's 1973 comedy. Directed by Harris Yulin. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

A FEW GOOD MEN—Tom Hulce, Megan Gallagher, and Mark Nelson portray attorneys for two marines accused of murder, in this drama by Aaron Sorkin. Don Scardino is the director. Previews through Nov. 14. Opens Nov. 15 at 6:15. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

GRAND HOTEL—A new musical, based on Vicki Baum's 1929 novel, that is directed and choreographed by Tommy Tune. Karen Akers, David Carroll, Michael Jeter, and Liliane Montevecchi are in the cast. Previews through Nov. 11. Opens Nov. 12 at 7. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

GYPSY—Tyne Daly stars in this revival of the 1959 musical. The score is by Jule Styne, the lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and the book by Arthur Laurents, who is the director of this production. Also with Jonathan Hadary and Crista Moore. In previews. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

HYDE IN HOLLYWOOD—A play by Peter Parnell, with Robert Joy and Keith Szarabajka, that is the season opener for Playwrights Horizons. Directed by Gerald Gutierrez. In previews. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

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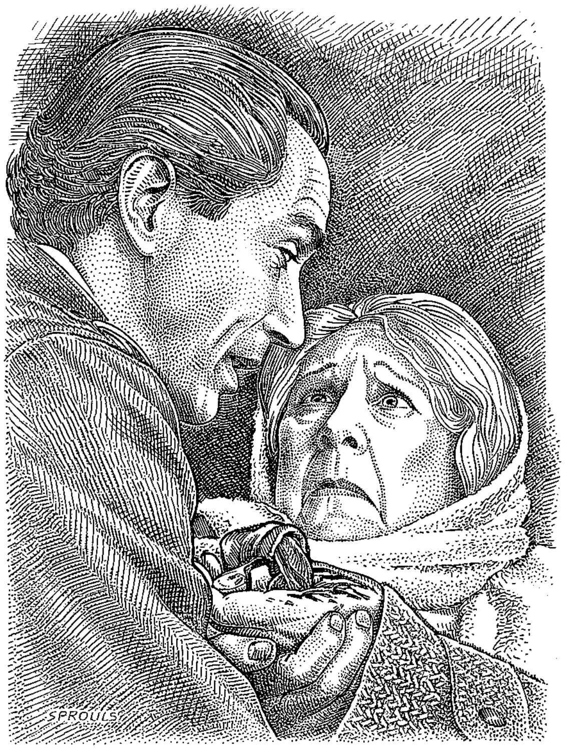
MOUNTAIN LANGUAGE and **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY**—A Harold Pinter double bill; the first is an American première, the second a revival of the 1958 play. Peter Riegert, Jean Stapleton, and David Strathairn are in both works, which are directed by Carey Perloff. Preview Nov. 7. Opens Nov. 8 at 7. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

OH, HELL—A double bill consisting of Shel Silverstein's "The Devil and Billy Markham" and David Mamet's "Bobby Gould in Hell." With Dennis Locorriere in the Silverstein work and Treat Williams in the Mamet; both directed by Gregory Mosher. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

PRINCE OF CENTRAL PARK—A new musical, with Jo Anne Worley as a woman who befriends a twelve-year-old runaway (Richard H. Blake) living in a tree in Central Park. Adapted from a novel by Evan H. Rhodes. Previews through Nov. 8. Opens Nov. 9 at 6:30. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)



David Strathairn and Jean Stapleton in "Mountain Language"

THE SONG OF SHIM CHUNG—An adaptation by Terence Cranendonk (with Du-Yee Chang) of a Korean folk tale. Produced by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. Previews through Nov. 11. Opens Nov. 14 at 8, and runs through Dec. 2. (St. Clement's Church, 423 W. 46th St. For information about tickets, call 245-2660.)

THE TALENTED TENTH—Richard Wesley's new play about a black professional with a radical past. Directed by M. Neema Barnette; with Richard Lawson. Previews through Nov. 8. Opens Nov. 9 at 8. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

THE TEMPEST—Frank Langella, B. D. Wong, Jay Patterson, and Angela Sherrill as Prospero, Ariel, Caliban, and Miranda. Previews through Nov. 12. Opens Nov. 14 at 8. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

THE TENTH MAN—A revival of Paddy Chayefsky's 1959 play, directed by Ulu Grosbard. The large cast includes Phoebe Cates, Bob Dishy, Dan Daily, Herbert Berghof, and Jack Weston. Previews begin Nov. 10. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

THE WIDOW'S BLIND DATE—A new play written and directed by Israel Horovitz. The cast is composed of Christine Estabrook, Paul O'Brien, and Tom Bloom. There is a preview on Nov. 6. Opens Nov. 7 at 6:45. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

RECENTLY OPENED

ALL GOD'S DANGERS—Cleavon Little is the true embodiment of Nate Shaw, an old Alabama farmer, who, in this monologue, tells his own story. The son of slaves, he prospered until he joined a sharecroppers' union and had to withstand the white man's deceptions and the white man's greed. Despite the twelve years he spent in prison, his story is a triumph. Mr. Little does Mr. Shaw more than justice in a splendid performance. Adapted by Theodore Rosengarten (with Michael and Jennifer Hadley), from his book of the same title. Direction by William Partlan. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/30/89.) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

BEN-HUR—A play by Thomas M. Disch, adapted from the novel by Lew Wallace. With John J. Harmon. (Rapp Arts Center, 220 E. 4th St. 279-4200. Closes Nov. 12.)

A BRONX TALE—A one-man play written and performed by Chazz Palminteri. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

CHRIS DURANG & DAWNE—Mr. Durang and company (Sherry Anderson, John Augustine, Michael O'Flaherty, and Brad Flickinger) play Sundays at 5 and Mondays at 8. (Criterion Cabaret, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—**BESIDE HERSELF**, Joe Pintauro's play about a brittle, quirky-minded older woman making friends with different versions of her past self (and with a young man from the present) is alternately funny and poignant. It offers a chance to see Lois Smith in a part that might have been written for her and William Hurt giving an honest-to-God stage performance. (11/6/89) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes Nov. 19.)

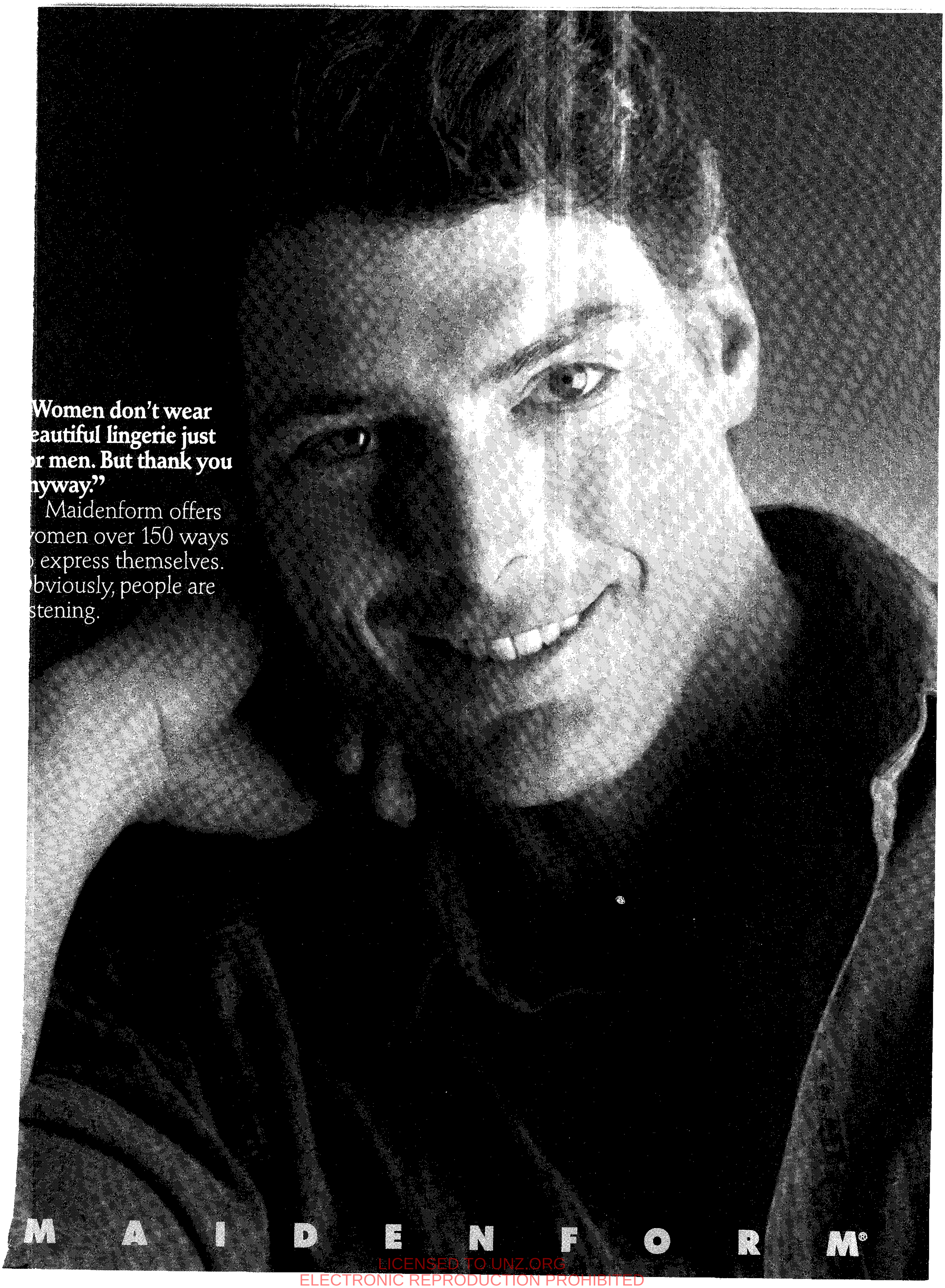
CLOSER THAN EVER—A revue of songs about contemporary urban life by Richard Maltby, Jr., and David Shire. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

HEAVEN ON EARTH—A play by Robert Schenkkan about a young Southerner who has no faith, and about his grandmother, who has plenty. With Jay O. Sanders and Helen Stenborg. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

THE LADY IN QUESTION—Charles Busch's new play, set in Germany during the Second World War, is the perfect entertainment for a cool autumn evening. It's less pointedly a parody of one genre or movie than his last work, "Psycho Beach Party," was, and more a travesty of an entire week's worth of TNT programming, compressed into a single evening of theatre. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

LEND ME A TENOR—The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks are among the members of the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE LISBON TRAVIATA—Terrence McNally's play, revised somewhat since it was seen earlier this year at the Manhattan Theatre Club. Anthony Heald, Nathan Lane, Dan Butler, and John Slattery are again the members of



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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

the cast. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Love Letters—A. R. Gurney's two-character play has moved to Broadway. Stockard Channing and John Rubinstein, Nov. 7-12, and Swoosie Kurtz and Richard Thomas, starting Nov. 14. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302.)

Mastergate—Larry Gelbart's comedy, which takes off from the Iran-Contra hearings, doesn't quite achieve satire, but it does make for quite a lot of good jokes. The performance, under Michael Engler's direction, is excellent. (10/23/89) (Criterion Center Stage Right, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—George Hearn, Milo O'Shea, Charlotte Moore, and Betty Garrett in a new musical based on Sally Benson's "Kensington Stories" and on the 1943 movie. Directed by Louis Burke. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

Only Kidding!—Jim Geoghan's comedy about standup comedians, in all their panic and desperation, has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. (One monologue, about a Greek restaurant, is a knockout.) All the actors do well, under the lively direction of Larry Arrick. (5/29/89) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Orpheus Descending—A chaotic production of Tennessee Williams' ramshackle play about the passionate love affair between an Italian immigrant woman and a young man who goes from town to town, in the South, guitar in hand, making trouble. Vanessa Redgrave, though hardly convincing in the leading role, is certainly arresting. (10/9/89) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

The Secret Rapture—Blair Brown, Frances Conroy, and Mary Beth Hurt have the leading roles in David Hare's play. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Sweeney Todd—Bob Gunton and Beth Fowler in the York Theatre Company's production of the Sondheim musical, which had a brief run uptown last spring. Susan H. Schulman is the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

3 Penny Opera—Pop singer Sting makes his Broadway dêbut in this revival of the Brecht-Weill musical, which is directed by John Dexter. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

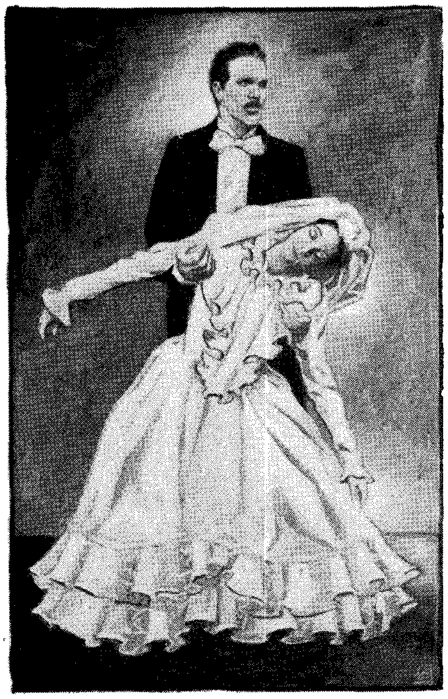
LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned twenty-nine this year. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Christine Lahti. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. Whether Robbins' era—the fifties—was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES:** Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** Tony Randall and A. Mapa in David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. With Kevin Conway, Mercedes Ruehl, Scotty Bloch, Arch Johnson, and James Murtaugh. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **RUMORS:** This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. Directed by Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **SHIRLEY VALENTINE:** Willy Russell's play about a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. With Ellen Burstyn in the title, and only, role. Directed by Simon Callow. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling takes place in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. Directed by Pamela Berlin. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

DANCE

When is someone going to stick a thumb into an archive and pull out—with correct proportions, original color, and outtakes appended—the 1967 Columbia film of Balanchine's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"? Simply as a document of the young Suzanne Farrell (Titania), this would be a treasure. It demonstrates unquestionably that Balanchine's early promotion of her was not a gamble but a sure bet. Here, at twenty-two, she had everything in place as a dancer: power, delicacy, an amazing fifth position, a startling jump, luscious épaulement, beautiful hands, and a faultless ear. The rest of the cast isn't bad, either: Edward Villella, in his prime, as Oberon; Patricia McBride as Hermia; Mimi Paul as Helena; Suki Schorer as the chief Butterfly to Arthur Mitchell's dragonfly Puck; Conrad Ludlow, partner extraordinaire, with Farrell in the bower scene; and, in the pas de deux of the divertissement, Allegra Kent and Jacques d'Amboise. The architectural set, specially constructed for the film, also makes instant sense of some details that can be puzzling in the stage version.

Our thoughts on "Midsummer" were stimulated when we caught a showing of it recently at Cinema Village, a Manhattan revival house. While thrilled and grateful to revisit this rarely shown movie, we were also dismayed to find that the dark 16-mm. print was the notorious "scanned" version, in which part of the image has been lopped off so that the picture can be projected onto a screen of conventional size. ("Midsummer" was filmed in a wide-screen anamorphic process called Panavision.) The theatre's manager was as unhappy about the version as we were: there was no direct mention in the credits that this was an altered print. We need this film in its ideal state—intact.



The Joffrey's Tyler Walters and Tina LeBlanc in "A Wedding Bouquet"

Joffrey Ballet—Nov. 7 at 8: "Cotillon," "Sea Shadow," "Touch Me," and "Les Noces." . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 8: "Les Noces," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 8: "Illuminations," "Monotones I and II," and "A Wedding Bouquet," with David Vaughan, narrator. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 8: "Petrouchka," "Sea Shadow," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Arden Court." . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 2: "Cotillon," "Sea Shadow," "Touch Me," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 8: "Illuminations," "Monotones I and II," and "A Wedding Bouquet." . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 2: "Petrouchka," "Monotones I and II," and "Arden Court." . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 7:30: "Arden Court," "Untitled," "Love Songs," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 8: "Italian Suite," "L'Air d'Esprit," "Touch Me," and "The Pantages and the Palace Present 'Two-a-Day.' " . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 8: "Illuminations," "Monotones I and II," and "A Wedding Bouquet." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Through Dec. 2.)

Harry—Senta Driver's troupe in a one-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Nov. 7 at 7:30, Nov. 8-11 at 8, and Nov. 12 at 7:30.)

Christopher d'Amboise and the Off Center Ballet—In "Double Occupancy" (première), "Face to Face," and "A Different Drum." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Nov. 7-8 at 8.)

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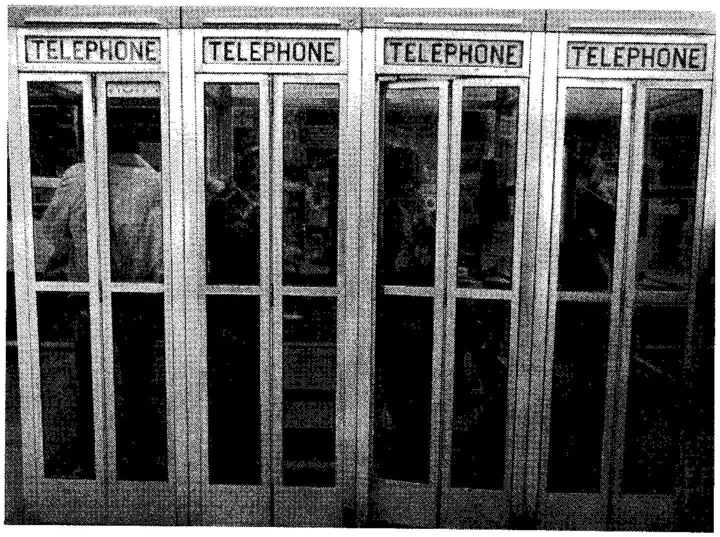
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DANCE–Cont'd

Irene Hultman and Vicky Shick—In a program of solos and duets. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. Nov. 9-10 at 8:30. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

Danspace Project—Presenting two couples in a joint engagement. Karen Pearlman and Richard Allen perform "The Charlie Stories," and Art Bridgman and Myrna Packer, along with several guest artists, offer new works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8112. Nov. 9-12 at 8:30.)

Ritha Devi—Presenting classical dances of India. (Florence Gould Hall, French Institute–Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Nov. 11 at 7:30.)

Jamison Project—In a single performance. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Nov. 11 at 8.)

Anjani's Kathak Dance of India—A company of seven. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Nov. 11 at 8.)

Garth Fagan Bucket Dance—A Rochester-based company in the opening performances of a two-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Nov. 14 at 7:30 and Nov. 15 at 8. Through Nov. 26.)

NIGHT LIFE

"DID you love me?" Margarita de Cuba asked us after the show. For the previous hour or so, the singer—whom Tito Puente introduced at Havana Village, on West 45th Street, by saying, "She's a comedienne, she's a composer, she's everything"—had been racing headlong through a manic, bilingual, semi-profane set that included renditions of "You Were Always on My Mind," "La Bamba," "Nosotros," and "Tres Palabras." Between songs, Ms. de Cuba, née Margarita Figueroa, had been stomping her sparkling high heels, discoursing on a safe-sex maneuver she calls "self-service," and gibing her accompanist, whom she referred to as "Manolo, isn't he gorgeous?" Now that the show was over, the audience at Havana Village was trying to catch its breath. The club itself—tucked away on one of the darker stretches of the theatre district—is neither here nor there: basic-black booths, track lighting, and pretty much the same Broadway-show posters one finds in the subterranean galleries of the No. 1 train. Still, we have to admit to more than a little fondness for Ms. de Cuba, who, it turns out, sells perfume by day. Having greeted everyone individually at the door for this appearance, her first at the club, she also thanked everyone, individually, for coming. "Havana Village—don't forget the address," she said breathlessly, after securing our best wishes. "Somebody asked me if I was the owner, and I told them, 'Not yet!' "

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Marching and Chowder Club, which used to meet here, and of Lerner and Loewe, who knocked out "My Fair Lady" here, and of **ANDREA MARCOVICCI,** who is singing in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Miss Marcovicci's theme is "Songs for the Hopeless Romantic," and she strings together songs by Berlin, Porter, and *others with her own running commentary* on the highs and lows of amour. In deference to the setting, Dorothy Parker's name also comes up once or twice. Shows at nine-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **LAURIE BEECHMAN,** whose big number as Grizabella in "Cats" a few years back was "Memory," is appearing through Nov. 11. **EARTHA KITT** begins an engagement on Nov. 14. Last time we caught her here, she sang of men and money, danced like a cat, and stretched out languorously on a chaise longue.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. Jazz-fusion guitar hero **AL DI MEOLA** leads a trio Nov. 7-12; Pieces of a Dream, a young Philadelphia jazz outfit that has been known to make forays into pop and funk, starts up on Nov. 14. First set at nine. Dining.

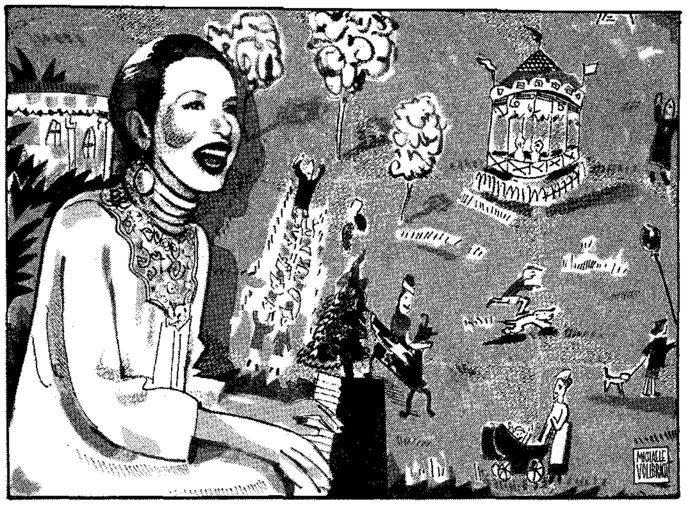
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them into until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—finally a club where they don't force you to drink—and mull over photographs from great shows you've missed. Austin's **TIMBUK 3** ("The Future's So Bright I Gotta Wear Shades") claims Nov. 6; lounge singer and cutup **BUSTER POINDEXTER** steps in on Nov. 8 and Nov. 15; **LUCINDA WILLIAMS,** a Louisiana-born singer, guitarist, and songwriter whose style—a combination of blues, folk, country, and rock—pleases critics and audiences but sometimes stumps record-company executives, headlines Nov. 10-11; and **RICK DERRINGER** goes to work on Nov. 13. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar, tucked between a D'Agostino supermarket and a greengrocery. In 1969, when the late Bradley Cunningham and a partner bought it, it was called the Stirrup. Its light is distinctive, something between dim generic tavern light and refined haze; its patrons are famously gabby; its piano, which Paul Desmond bequeathed to Mr. Cunningham, has been played by many first-rate musicians, including Jimmy Rowles, Tommy Flanagan, and Dave McKenna. **ROGER KELLAWAY**—pianist, composer, and, once upon the sixties, musical director for Bobby Darin—is currently teaming up with bassist **RED MITCHELL,** in an engagement that winds up on Nov. 11. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—The "great savory *pot au feu* called New York" (in the words of the great romantic Duke Ellington) has loads of West Indian restaurants, but not too many that feature name-brand jazz bands. **BENNY CARTER,** the formidable octogenarian saxophonist and composer, begins a two-week visit on Nov. 7. Carter, who rose to prominence in the thi ties, is regarded as one of the most influentia sax players B.C. (before Charlie). Shows a nine and eleven.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744 1600)—The Café Carlyle, a small, well-upholstered room decorated with quaint Marc Vertès murals (a nude at her easel, a leapin poodle), is a place where time pretty muc stands still. Singer and pianist **BOBBY SHOR** who played here in 1968, liked it, and decided to stay, is in action Tuesdays throug Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty . . . ¶ Across the hall, in a bar whose pillar and walls are decorated with Ludwi Bemelmans park scenes (a man and his bulldog, rabbity creatures at play, schoolchildre and a nun), **BARBARA CARROLL** can be found a the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesday through Saturdays.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Mark Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, posers N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead— typical East Village bar. The motif is prehistoric punk—there's a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls, and bartender who on a recent evening was sporting a T-shirt that read "Die, Yuppie Scum. Mondays belong t the **HEADLESS HORSEMEN,** four fun-lovin archivists whos passions are sixtie pop, psychedelia and garage rock Kristi Rose & th Midnight Walker show up on Nov. 9 Fridays (at midnight) are the property of **SYLVAI SYLVAIN.** Shows Sundays at nine, Mondays and Tuesday at ten, and Wednesdays and Thursday at eleven. Dining.



Barbara Carroll at the Carlyle

Delta 88, 332 Eight Ave., at 26th St (924-3499)— long, rambling ba and restaurant wit a white-trash-chicken-shack theme The decorator wen hog-wild with all th old filling-statio and soft-drink sign and the hubcaps and the dime-store portrai of the King and the display of dozer caps an the shingle from the taxidermist in Spanis Fort, Alabama—but it's a friendly enoug place. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays, zydeco on Thursdays and country on Fridays. **LOUP GAROU** do thei Cajun thing on Nov. 9. Shows after nine Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdad (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and glasses of wate big enough to put out a brush fire.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave (924-0275)—An Irish pub in the meat-packing district, not too far from the boondocks In the front room, barbirds study the TV an growl about one thing or another, and in th back room another crowd listens to Irish fol musicians (on Fridays) and native strin bands (on Saturdays). On Nov. 10, Joh Roberts and Lisa Preston come in with musical tool kit that has been known t include keyboards, recorders, concertinas banjos, guitars, and hurdy-gurdies.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chines food and homegrown music. Rubbernecker may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its regular tour of romanti Manhattan. The pianists who pass through here are among Gotham's finest. Nov. 7-12 belongs to a trio consisting of **WARREN CHIASSON, KIRK LIGHTSEY,** and **CECIL MC BEE;** Doc Cheatham, Spanky Davis, Tim Roberts, Judy Canterino, and Eddie Locke get together Nov. 13-14; and cabaret crooner **RONNY WHYTE** starts up on Nov. 15. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Gonzalez y Gonzalez, 625 Broadway, at Houston St. (473-8787)—Loud, brash, and big—de rigueur for the lower-Broadway dining scene. The theme is, of course, Mexican, and you get the whole enchilada—a giant cactus here, a parade-float sombrero there, animal skulls, religious artifacts, and jalapeño clusters everywhere. The stage is in the rear, about a city block from the entrance. This

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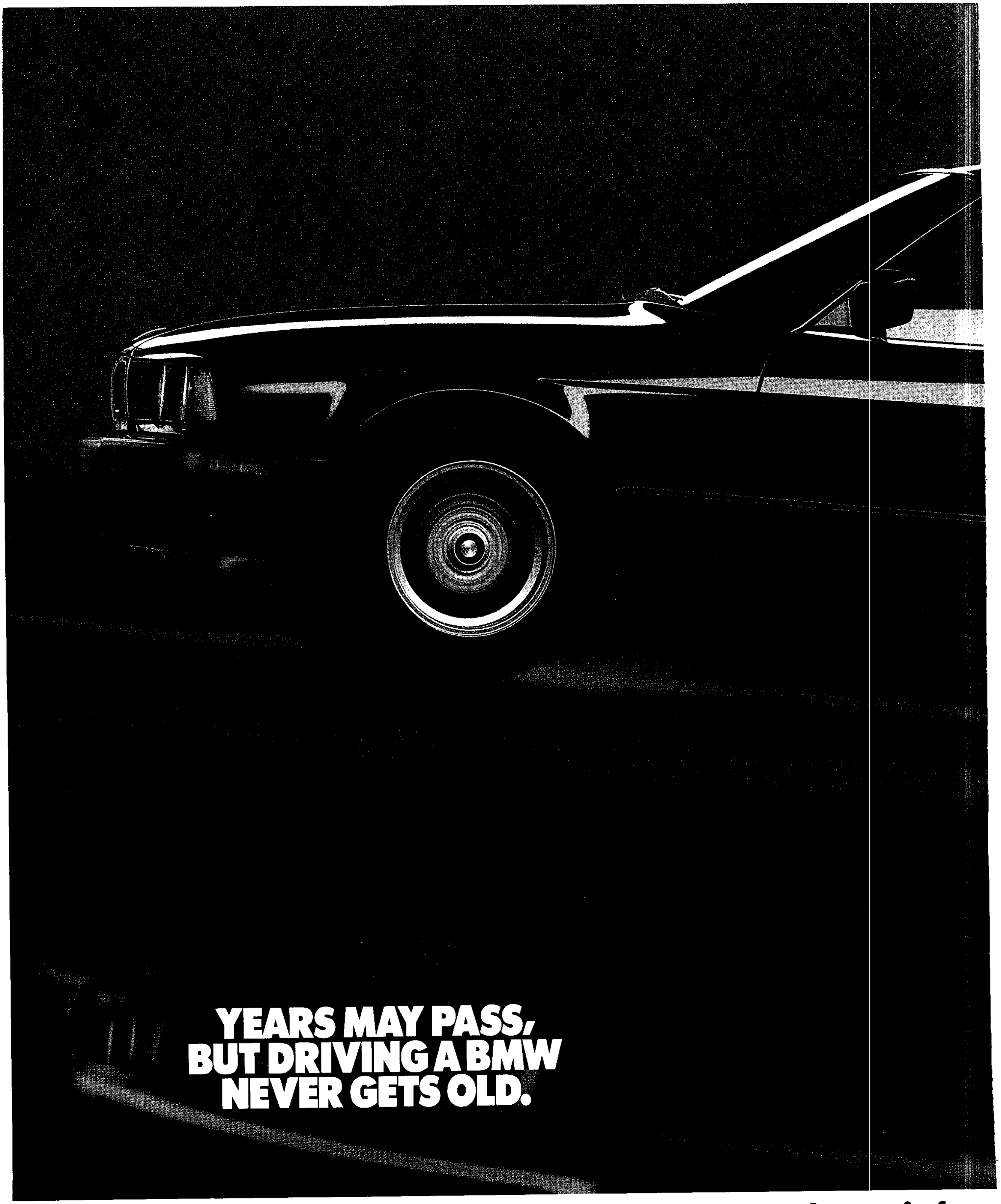
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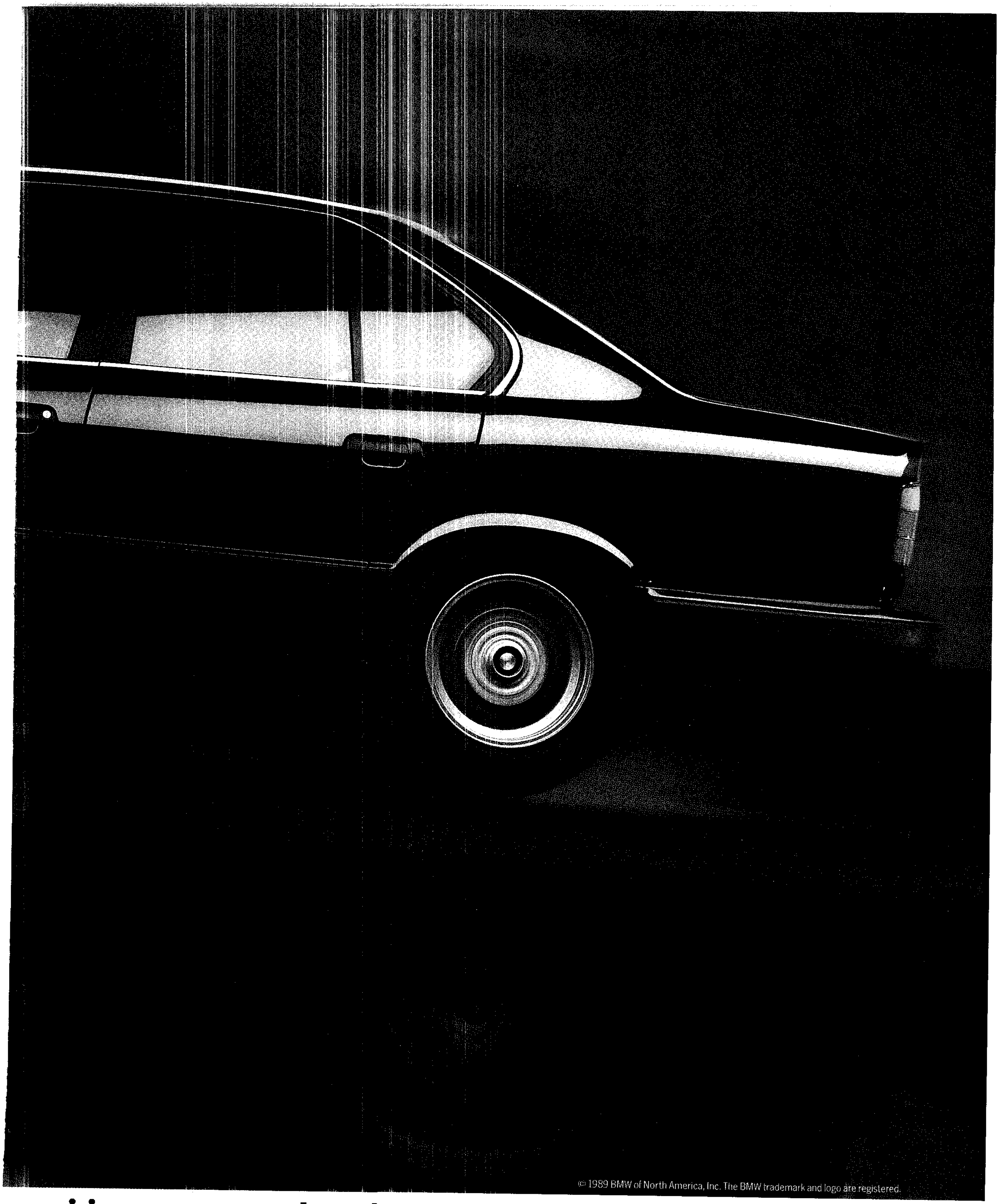

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NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

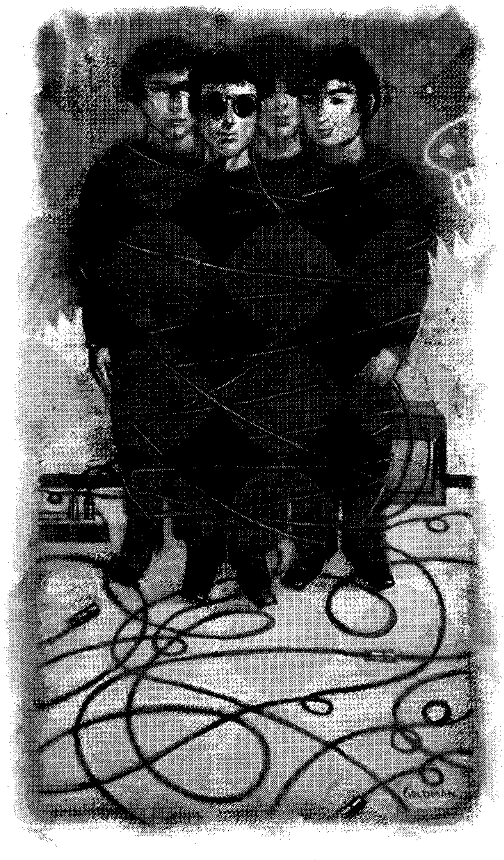
week's pickings include Afro-Andes (Nov. 7); Combo Limbo (Nov. 8); and the Funky Knights (Nov. 10).

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie-set of a place you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. The restaurant and bar—forested and twilit—are about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. If your seats are good enough, you'll hear some able entertainers, including **PETE MALINVERNI** through Nov. 8, **LYNN BERNSTEIN** Nov. 10-12, and **DAVID LEONHART** beginning Nov. 14.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—At Old New York kind of place, with dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass-figurine lamps. The musicians gather around the Steinway that sits in the dining room, next to a brass-railed partition, but chin music is often the dominant sound. Piano-brass duets are in action just now—**JAMES WILLIAMS** and **JAMIL NASSER** Nov. 7-11, and **RUSS KASSOFF** and **CHIP JACKSON** beginning Nov. 14. Music from nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians—for those intent upon widening the parameters of jazz, rock, and pop. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. Beginning Nov. 10, the Knitting Factory will feature artists participating in New Music America, a citywide festival. Nov. 10, **MIRACLE ROOM;** Nov. 11, **ZAHAR,** a Moroccan trio; Nov. 12, Power Tools; Nov. 13, **CURLEW,** with Amy Denio; Nov. 14, Kahondo Style; and Nov. 15, **MUSICA ELETTRONICA VIVA,** with Steve Lacy, Alvin Curran, and others. Music after nine.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your intinerant musician cat tools around in. The inside features some stuff you probably wouldn't find in a county-line roadhouse—like a wallful of de-luxe Gibson guitars—and some you might expect to find: beer, neon beer signs, and men wearing dozer caps. Most of the music—rock, country, blues—is provided by local talent. The Benson & Hedges blues festival continues through Nov. 9: **RUTH BROWN** and Little Jimmy Scott on Nov. 6; John Watkins, Teo & the All-Stars, Robert Ross, and Bobby Radcliffe on Nov. 7; **JOHNNY COPELAND** on Nov. 8, with Young Neal & the Vipers; and Lonnie Mack and Johnny Johnson on Nov. 9. **MINK DEVILLE,** an R. & B. group, led by Willy DeVille, that was lionized by late-seventies downtown rockers, takes the bandstand on Nov. 10. **ROOMFUL OF BLUES,** who last year celebrated their twentieth anniversary, go to work on Nov. 11. Music after nine. Dining.



The Buzzcocks at the Ritz

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201-798-4064)—A small-pond club for big-fish bands. There's not much here to look at: Maxwell's is a back-room affair with a dingy stage and a baby grand someone apparently tried to papier-mâché. Still, the bookers know their college-radio playlists: Sonic Youth, Wire, and the Feelies have been through recently, and R.E.M. and 10,000 Maniacs landed here before even *you* knew who they were. **TIMBUK 3** comes in on Nov. 8; and **SHAWN COLVIN**—a South Dakota native who has been club-hopping for years and who finally has a début album, "Steady On," to show for it—brings her rural-minded folk here Nov. 11.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This rock establishment, which recently moved from the East Village to the former temple of excess Studio 54, is still a place where the customer is not always right. The signature feature of the club's previous address, the giant Big Brother video screen, has been preserved intact. Upstairs in the balcony, there are designated seating areas for industry and non-industry people. The **BUZZCOCKS** are appearing here on Nov. 10. During the late seventies, this Manchester band produced a spate of remarkable songs—adrenaline tempos, off-balance chord progressions, and lyrics that mixed equal parts of humor and angst. They called it quits when the punk era started to fizzle, and leader Pete Shelley struck out on his own. Now they're suddenly back together, somewhat mysteriously, and Buzzcocks fans are more than a little curious. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. **GATO BARBIERI,** the Argentine tenor saxophonist, performs here Nov. 7-9; **PÉ-DE-BOI** will be here Nov. 10-11. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Gentle-toned flugelhorn player **ART FARMER** brings a quintet into this Village temple of jazz (pressed-tin ceiling, grainy b. & w. photos of your favorite demigods, knee-to-knee seating) Nov. 7-12. The electrified big band that the late Gil Evans used to bring here—it shimmered a little and rumbled a lot, while Evans, a hands-off conductor, let his soloists blow at length—is now under the direction of his son, trumpeter Miles Evans, and is in action on Mondays. Shows from ten. Dining.

Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—Pink carnations on the tables, shrimp creole on the menu, a sunken dance floor with a "Saturday Night Fever" ball, and a house photographer who offers to take a picture of you and your lady. The stage, dominated by a white grand piano, is usually given over to soul and R. & B.; the audience shouts encouragement as the band sings about, for instance, "doin' it all night long" and "takin' care of that thing." There's a lively bar, too, separated from the dining room by tinted glass. **HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES** will be in action Nov. 9-11. Back in the seventies, when Teddy Pendergrass was the group's lead singer, they had a string of soul hits, including "If You Don't Know Me By Now."

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. Reedman **BUDDY DE FRANCO,** who spent the war years in groups led by Gene Krupa, Tommy Dorsey, and Charlie Barnet, teams up with vibraharpist **TERRY GIBBS** (who spent the same period playing drums in various military bands) and others Nov. 7-12. Mondays are prime time for **MEL LEWIS'S** big band. Music from ten.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

It was the last Sunday in October, but the afternoon was so balmy that thousands of people in Central Park wore shorts and behaved as if they had yet to figure out where to go for Labor Day. Maybe that's why they failed to notice that at five o'clock it was getting dark.

Nightfall couldn't have been more unwelcome had it shown up at 150 Wooster without a reservation. When the street lamps went on around the makeshift roller rink near the Band Shell, a collective shudder went through the ellipse of three-deep spectators. An illuminated World Series was one thing, but watching these whirling enthusiasts under the lights was quite another. In the Sheep Meadow, a child started to cry when he lost sight of the cellophane that had once wrapped his new whiffle ball. His parents, agitated and eager to go, got down on their hands and knees to help him look for it. The park police stopped a cowboy-hatted young man with an angelic voice who plays keyboard and sings across from the Daniel Webster statue right in the middle of an Elton John medley—a nearby resident had complained of the noise. A denim-clad girl muttered loudly, "This wouldn't have happened last week." On the slope just west of the Bethesda Fountain, a forward pass sailed past three squinting linebackers and was blocked by a woman's thigh. Her shriek of pain elicited immediate and misconstrued attention. The mere-horseplay mishap served as a reminder that things happen in the park after dark.

By 5:30, the Sheep Meadow was deserted. People had come on this glorious Sunday just wanting to bask in Indian summer, and assuming that all fears were on hold until Halloween. But the scariest "boo" in New York during the last week of October was how, with the end of daylight-saving time, the edge of night life had sneaked up a little closer.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Radio City Music Hall—The "Christmas Spectacular" (with the Rockettes, of course) begins Nov. 10 and runs through Jan. 3. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

Big Apple Circus—Performances under the little big top in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park continue through Jan. 7. For ticket and schedule information, call 391-0760.

Linda Mussmann—In a new piece. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Nov. 7-11 at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-1032.)

Penny Arcade—Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Nov. 10-11 at 8:30.

"Revelation in Courthouse Park"—A concert version of a music-theatre work by Harry Partch (1901-74), with professional actors and Juilliard students, who play instruments Mr. Partch built from wood, metal, and glass. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Nov. 11 at 8:30 and Nov. 12 at 3.)

"The Man in the Elevator"—A work about alienation, with music by Heiner Goebbels and text by Heiner Müller. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Nov. 11-13 at 8.)

P.S. 122—Nov. 9-12 at 9:30: Charles Dennis. Through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Nov. 10-11 at 8: "The Ballad of Avant-Garde-Arama," a performance hosted by Kaniecki & Zippi. . . . ¶ Nov. 10-11 at 11: Reno in a work called "Out There Without a Prayer." (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

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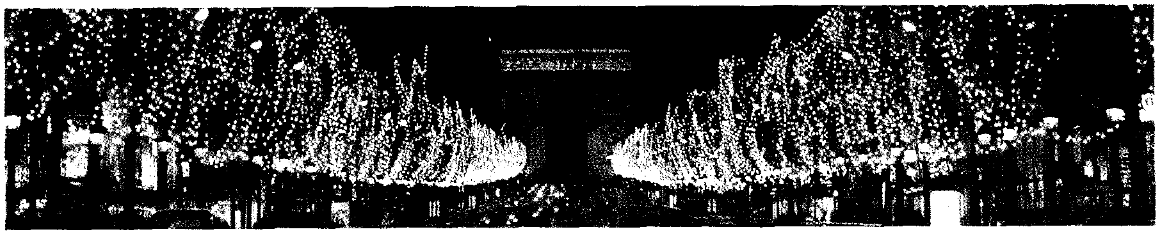

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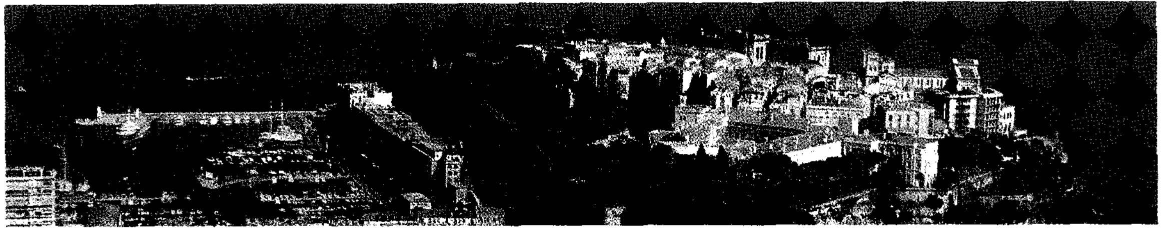

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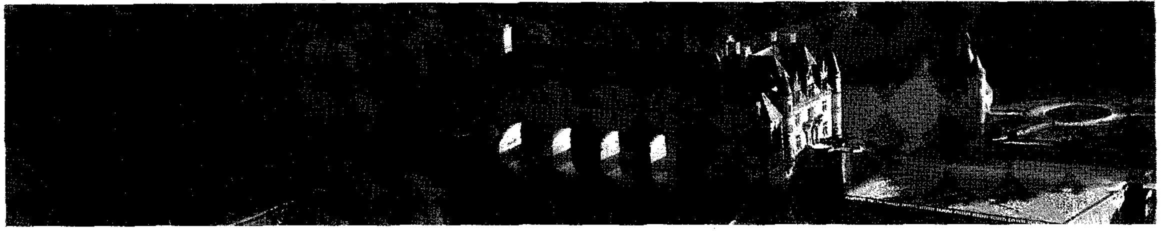

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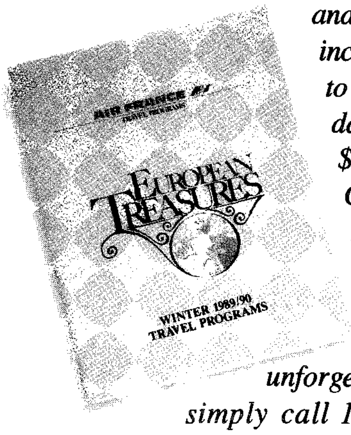

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART

Sandro Chia made his New York début a decade ago, part of Italy's illustrious delegation—along with Francesco Clemente and Enzo Cucchi, one of the so-called "three C's"—to a roving international cotillion of artists whose mixture of flamboyance and revived traditionalism met the climate of the Reagan years head on. Most of these rather macho debs did O.K. for themselves in a can-do economy. (Many married well, too.) But Chia, while no exception, was singled out for some abuse. Hip critics made fun of the "fat" figures in his rouged paintings, though these harkened back to Chagall and Savinio, Picasso and Léger. Chia went through a period of being the dropped "C," a target for the sort of wildfire marketplace rumors that became a mid-eighties art-world scourge. Furthermore, just when public scrutiny seemed keenest and meanest, his paintings would sometimes show up for work distracted or not looking so good.

Well, the artist's current exhibition, at Sperone Westwater (through November 18), is revved up for combat, and dressed as if by Christian Lacroix. There are twenty-odd new figurative works on view here, and our gaze is rarely left to rest upon a form or a face. Almost all of these works are paintings on paper—drawings, really, in ephemeral hothouse colors and with existential or mythological themes—yet about a dozen of these fragile entities are set in painted bronze frames whose rhythmically gouged, undulating surfaces recall sixteenth-century frames on masterworks by Bronzino, as well as early-eighties work by Robert Morris in his apocalyptic, baroque-macabre vein. Several of these frames also support little platforms with small bronze figurines whose embattled poses suggest both Boccioni and de Kooning. Larger, more modestly framed works in a second room include outré collage elements and faux decorative borders that remind you at every turn of Picasso, Schnabel, and the concept of horror vacui. Titles such as "Void Is Insolent" and "I Wish to Be Everything" are redundant; everything here seems overindicated. This show is really *on*—almost fabulous. Chia sees himself as a classical hero out of place in an anti-poetical world, but he heads off for battle against emptiness more with a tantrum than with a cause.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Canaletto exhibition contains more than a hundred and twenty paintings and drawings, twenty-nine of them from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II. Through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ A show giving ample evidence of Velázquez's genius as a portraitist: very sober portraits of the very inbred Philip IV; a depiction of consummate virility in the form of the Count-Duke of Olivares (the power behind the throne) wielding his baton from atop his rearing horse, ready to charge into the Basque plain; a luscious portrayal of the Infanta Margarita, which sparkles more than

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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12	13	14	15			

any gem; and loving depictions of buffoons and dwarfs. A satiric portrait of a jarringly offbeat Mars proves that no one in art history (with the possible exception of Titian) could paint drapery like Velázquez. A final note: the wildly varying surfaces of the paintings leave the viewer longing for a history of their alterations. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "The New Vision: Photography Between the World Wars." Through Dec. 31. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Picasso and Braque: Pioneering Cubism"—The show is truly dazzling, and those who think that Cubism is dry and overly intellectual, or who feel that seeing this show is part of their cultural *duty*, will be happily surprised to find it juicy as well. Not that it isn't demanding: twenty galleries, on two levels, full of paintings, collages, construction sculptures, and drawings, wherein we follow the progress of the daring young men at their speediest, most intense, most symbiotically entwined. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A major retrospective of work by Mario Merz, a signal figure of the Arte Povera movement. Virtually everything in this exhibition—igloo structures, spiral tables laden with vegetables and fruit, the use of the Fibonacci numerical series of natural growth, and the evocative and flexible use of neon as a kind of cosmic ink—rhymes spatially with the building itself. It is an often beautiful but one-note show. Through Nov. 26. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A survey of art that is directly influenced by mass-media messages. The exhibit will be installed in public places as well as at the museum. For instance, Dennis Adams is constructing a full-scale ticket booth in the lobby, and, later in the month, in areas all around the city usually reserved for advertisements, Chuck Close, Jeff Koons, Lorna Simpson, and others will have their own messages mounted on billboards. Starts Nov. 9. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The twenty-fifth National Print Exhibition consists of eighty-two works by fifty artists and takes as its theme "projects and portfolios," which allows for some organizational creativity, such as the prominent inclusion of Matt Mullican's sixteen related etchings, whose glossary is the artist's most inclusive and informative work yet on his "City" sign system; Brice Marden's twenty-five-etching narrative of markings, which swells like a fine musical composition; and Stephen Ellis's very beautiful suite of aquatint washes, which lives up to its name, "Japanese Gothic." But while the show offers the opportunity to look at fine contemporary prints it ignores all the unique physical attributes that distinguish portfolios—such as their containers, which suggest a tactile nature—and also attempts to be too inclusive. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Small Constructivistic compositions by Vladimir Zakrzewski, of geometric shapes in a wide variety of styles, are marvels of drawing but are disengaged from a contemporary dialogue and fail to convey a very strong individual vision. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show of works by George Ohr (1857-1918), the Mad Potter of Biloxi, who called his pots his "mud babies" and was so full of himself that he gave up his art because the world did not recognize his genius. But first he produced a body of funny, poetic, and provocative works in austere colors: demure vases with nasty, pockmarked lava glazes or slithering reptiles or handles that are elongated, angulated, or looped. Other vessels have been dented, pinched, or punched. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibition of Alexander Calder's homemade art: jewelry, toys, tools, and furnishings he whipped up for himself, his family, and his friends. Included are necklaces and brooches made with precious metals, and rude tin roasting pans and spatulas. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—There is a certain predictability in the way the museum has tackled chaos, the theme of its current show. But some of the works on display are standouts, especially Orshi Drozdik's weird scattering of porcelain objects on a lead sheet and Cady Noland's "Model with Entropy" and "Celebrity Trash Spill"—both works are brilliant examples of the city-dump-to-institutional-lost-and-found aesthetic genre. Through Nov. 26. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Stitching Memories: African-American Story Quilts," a display of thirty quilts with narrative motifs made in the seventies and eighties by professional and folk artists. Also, Elizabeth Scott's "50 Years Quilt," made between 1925 and 1975, and an anonymous silk log-cabin quilt from the eighteen-seventies. Through Dec. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

James Brooks—Brooks is one of the least known

PAPER WORK

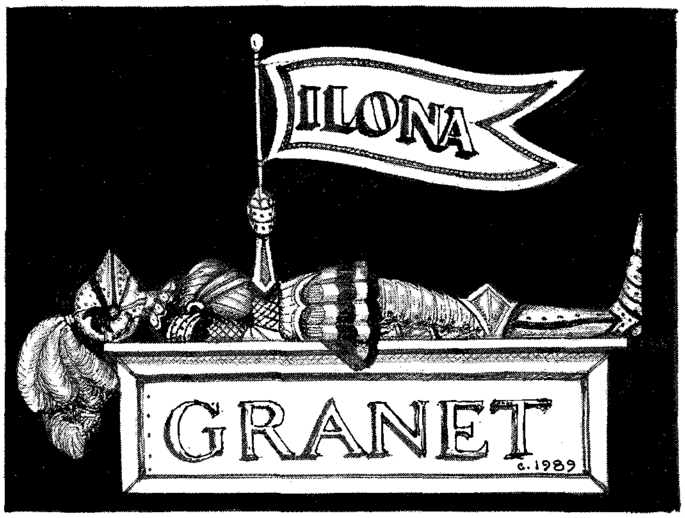
In 1770, the Governor of New York decreed that "no swine great or small" would be permitted to roam at liberty through the city. A facsimile of his edict—along with reproductions of almost two hundred drawings, letters, blueprints, and photographs—can now be found at the Surrogate's Court Building, at 31 Chambers Street, as part of a show, sponsored by the New York Archival Society, to celebrate the country's largest municipal archive—a resource available to the public since 1950. Among the exhibition's earliest artifacts are a contract between Peter Minuit and "several Indians" for the purchase of a certain island; a 1718 invoice from the Public Whipper; and a letter, dated 1812, from a man protesting a ten-dollar fine he received when his horse cantered down Greenwich Street in excess of three miles an hour. About a hundred and twenty years further along, one finds several pieces of correspondence to and from Mayor La-Guardia, including a copy of a $320,000 check he received from a citizen concerned that His Honor couldn't live on $25,000 a year. Mayor Impellitteri's administration is represented by a set of instructions issued for a 1952 A-bomb drill—the hypothetical bomb exploding 2,500 feet above 82nd Street and Riverside Drive. One can only guess how Impellitteri would have defended the area against swine great or small.

ART—Cont'd

of the original Abstract Expressionists and is credited with making the first stain painting. Of these paintings from the early fifties, the small ones simply look like fragments, but the large ones are quite buoyant and owe their airiness to a sensitive and direct use of color. Through Nov. 18. (Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. Open Mondays.)

David Levine—These small oil paintings of very sombre women and watercolors of various subjects are deft and sensitive new works by a veteran realist. Through Nov. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Kenneth Noland—A splendid, bracing show of paintings from 1958 to the present, including targets, chevrons, several brilliantly shaped and colored canvases that resemble jewelry for walls, some O.K. stripes, and a few unexpectedly muted recent works with pieces of Plexiglas on their sides. The biggest target in the show, "Earthen Bound," from 1960, is a mind-expanding extravaganza of sienna, violet, and cadmium yellow that makes you want to keel over and let anything happen. Through Nov. 11. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)



Self-portrait by Ilona Granet

Art Schade—An exhibition of nonrepresentational cast-metal sculptures that adequately evoke such ephemera as a pile of tumbleweeds. Through Nov. 25. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

"Masters of French Style"—An exhibition of furniture and drawings by André Arbus and the Swiss-born Ernest Boiceau, two designers who worked on commission for some of the more rarefied tastes of the Continental beau monde during the thirties and forties. With Arbus, we see the waning of Art Deco and the beginnings of a fifties approach. The two neoclassical tapestries by Boiceau, however, are about the most exquisitely subtle things in town. Also on view are some sexy terracotta figures by André Bizette-Lindet. Through Nov. 13. (Friedman, 1117 Madison Ave., at 83rd St. Open Mondays.)

"From Architecture to Object"—This fine selection of Arts and Crafts objects includes, among other things, some very Chinese-like furniture with inlaid mother-of-pearl, by the Greenes; a lamp, by Albert Berry, with a shade constructed of copper, mica, and abalone shell; an ever-welcome, stalwart Stickley mission oak; and an exquisite Frank Lloyd Wright dining table and chairs, from the Barton House, in Buffalo. Through Nov. 18. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Short List—**henri matisse,** La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St. (through Dec. 16); **robert rauschenberg,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through Nov. 30); **theodoros stamos,** Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (through Dec. 2); **andy warhol,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through Dec. 2).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Magdalena Abakanowicz—These rows of large, brown, headless, and armless figures look predictable—a dreary, Eastern European march of hardened-burlap soldiers. Two huge tree trunks wrapped in iron bandages and lying on cold iron boxes, however, are arresting, and a group of deep-snouted bronze animal heads on standing stakes are classical, elegant, and a bit haunting. Through Nov. 25. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Chris Burden—Three very precise-looking machines from 1983, which have a distinctly antiquated spirit: the "Speed of Light Machine," the "Frictionless Sled," and the "Flying Kayak." Although originally built to function, here—suggesting a wonderfully peculiar kind of obsession—they are displayed as mammoth relics. Through Nov. 18. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—These box constructions and framed collages of "Dovecotes, Hotels, and Other White Spaces" are some of Cornell's sparest and least loved. But the highly dramatic installation, against walls covered in rusticated bluish-gray rice paper, makes it so easy to recognize the great beauty of Cornell's cracked surfaces and the delicacy of his compositions that it's possible to imagine that some of these works will never look any better. Through Nov. 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

William Gropper (1897-1977)—This painter and left-wing cartoonist certainly had a flair for social realism, but somehow these figurative oils of crotchety lawyers, befuddled chess players, and knobby senators fail to provide either incisive commentary or good illustration and owe far too much of their visual character to Chagall. Through Nov. 21. (Deutsch, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kathy Muehlemann—Several modest black-and-white paintings of spots and pale flashes of light. Through Nov. 25. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Salvatore Scarpitta—Since the sixties, this artist has given free rein to an obsession bordering on the sexual by creating sculptures that are fully functioning racing cars. Three of the five very homespun videotapes he has made of these cars are currently on view here. One portrays machismo on an Abstract Expressionist scale: Scarpitta fondles his leather gloves, shakes and pumps his body like a racing-car driver, and explains how devotion to racing can be as insane as devotion to art: "Just like in art there are those that run the dirt and there are those that run the high banks." Another piece is in the form of a video letter to Scarpitta's very "busy" patron, Leo Castelli. In it we meet the support team on the track and see one of Scarpitta's cars race in competition. The work may be the artist's art, but in this race the patron is king: painted on the overhead hood, in large letters, are the words "Castelli Art Express." Through Nov. 30. (Baron-Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Turnbull—This mature British sculptor makes bronzes of huge standing flint stones and of small pre-classical figures (one recalls the Venus of Willendorf) that are technically virtuosic but that leave the mind little room to wander. Through Nov. 22. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**karel appel,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 11); **luis cruz azaceta,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 15); **jake berthot,** McKee, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 2); **jack bush,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Nov. 28); **gino de dominicis,** Rayburn, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 10); **nicola de maria,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 23); **minnie evans,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 6); **nancy hagin,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 29); **john hartell,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Nov. 25); **morris louis,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 25); **john marin,** Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 25); **joan mitchell,** Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 25); **nam june paik,** Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 25); **stone roberts,** Robert Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 15).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ida Applebroog—Recent paintings, collectively titled "Nostrums," that address violence and sociological discomfort in a detached way. Applebroog's schematic cartoon style—once distinct and nothing if not succinct—now also includes agonistic heads à la Leon Golub and some near-painterly episodes within ambitiously scaled, additive formats. (A group of Applebroog's K.K.K.-related watercolors in a back office are stronger.) Also, in a makeshift screening room, "Belladonna," a rhythmically compelling twelve-minute film-plus-tape on the theme of familial abuse made by Applebroog and Beth B, her filmmaker daughter, in which both artists and a group of their *echt*-bohemian friends (including Jonas Mekas and his young son) dramatically intone fragments of texts appropriated from Joel Steinberg, Josef Mengele, and Sigmund Freud. Through Nov. 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Ashley Bickerton—Like Bickerton's clever commodity objects of last year, his new works are as slickly manufactured as fully equipped racing cars and are as formally lean as Stella's pin-striped paintings—they come with their own practical roll-away padded covers and black vinyl-wrapped handles. But instead of promoting their own consumerism they contain piles of grains, trash, and dirt; bits of coral; rows of black drip bags labelled "H_2O"; and other "biofragments" strapped into glass containers that recall specimen tanks, time capsules, and diving equipment. The works refer to shortsighted crop management and abuse of the earth, and are apocalyptic in a smart and somewhat entertaining way. Then again, all the slickness could also be a grand metaphor for survival in the none too fragile world of commodity art. Through Nov. 11. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Jennifer Bolande—This artist's mystifyingly simple arrangements of objects sometimes seem tyrannized by the desire to be arcane, but this quality can also be their charm, since the results can be neatly concise object-poems. One piece, consisting of a large wall-mounted flagpole that has a small speaker behind its finial, is an eloquent and pared-down portrait of intrusion. Another piece consists of two stacks of shoulder pads sitting on each end of a mantelshelf, like trophies or modern armor. Through Nov. 11. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

David Cabrera—The artist uses deliberately dumb, light-hearted, ahistorical, and very arty methods to portray and perhaps neutralize horrors; large pink paintings about the massacre of Aztecs, for example, and childlike framed drawings with the words "people with AIDS." Through Nov. 22. (303 Gallery, 127 Spring St.) . . . ¶ In a collaborative exhibition with Fariba Hajamadi, Cabrera offers a wonderfully silly and boyish spin on conceptual art by tying together sticks to spell out "Had to Write It Had to Get It off My Chest." Through Nov. 18. (Watson, 241 Lafayette St.)

Patrick Caulfield—These dull yet colorful paintings contain meticulously rendered images of food and home (flowers, steaks, lanterns, and fruit), arranged as if they were elements in spare, hard-edged minimalist paintings. Through Nov. 11. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Luciano Fabro—A major Italian Arte Povera artist making his belated début here. He pays homage to New York with a cheery and very European installation work in which he places himself in a European-American continuum. The piece, entitled "Two Nudes Descending a Staircase Dancing the Boogie-Woogie," takes its image from Duchamp and its color from Mondrian, and includes two highly polished marble slabs, which are carved to look relaxed, and which lie on a fallen, no longer hierarchical staircase. This highly aestheticized piece, perhaps in keeping with the artist's view of New York, is metallic and playfully frivolous. Through Dec. 15. (SteinGladstone, a new gallery at 99 Wooster St.)

Dan Flavin—Customarily, Flavin's neon sculptures are monumental and static, but in this new installation—of fluorescent fixtures with colored and uncolored tubes—they are also very aggressive. The fixtures hang in midair from two of the gallery's three skylights at sharp angles, like brilliant-colored lightning bolts. The work fits smartly within the ongoing nature-culture dialogue, and projects an

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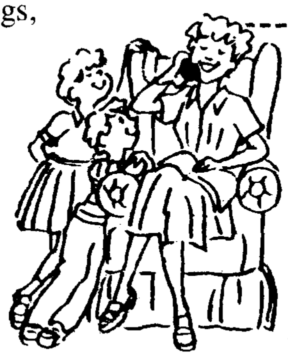

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urgent political tone. Through Nov. 30. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

Ilona Granet—The centerpiece of this energetic display of paintings and other works comprises three cheery-looking metal billboards with several political themes. Even when the politics are obvious—an anti-anti-abortion work is painted with slogans such as "State Womb"—she can be funny and endearing, without losing her ability to agitate. Through Nov. 11. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)

Jan Hashey—Abstract paintings incorporating childish portrayals of pets by an artist who has great formal skills but little to say. Through Nov. 25. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Ed and Nancy Reddin Kienholz—This eagerly anticipated show of recent work by the well-known Idaho-based husband-and-wife team is seriously disappointing. The pieces here lack the precise conception of Ed Kienholz' earlier, solo work. Since artistry has become a joint Kienholz-family enterprise, meticulous concerns seem to have been cast to the winds. The results are visually unfocussed yet bombastic quasi tableaux that sometimes suggest botched taxidermy. Marisol, Nam June Paik, Christian Boltanski, and Lee Jaffe all seem, at various times, implicitly on hand. You worry that the Kienholzes' important themes—Native Americans, the West, wildlife, racism, the image culture—have been acquired secondhand as well. Through Nov. 11. (Louver, 130 Prince St.)

Imi Knoebel—A puzzling, rather unspecific-looking site-specific installation—swank, blank wall panels, most with a coppery finish, and a big, boxlike floor construction that is obtrusively placed, on purpose—by an artist who is very well known in Europe for his extravagant but hermetic balancing acts. With Knoebel at his best—rooms in which meticulous stacks of painted masonry suggest a world of other structures waiting to be erected—you get the feeling that you are in the presence of a master builder who has just called for a work stoppage, probably for good reasons. Here the work seems to have been completed, but you're not sure why. Through Nov. 11. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—From 1969 to 1972, this sly master of art puns and involutions, the Pop star who managed to be both outrageous and classical, made a series of large and small paintings of mirrors; here is a fresh and still somewhat disarming display of many of them. The "mirrors" depict nothing more than their own geometric glares and Benday-dotted waves of faux reflected light. They are the artist's witty answer to Op art, minimalism, and hard-edge painting. Through Nov. 18. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Delightful new paintings that depict Benday-dotted smudges over Lichtenstein comics, Lichtenstein Picassos, and Lichtensteins, as if the artist's own works were covered in glass—a clever commentary on preservation-conscious display practices and overzealous housekeeping. Through Nov. 11. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Mary Lucier—This is one of the most enchanting and accessible works produced in video. Its seven synchronized monitors display a well-orchestrated array of images inspired by American landscape, genre, and still-life painting. Just when you find yourself entranced by images of the forest, ice floes, the hunt, and a Spartan bedroom, the camera gently pulls back to reveal a picture frame around the image—a clear reminder of its own technology. Through Nov. 25. (Greenberg Wilson, 560 Broadway.)

Curtis Mitchell—There's an intriguing sense of theatre in this show of unsettling sculptures—a bustier filled with lard, a braided rug with tufts of long stringy hair, eruptive-looking walls—but the artist's fastidious use of his crafts somewhat undermines his sense of the surreal. His works are also uncomfortably reminiscent of Robert Gober's. Through Nov. 18. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

David Nyzio—Of the many artists whose works resemble high-school science experiments, Nyzio is one of the most literal and interesting. His freestanding glass labyrinth with water pumping through it and algae growing within its channels, his resin-coated bonsai weed, and his small sculpture of terraced hills covered with dead bugs are all examples of living matter and natural systems that have been slyly manipulated into objects of beauty. Through Nov. 11. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

INSIDE-OUT

Is Bill Cunningham the Moondog of the eighties? You remember Moondog, if you're old enough—the guy dressed in vaguely Viking attire who used to stand all day long on a corner of Sixth Avenue in midtown. If there were a landmarks-preservation law for people, he'd be standing there still. Cunningham's post is Fifth Avenue and 57th Street, where he takes paparazzo pictures for the fashion page of the Times. *Cunningham contrasts sharply with Moondog in dress (slacks, blazer, tie) and demeanor (retiring); yet he, too, makes us realize that, among all the thousands of faces we may see in the street every day of the year, the same face seldom crops up twice. Cunningham's pictures suggest that we're much more likely to see the same dress.*

David Reed—Few can make pure paint glide and glow the way this artist can. These rich paintings with expanses of solid color as luscious as icing and with velvety swirls—inspired by the quieter seventeenth-century Italian masters (such as Guido Reni)—are luminescent and somewhat Japanese in their containment. Through Nov. 15. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

"From Mondrian to Minimalism"—Mondrian's spiritual devotion to the horizontal and vertical gave rise to a whole generation of American Constructivists, and even though this show includes no Mondrian it traces the path from the legacy left by that master of pictorial purity on to minimalism. The exhibition fails to deliver the historical overview that its title suggests, but it does include a fine little Burgoyne Diller drawing of 1948, a relational composition on canvas by Fritz Glarner of 1951, and some proto-minimalist paintings by Leon Polk Smith from the early fifties. Through Nov. 21. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Short List—**JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT,** Baghoomian, 555 Broadway (through Nov. 25); **ROBERT BEAUCHAMP,** M-13, at 72 Greene St. (through Nov. 25); **HOWARD BEN TRÉ,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through Nov. 25); **DANIEL BUREN** and **FRANZ ERHARD WALTHER,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Nov. 25); **SANDRO CHIA,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through Nov. 18); **RAFAEL FERRER,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through Nov. 29); **R. M. FISCHER,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through Nov. 11); **RICHARD HAMILTON,** Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through Nov. 25); **CAROL HEPPER,** Esman, 70 Greene St. (through Nov. 18); **SYLVIA PLIMACK MANGOLD,** Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through Nov. 29); **CAROLE SEBOROVSKI,** Lorence-Monk, 578 Broadway (through Nov. 11); **PAT SUTTON,** Slater Price, 164 Mercer St. (through Nov. 9); **JACKI WINSOR** and **JULIAN LETHBRIDGE,** Cooper, 15 Wooster St. (through Nov. 30).

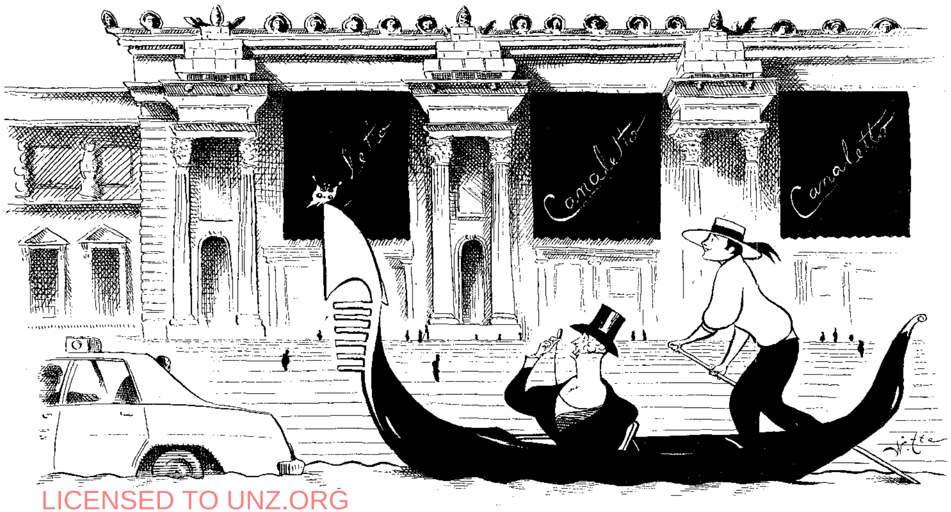
OTHER GALLERIES

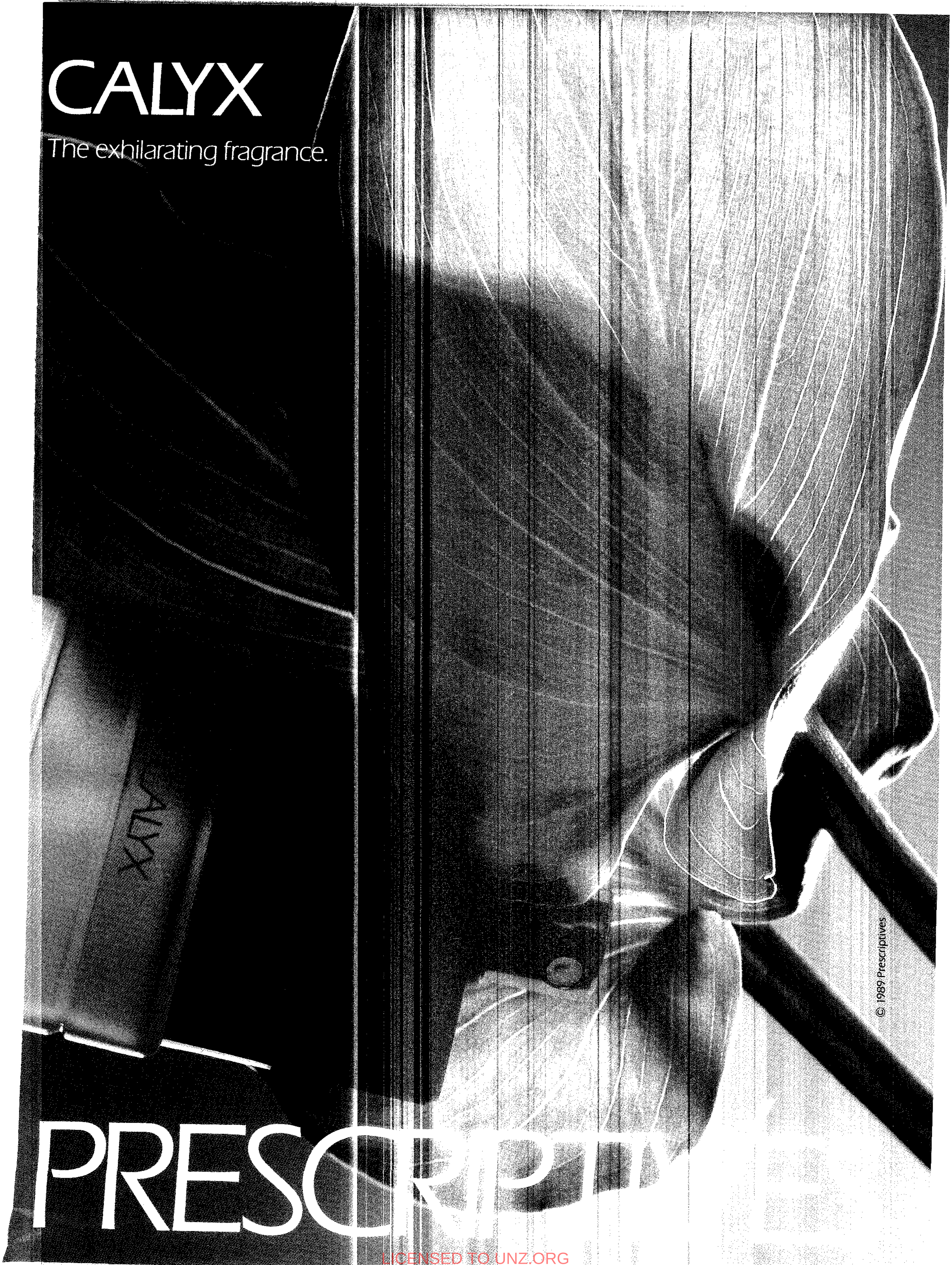
Raymond Hains / André Cadere (1934-78)—Hains is another of the French *nouveaux réalistes*, who are virtually unknown in the United States. This spare yet large-scale exhibition of his work draws upon ideas the artist has dealt with for several decades and is exceedingly pretentious. He uses puns and a symbolic narrative that links Shell Oil with coquilles St. Jacques and French Romanesque art, as well as torn graffiti-laden posters and blurred photographs of light. He occasionally incorporates other artists works but they are inevitably more interesting than his own. Hains works in the light spirit of Dada while attempting to bear the weight of history on his overburdened shoulders. / In the early seventies, Cadere began making colorful homemade staffs by joining small rounds of wood according to a deliberately flawed mathematical system. He enacted blatantly opportunistic performances by going uninvited with his sticks of many colors to exclusive galleries in Paris and SoHo and to international art events. In this retrospective of sorts, the curators have taken extreme liberties by arranging Cadere's striped batons in lovely configurations on the floors and walls; as a result, they look like powerful pieces of minimalist art. The artist, who didn't want to occupy traditional space traditionally—who carried his staff as if in signless protest—would likely be amused. Through Dec. 10. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Zvi Hecker—Drawings, models, and photographs of a terraced apartment complex conceived around a spiral and of a civic center based upon a sunflower, by an Israeli architect known for his love of earthy materials and his fierce professional commitment. Through Nov. 18. (Storefront for Art & Architecture, 97 Kenmare St., at Lafayette St. Opens at noon.)

Tim Rollins + K.O.S.—A very smart exhibition of paintings and numerous related drawings by a former New York City public-school teacher and his high-school collaborators—kids from the South Bronx whom the system had deemed ineducable. The work is inseparable from its provenance, which is truly inspirational, and the images—fanciful, fantasy golden horns—are in essence self-portraits that the students created under the influence of a broad range of cultural references, from Uccello to Ninja weapons. The works' literary source is the last chapter of Kafka's unfinished novel "Amerika," upon whose pages they are painted. The show is a glorious sight—loud, brassy, and boisterous, with the intensity of Glenn Branca's guitar works and the joy of Mondrian's "Broadway Boogie-Woogie." The catalogue is excellent, also. Through June 17. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Short List—**ROZ CHAST,** The Illustration Gallery, 330 E. 11th St. (opens at 1 Tuesdays through Sundays, through Dec. 3); **REVEREND HOWARD FINSTER,** PaineWebber Building, Sixth Ave. at 52nd St. (open Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 6, through Jan. 5).

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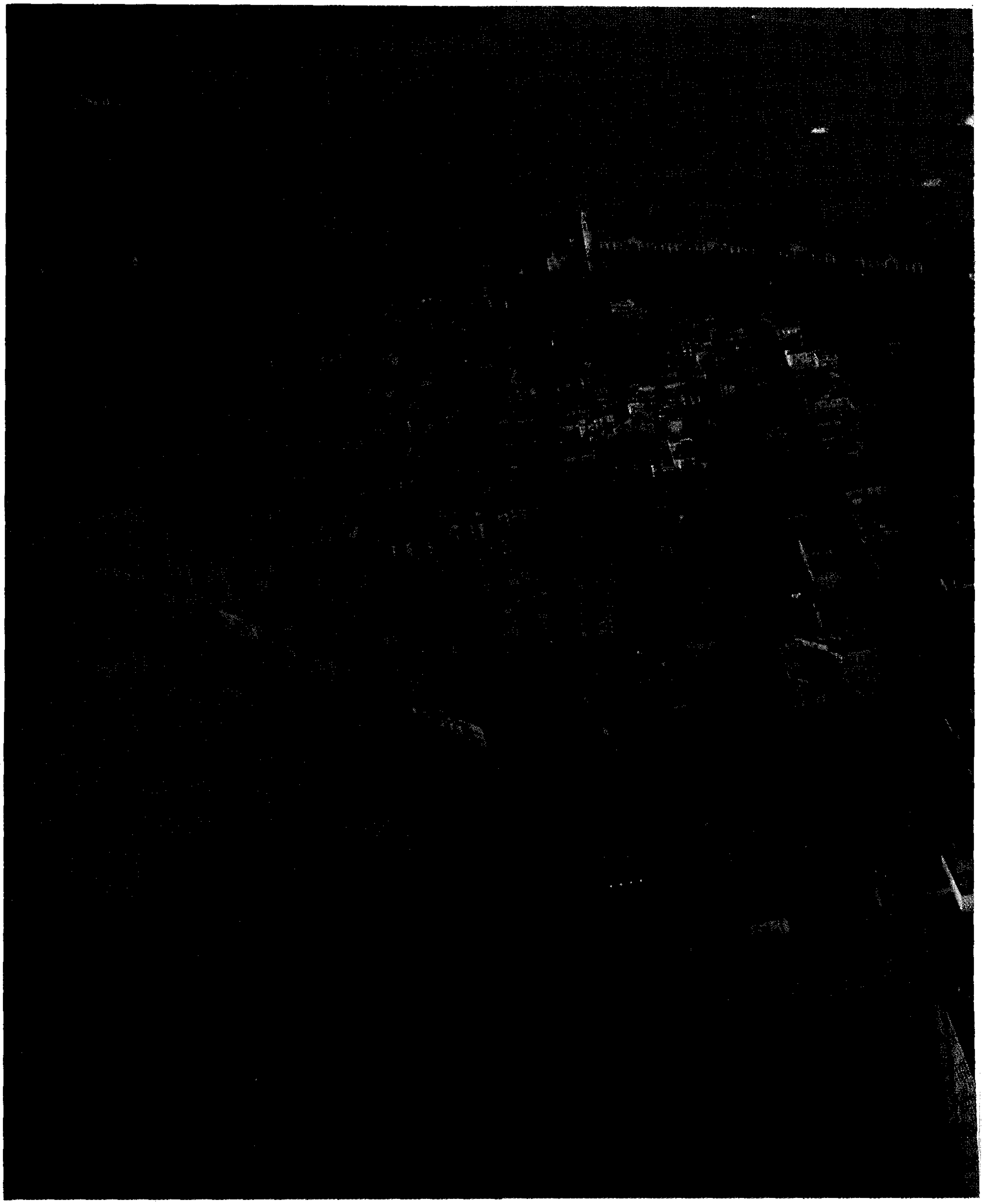

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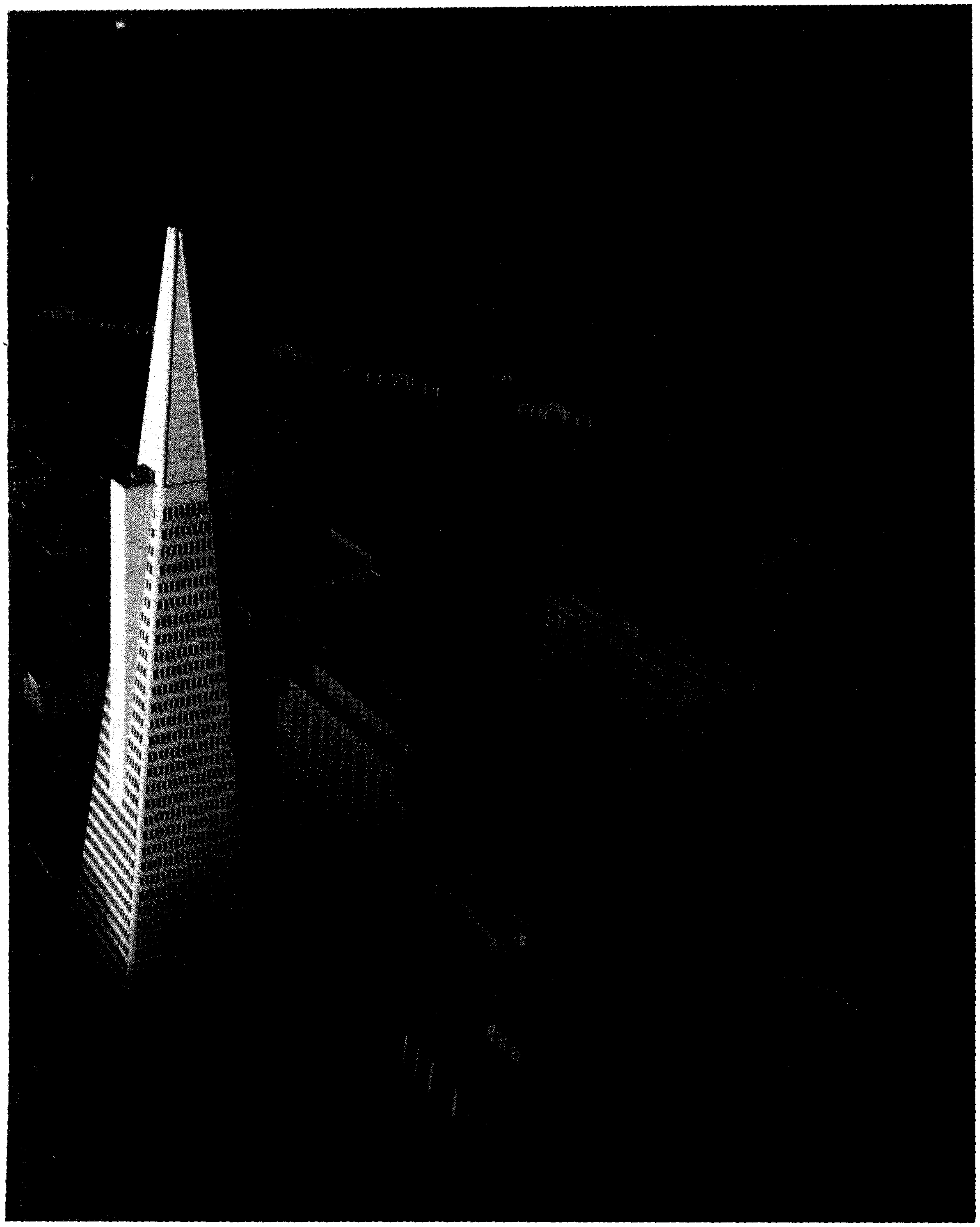

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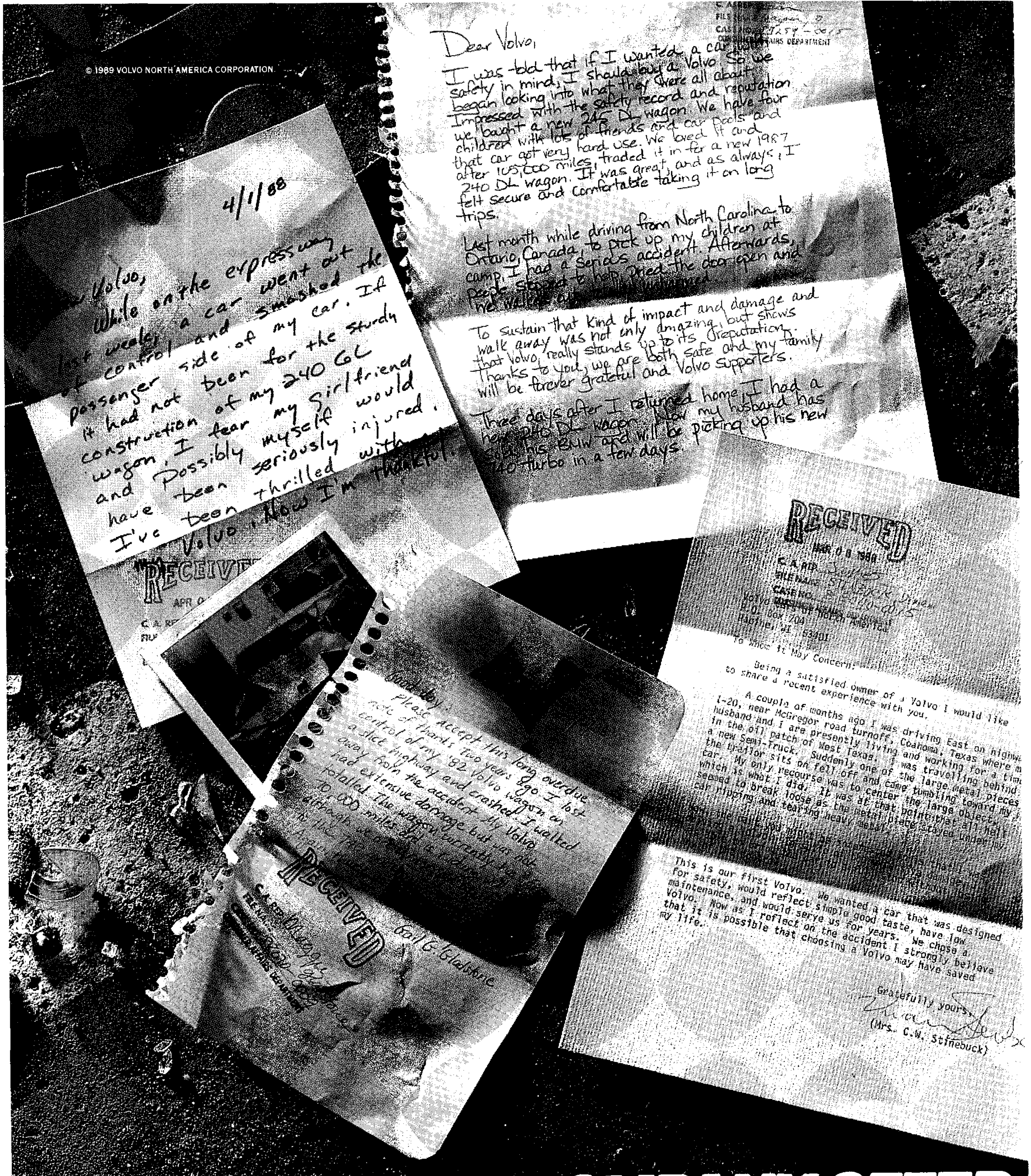


4/1/88

Volvo,

While on the expressway last week, a car went out of control and smashed the passenger side of my car. If it had not been for the sturdy construction of my 240 GL wagon, I fear my girlfriend and possibly myself would have been seriously injured. I've been thrilled with Volvo. Now I'm thankful.

RECEIVED

Dear Volvo,

I was told that if I wanted a car with safety in mind, I should buy a Volvo. So we began looking into what they were all about. Impressed with the safety record and reputation we bought a new 245 DL wagon. We have four children with lots of friends and car pools and that car got very hard use. We loved it and after 105,000 miles, traded it in for a new 1987 240 DL wagon. It was great, and as always, I felt secure and comfortable taking it on long trips.

Last month while driving from North Carolina to Ontario, Canada, to pick up my children at camp, I had a serious accident. Afterwards, people stopped to help. Pried the door open and we walked away uninjured.

To sustain that kind of impact and damage and walk away was not only amazing, but shows that Volvo really stands up to its reputation. Thanks to you, we are both safe and my family will be forever grateful and Volvo supporters.

Three days after I returned home, I had a new 240 DL wagon. Now my husband has sold his BMW and will be picking up his new 740 turbo in a few days.

[illegible]

Please accept this long overdue note of thanks. Two years ago I lost control of my '82 Volvo wagon on a slick highway and crashed. I walked away from the accident. My Volvo had extensive damage but was not totalled. The wagon currently has 70,000 miles and [illegible]

Gail G. Gladstone

RECEIVED

RECEIVED
MAR 0 8 1988

Volvo Cars of North America
P.O. Box 704
Racine, WI 53401

To Whom It May Concern:

Being a satisfied owner of a Volvo I would like to share a recent experience with you.

A couple of months ago I was driving East on highw I-20, near McGregor road turnoff, Coahoma, Texas where m husband and I are presently living and working for a tim in the oil patch of West Texas. I was travelling behind a new Semi-Truck. Suddenly one of the large metal pieces the trailor sits on fell off and came tumbling toward my car. My only recourse was to center the large object, which is what I did. It was at that point that all hell seemed to break loose as the metal piece stayed under my car ripping and tearing heavy metal. [illegible]

This is our first Volvo. We wanted a car that was designed for safety, would reflect simple good taste, have low maintenance, and would serve us for years. We chose a Volvo. Now as I reflect on the accident I strongly believe that it is possible that choosing a Volvo may have saved my life.

Gratefully yours,

(Mrs. C.W. Stinebuck)

CAN YOUR CAR COMPANY OFFER THESE INCREDIBLE SAVINGS?

While no car company can guarantee your safety in an accident, which would you rather be driving, your car or a Volvo?

VOLVO
A car you can believe in.

PHOTOGRAPHY

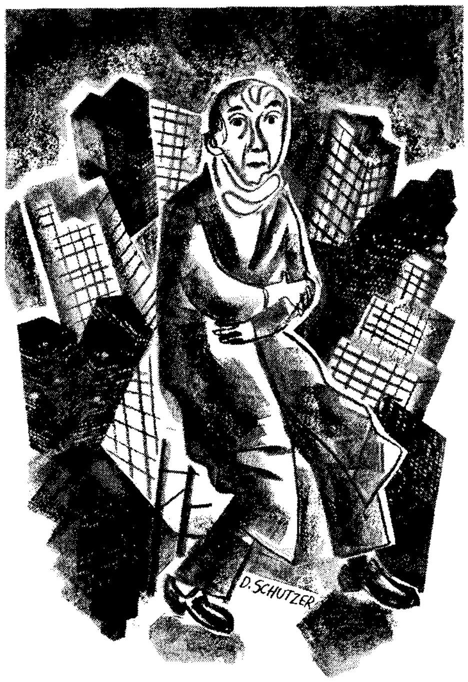
THE changing gallery for photography at the Museum of Modern Art has a kooky, neat show. Three photographers who work in color, and who are each up to something eccentric, make up an exhibition that feels fresh, and demands the viewer's attention—first of all because there's quite a bit of figuring out to do. The most puzzling work is by Thomas Florschuetz, whose blowups of details of his hands, his face, and of a nail are surreal, hyperreal, and strange, if a bit gimmicky. On the day we saw the show, his pictures had viewers holding up their hands in the air, making fists, and staring at their skin—trying to work out what he'd done. Vincent Borrelli's photographs are less about technical than human feats. Borrelli went around the country shooting down-home environmental art created by folk artists. The wildest one is of Tony Silva's 1956 Ford, "Getaway Virgin." Silva's car is part disco, part Bible, and an object of such miraculous mixtures that one prays it will never end up in a pile of auto parts.

The most original work in the exhibition is by Mike Mandel, an old hand at witty photography. This time, he's been inspired by Frank Gilbreth—a turn-of-the-century efficiency expert, and subject of "Cheaper by the Dozen"—who once took photographs of workers on the job for a study that was aimed at finding ways to get people to produce more. Mandel's pictures play havoc with the notion of systems; his pseudoscientific images use as their source of fun small, colored bicycle lights that function as strobes. For example, there's a picture titled "Having a Talk," where two people are each sitting on a different bed. It looks as if a typical "conversation" were going on, with one person speaking and the other being drowned out. You get this feeling because the trails of the strobe lights—which are geared to echo whatever action is occurring—are totally out of balance. They're whizzing around the man's face, and there's only a tiny trickle of light next to the woman.

Berenice Abbott—Although the photographs on view span five decades, for the most part they're not nostalgic. The largest section of the exhibition covers Abbott's New York pictures. A couple of these views—of the understructures of the R.K.O. Building and the former RCA Building—made us realize how rarely pictures focus on the bottom end of a skyscraper. In these asbestos-blowup days, that's where the action is. Through Jan. 6. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Open daily, except Sundays, Tuesday, Nov. 7, and Saturday, Nov. 11, from 10 to 6.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—About two hundred prints by the founders of the Magnum coöperative—Robert Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, David Seymour (Chim), and George Rodger. Through Jan. 7. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Short List—**LEWIS W. HINE,** Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through Nov. 25); **HELEN LEVITT,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Dec. 2); **FRANK MAJORE,** Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Nov. 25); **ROGER MAYNE,** Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. (opens at noon, through Dec. 9); **JOEL STERNFELD,** Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 25).



Berenice Abbott

MUSIC

A GOOD stretch is coming for new music and "early music"; this is not surprising, since it is in those spheres that musicians' imaginations are stimulated by discovery. But some items on the schedule really are surprising. Here is Peter Serkin, at the 92nd Street Y, giving a recital on the 11th in which *all* the music is brand-new (and giving it again when everything is one day old, performancewise, on the 12th). Mr. Serkin talks engagingly about the project in the current issue of *Keynote*. At the time of the interview, three of the recital's eleven composers had not yet submitted their pieces; at press time, one, Oliver Knussen, was still a holdout. "Will Olly finish?" has been lobby talk among a certain set of concertgoers this month.

And then there's Monteverdi's opera "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria," a rarity at any time, in two separate original-instruments productions: by the Waverly Consort (in Italian) at Columbia's Miller Theatre, on the 10th, 11th, and 12th; and by the Opera Ensemble of New York (in English) for six performances, beginning on the 15th.

Also "early": The Classical Band, a promising old-instruments orchestra that got off to a shaky start last spring at Miller, comes to Carnegie Hall, with Hei-Kyung Hong singing Mozart, on the 9th. Also new: those who are intrigued by Toru Takemitsu's music (some people we know feel that titles such as "From Far Beyond Chrysanthemums and November Fog" can stand in handily for the music itself) can hear a whole program of it, with a lecture by the composer, on the 14th, again at the Miller Theatre. Mr. Takemitsu is represented on the Serkin program as well, and he completed his contribution on time.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA,** with Kathleen Battle, Bruno Pola, Stanford Olsen, Enzo Dara, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; conducted by Julius Rudel. (Nov. 6 and Nov. 10 at 8.) . . . With Kathleen Battle, Gino Quilico, Stanford Olsen, Enzo Dara, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Julius Rudel. (Nov. 14 at 8.) . . . **RIGOLETTO,** with June Anderson, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Marcello Panni. (Nov. 7 at 8, Nov. 11 at 1:30, and Nov. 15 at 8.) . . . **LA TRAVIATA,** with Karen Huffstodt, Neil Shicoff, and Sherrill Milnes; Michelangelo Veltri. (Nov. 8 at 8.) . . . With Edita Gruberova, Walter MacNeil, and Sherrill Milnes; Michelangelo Veltri. (Nov. 11 at 8.) . . . **LA BOHÈME,** with Nelly Miricioiu, Priscilla Baskerville, Richard Leech, and Brian Schexnayder; Donato Renzetti. (Nov. 9 at 8.) . . . **DIE FRAU OHNE SCHATTEN,** with Mechthild Gessendorf, Marilyn Zschau, Robert Schunk, and Bernd Weikl; Christof Perick. (Nov. 13 at 7:30.)

"Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria"—Staged productions of Monteverdi's 1640 opera. At the Miller Theatre: Michael Jaffee directing the Waverly Consort. With Laura Pudwell, mezzo-soprano, and Paul Rowe, baritone. (Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Nov. 10-11 at 7:30 and Nov. 12 at 3. For information about tickets, call 666-1260.) . . . ¶ At the Lillie Blake School Theatre: Paul C. Echols conducting the Opera Ensemble of New York in an English-language version. (45 E. 81st St. Nov. 15 at 8. For information about tickets, call 288-1485. Through Nov. 26.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Il Trovatore." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Nov. 11 at 7:30 and Nov. 12 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS & CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting. Nov. 6 at 8: An all-Beethoven program in a benefit concert for the pension fund. With Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 8: A program of works by Arthur Cunningham, Schumann, and Strauss. With Richard Goode, piano; Lorne Munroe, cello; and Leonard Davis, viola. . . . ¶ Nov. 9-11 at 8 and Nov. 14 at 7:30: Works by Schubert and Gustav Holst. With the New York Choral Artists, directed by Joseph Flummerfelt.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a program of works by Bernard Rands, Mozart, and Tchaikovsky. With Shlomo Mintz, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 8 at 8.)

The Classical Band—Trevor Pinnock conducting this recently formed original-instruments group in a program of works by Mozart and Beethoven. With Hei-Kyung Hong, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 9 at 7:30.)

Juilliard Symphony—Paul Zukofsky conducting a program of works by Kenneth Fuchs, Yannis Xenakis, and Stravinsky. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 10 at 8. For information about free tickets, call 874-7515.)

Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia—Marc Mostevoy conducting works by Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Fauré. With Grant Johannesen, piano. (Metropolitan Museum. Nov. 11 at 8.)

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande—Armin Jordan conducting works by the composers Jost Meier, Beethoven, and Debussy. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 12 at 3.)

Juilliard Orchestra—James De Preist conducting a program of works by Persichetti, Mozart, and Strauss. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 15 at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—In a program of hymns, most of them by American composers. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Nov. 11 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

New York Choral Society—John Daly Goodwin directing folk music from Argentina and America. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 11 at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Mendelssohn's "Elijah." With Mary Burgess, soprano; Karen Brunssen, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass. (Church of the Heav-

THEY'VE DONE IT AGAIN ★

Angel Records and John McGlinn have now done for Cole Porter's ANYTHING GOES what they did last year for SHOW BOAT. There have been many versions of ANYTHING GOES over the years—two movie adaptations, countless stage productions, and numerous recordings. Astonishingly, however, not one has been faithful to the work as it originally appeared on Broadway.

Cole Porter
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First recording of original 1934 version
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Come along with Angel Records and John McGlinn as they continue to rewrite the history of recorded show music.

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enly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Nov. 12 at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Maurice Duruflé Tribute—The first concert in a three-evening retrospective of all the composer's works is devoted to his choral music. With Maureen Forrester, contralto; the Ascension Choir; and the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Nov. 12 at 8. For information about tickets, call 254-8553.)

Boys Choir of Harlem—In a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 13 at 8.)

RECITALS

Quintet of the Americas—Performing works by such composers as John Harbison, Karel Husa, and Steven Mackey. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 7 at 8.)

Cherubini Quartet—Performing works by Albert Reimann and Schubert. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 9 at 8.)

Janos Starker—Cello, in a Bach-Brahms program. With Shigeo Neriki, piano. (Metropolitan Museum. Nov. 9 at 8.)

Carter Brey and Christopher O'Riley—Cello and piano, in a program of works by Frank Bridge, Schumann, Britten, and Brahms. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Nov. 10 at 8.)

Grande Bande—The orchestra's principal players in a program of chamber music. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. For information about tickets, call 749-6600.)

Peter Serkin—Piano, in two programs of solo pieces by contemporary composers. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Nov. 11 at 8 and Nov. 12 at 3.)

Aviva Players—A chamber group, performing works mostly by women. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Nov. 12 at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 362-2277.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 12 at 3.)

An die Musik—A chamber group, in works by Dohnányi, Haydn, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 12 at 4.)

Cleveland String Quartet—With Vladimir Viardo, piano. (Metropolitan Museum. Nov. 13 at 8.)

Manhattan String Quartet—Performing the première of Michael Colgrass's "Folklines," among other works. With Christopher O'Riley, piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Nov. 13 at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Performing chamber works by Toru Takemitsu. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 14 at 8.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 14 at 8.)

Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—Flute and harpsichord. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Nov. 15 at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 15 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Jethro Tull—The Blackpool, England, boys are still led, after all these years, by singer-flutist Ian Anderson, whose strange onstage posturing has been compared to that of a "deranged flamingo." Also playing, It Bites. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Nov. 9 at 7:30.)

Sweet Honey in the Rock—A recent song, "Are My Hands Clean?" has lyrics based on an article by a fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies. It traces the evolutionary journey of a polyester-and-cotton blouse from Salvadoran cotton fields and Venezuelan oil fields, through Haitian sweatshops, to a Sears department store. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 10 at 8.)

Gladys Knight—She may be Pip-less on this tour, but she still possesses those smoky, sexy pipes, and the Apollo is the perfect venue for one of her rare solo stands. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. Nov. 10-11 at 8 and 11.)

Deborah Harry—Last season, on "Wiseguy," Deborah Harry played a singer whose career had seen better days. She was rescued by Ken Wahl, who put her in a studio and got *her to record again. This season, she really* has released a new record, "Def, Dumb, and Blonde," with longtime collaborator and ex-Blondie guitarist Chris Stein. It's a strong comeback. Their tunes are charming, her demeanor is cool, and her voice is still yearning for the bright side. (The World, 254 E. 2nd St. 477-8677. Nov. 10-11 at 10.)

Squeeze—The band's main songwriters, Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook, have been compared favorably with Lennon and McCartney, but they are still waiting for a hit. Like Marshall Crenshaw, Elvis Costello, and others, these guys have been pounding out terrific songs, one after another, and yet they still haven't made the connection with Top Forty radio that they deserve. Their new album, "Frank," is near-flawless pop—bright, soulful, and lyrical. In concert, the band's sense of humor shines. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Nov. 10 at 8.)

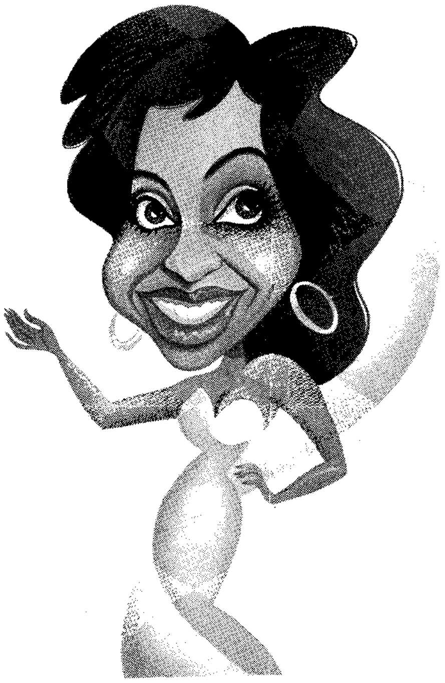
Stevie Ray Vaughan and Jeff Beck—This concert should be an incendiary seminar on the technical and emotional resources of the electric blues guitar. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 11 at 8.)

Joe Strummer—He has worked on a few film soundtracks in the years since the Clash broke up, but Strummer's new album, "Earthquake Weather," is what his fans have been waiting for. His raspy voice is still strong and angry—when you hear it, you realize how much you've missed it. (It's like an old friend who brings back memories of your rebellious years.) And his music is still an intoxicating mixture of rock and reggae. *Rolling Stone* has named the Clash's "London Calling" the best album of the eighties, and doubtless he'll perform some of the old tunes. But his new rebel-rockin' songs are full of fire, too. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 473-7171. Nov. 11 at 8.)

New Kids on the Block—The brainchild—well, maybe just the child—of songwriter-producer Maurice Starr (formerly the mastermind behind New Edition), who bastardizes rap, rock, and pop in search of hits for his charges. The method has worked. New Kids have had five top-ten hits, and their first album, "Hangin' Tough," has sold more than six million copies. Radio request lines haven't lit up like this since the days of Beatlemania, but, like the members of Menudo, these boys will probably have a short shelf life. (Meadowlands Arena. Nov. 12-13 at 7:30.)

Eurythmics—Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart have been doing it for themselves for a few years now, and they still haven't got it quite right. There's nothing risky or edgy about their new album, "We Too Are One"—it's a bit too crafted. In concert, however, they shake things up. Lennox is a terrific singer with a striking presence, and she can rip it up with the best of them. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Nov. 13 at 8.)

Al Jarreau—With Roberta Flack. (Apollo Theatre. Nov. 9 at 7:30.)



Gladys Knight (at the Apollo) . . .

THE BOBS—With Knitting Factory regulars the Microscopic Septet. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Nov. 10 at 8.)

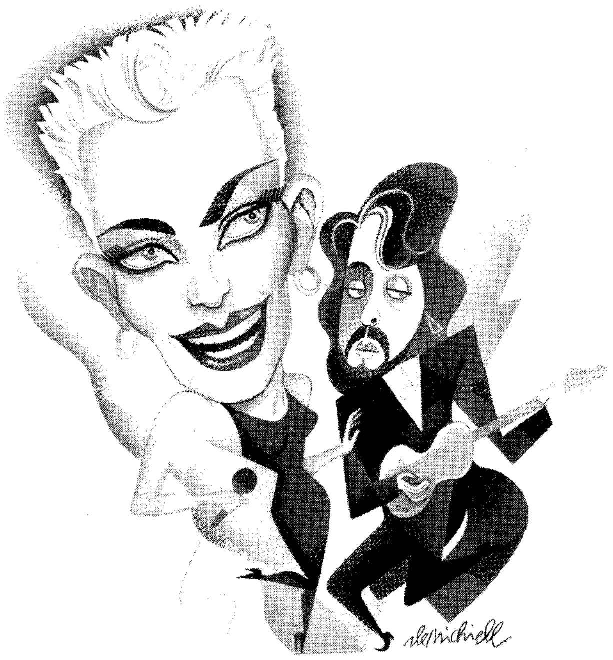
MILTON NASCIMENTO—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Nov. 13 at 7:30.

UTE LEMPER—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Nov. 15 at 8.

BEN VEREEN—Criterion Cabaret, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200. Nov. 7-9 at 8, Nov. 10-11 at 8 and 10, and Nov. 12 at 7.

BLUES CONCERTS—Nov. 10: Albert King, Dr. John, Willie Dixon, and others. . . . ¶ Nov. 11: The Fabulous Thunderbirds, Bobby Blue Bland, John Lee Hooker, Buddy Guy, and Junior Wells. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Shows at 7 and midnight.)

NEW MUSIC AMERICA—The concerts at the following seven locations are part of a ten-day festival that runs through Nov. 18. **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**—Nov. 8 at 7: A benefit concert, with Laurie Anderson, Philip Glass, Steve Reich, Bob Weir, the Kronos Quartet, and others. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 7: Round-robin performances by Kip Hanrahan, David Lynch and Angelo Badalamenti, and Lester Bowie. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 8: David Byrne and his Latin band. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 1: John Carter. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 8: Works by Ed Wilkerson, Fred Frith, and Ingram Marshall. (30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100.) . . . **THE WORLD**—Nov. 11 at 11: No Safety, Miniature, and Ned Sublette. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 10: Ginger Baker, Ronald Shannon Jackson, and Farafina. (254 E. 2nd St. 477-8677.) . . . **DANCE THEATRE WORKSHOP**—Nov. 12-13 at 8: Robin Holcomb, with Wayne Horvitz, Syd Straw, and others. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 8: Jay Clayton and Urszula Dudziak. (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.) . . . **ROULETTE**—Nov. 12: Tohban Djan. . . . ¶ Nov. 13: Steve Beresford. . . . ¶ Nov. 15: Chunk. (228 West Broadway. Concerts at 8 and 10. For information about tickets, call 219-8242.) . . . **MERKIN CONCERT HALL**—Nov. 12 at 8:30: Elliott Sharp, Leah Singer, Jerry Hunt, Karen Finley, Todd Winkler, and others. (129 W. 67th St. 362-8719.) . . . **EXPERIMENTAL INTERMEDIA**—Nov. 13 at 7: Larry Kucharz. . . . At 8:30: George Lewis and Don Ritter. . . . At 10: Mary Jane Leach. . . . At 11:30: Phill Niblock. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 7: Ben Neill, Ushio Torikai, and Peter Cusak, with Ron Kuivila. . . . At 8:30: With Nic Collins. . . . At 10: With Joel Ryan. (224 Centre St. 431-5127.) . . . **P.S. 122**—Nov. 12 at 4: Anne LeBaron, Henry Gwiazda, Joy Askew, Lee Ranaldo, Ishmael Houston-Jones, and others. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 8 and 11: Eugene Chadbourne, Lenny Kaye, Tom Shepard, and others. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.) . . . **NOTE:** Butch Morris, the composer, conductor, and cornettist, will hold free daily workshops and concerts at the Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, Park Ave. at 42nd St. For information, call 878-2453.



. . . and the Eurythmics (at Radio City)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

JETS—Vs. the Miami Dolphins, Nov. 12 at 1.

RANGERS—Vs. the Detroit Red Wings, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the New York Islanders, Nov. 12. (Game time, 7:30.)

ISLANDERS—Vs. the Washington Capitals, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Vs. the Quebec Nordiques, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Black Hawks, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Nov. 14. (Game time, 7:35.)

DEVILS—Vs. the Quebec Nordiques, Nov. 8 at 7:45. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Nov. 11 at 1:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Minnesota North Stars, Nov. 15 at 7:45.

KNICKS—Vs. the Nets, Nov. 9 at 7:30.

NETS—Vs. the Miami Heat, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Bulls, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Vs. the Cleveland Cavaliers, Nov. 14. (Game time, 7:30.)

(The Jets, the Devils, and the Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; the Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; and the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 587-9222.)

RACING

HORSES—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Nov. 8 and Nov. 14, at 12:30. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1.

CHAMPIONSHIPS

BIATHLON—Competitors for the United States Biathlon Federation title will run three miles, bike eighteen, then run three more, all in Central Park. The race, on Nov. 12, starts at 8 A.M. from the Loeb Boathouse, and ends there about an hour later.

TENNIS—Steffi Graf, Martina Navratilova, Gabriela Sabatini, and others in the annual indoor tournament for women sponsored by Virginia Slims. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 13-17 at 5:45, Nov. 18 at noon, and Nov. 19 at 1. For information about tickets, call 563-8954.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"MODERNISM"—"A self-conscious break with the past and a search for new forms of expression" (Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary). Also, an exhibition and sale of objects (furniture, jewelry, photographs), made between 1860 and 1960, whose styles (Egyptian revival, Prairie School, Art Deco, Bauhaus, etc.) exemplify the definition. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Nov. 9-11, from 11 to 9, and Nov. 12, from 11 to 6.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—The forty-first annual exhibit is sure to be a philatelist's heaven. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 8 from noon to 7, Nov. 9-10 from 10 to 8, and Nov. 11 from 10 to 5.)

TALKS—Nov. 8 at 6: A tribute to the late historian Barbara Tuchman, with Harrison Salisbury, Louis Nizer, Roxane Witke, and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.) . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 6: Mbongeni Ngema, the South African theatre director. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the lecture.)

READINGS—Nov. 10 at 8: Investigative journalists Connie Bruck, Dena Kleinman, Elaine Shannon, and Alec Wilkinson. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557.) . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 8: Calvin Trillin reads from "Travels with Alice." (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. No tickets necessary.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 35.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Erik the Viking" (directed by Terry Jones), with Tim Robbins and John Cleese.
Theatre 2: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 9: "Do the Right Thing" (†). From Nov. 10: "Hawks" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Timothy Dalton and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 9: "A Dry White Season" (†). From Nov. 10: "Communion" (Philippe Mora), with Christopher Walken, Lindsay Crouse, and Frances Sternhagen.
Theatre 5: Five new short films by students at the New York University film school.
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Brazilian documentary films. (Closed Mondays.)

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Bear" (†).
Theatre 3: "Second Sight" (Joel Zwick), with John Larroquette and Bronson Pinchot.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Dealers" (Colin Bucksey), with Paul McGann and Rebecca De Mornay.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Dad" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 9: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia. From Nov. 10: "Communion" (Philippe Mora), with Christopher Walken, Lindsay Crouse, and Frances Sternhagen.
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Theatre 3: "Stepfather II" (Jeff Burr), with Terry O'Quinn and Caroline Williams.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 9: "When Harry Met Sally . . ." (Rob Reiner), with Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan.
From Nov. 10: "Best of the Best" (Bob Radler), with Eric Roberts.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"True Love" (Nancy Savoca).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Worth Winning" (Will Mackenzie), with Mark Harmon.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Nov. 9: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†). From Nov. 10: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, and Tim Quill.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Phantom of the Opera" (Dwight H. Little), with Robert Englund.
Theatre 2: "Shocker" (Wes Craven).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Sea of Love" (†).

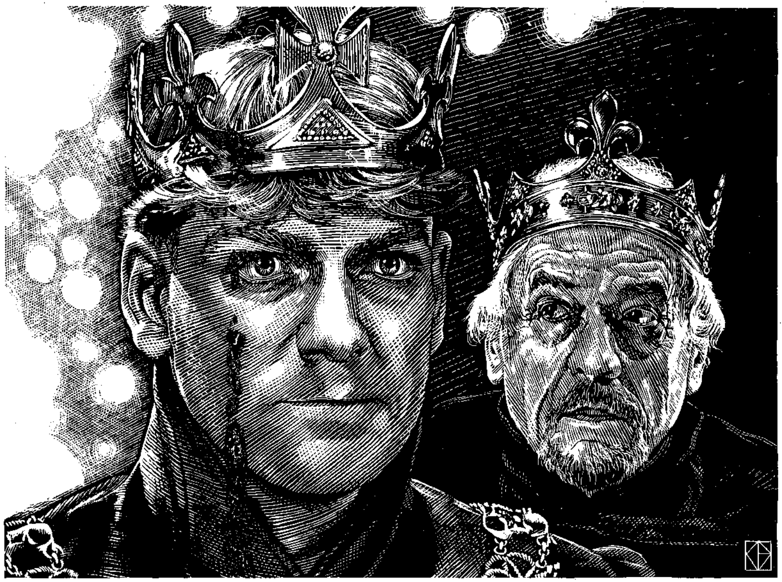
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods.
Theatre 2: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Forced March" (Rick King), with Chris Sarandon.
Theatre 2: "Second Sight" (Joel Zwick), with John Larroquette and Bronson Pinchot.
Theatre 3: "Sidewalk Stories" (Charles Lane), with Lane and Nicole Alysia.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Bear" (†).
Theatre 2: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Dad" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Stepfather II" (Jeff Burr), with Terry O'Quinn and Caroline Williams.



At the Paris Theatre, Kenneth Branagh and Paul Scofield in "Henry V"

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 9: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia. From Nov. 10: "Communion" (Philippe Mora), with Christopher Walken, Lindsay Crouse, and Frances Sternhagen.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Queen of Hearts" (Jon Amiel).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 9: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods. From Nov. 10: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, and Tim Quill.
Theatre 2: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 9: "Sea of Love" (†). From Nov. 10: "Best of the Best" (Bob Radler), with Eric Roberts, James Earl Jones, and Sally Kirkland.
Theatre 2: "Stepfather II" (Jeff Burr), with Terry O'Quinn.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Second Sight" (Joel Zwick), with John Larroquette and Bronson Pinchot.
Theatre 2: "Shocker" (Wes Craven).

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: (Separate admissions) "Seduction: The Cruel Woman" (directed by Monik Truet and Elfi Mikesch); and "Making 'D the Right Thing' " (St. Clair Bourne) an "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cu Heads" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: "Women on the Verge of a Ner- vous Breakdown" (Pedro Almodóvar; i Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Fernand Guillén, Julieta Serrano, Kiti Manver Rossy De Palma, and María Barranco.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods.
Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 9: "The Phanto of the Opera" (Dwight H. Little), with Robert Englund. From Nov. 10: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, and Tim Quill.
Theatre 2: "Dad" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Thelonious Monk: Straight, N Chaser" (Charlotte Zwerin) a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Queen o Hearts" (Jon Amiel).
Theatre 3: "Apartment Zero" (Martin Donovan), with Colin Firth and Hart Bochner.
Theatre 4: "Sidewalk Stories" (Charles Lane), with Lane and Nicole Alysia.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 9: "Worth Winning" (Will Mackenzie), with Mark Harmon. From Nov. 10: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, and Tim Quill.
Theatre 2: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 9: "Second Sight" (Joel Zwick), with John Larroquette and Bronson Pinchot. From Nov. 10: "Dad" (†).
Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta.
Theatre 5: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Bear" (†).
Theatre 7: "Next of Kin" (John Irvin), with Patrick Swayze and Liam Neeson.
Theatre 8: "A Dry White Season" (†).
Theatre 9: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Shocker" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 9: "Gross Anatomy" (Thom Eberhardt), with Matthew Modine. From Nov. 10: "Best of the Best" (Bob Radler), with Eric Roberts, James Earl Jones, and Sally Kirkland.
Theatre 3: "The Phantom of the Opera" (Dwight H. Little), with Robert Englund.

Worldwide Cinemas, 49th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Shocker" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 2: "Dealers" (Colin Bucksey), with Paul McGann and Rebecca De Mornay.
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods.
Theatre 5: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Phantom of the Opera" (Dwight H. Little), with Robert Englund.

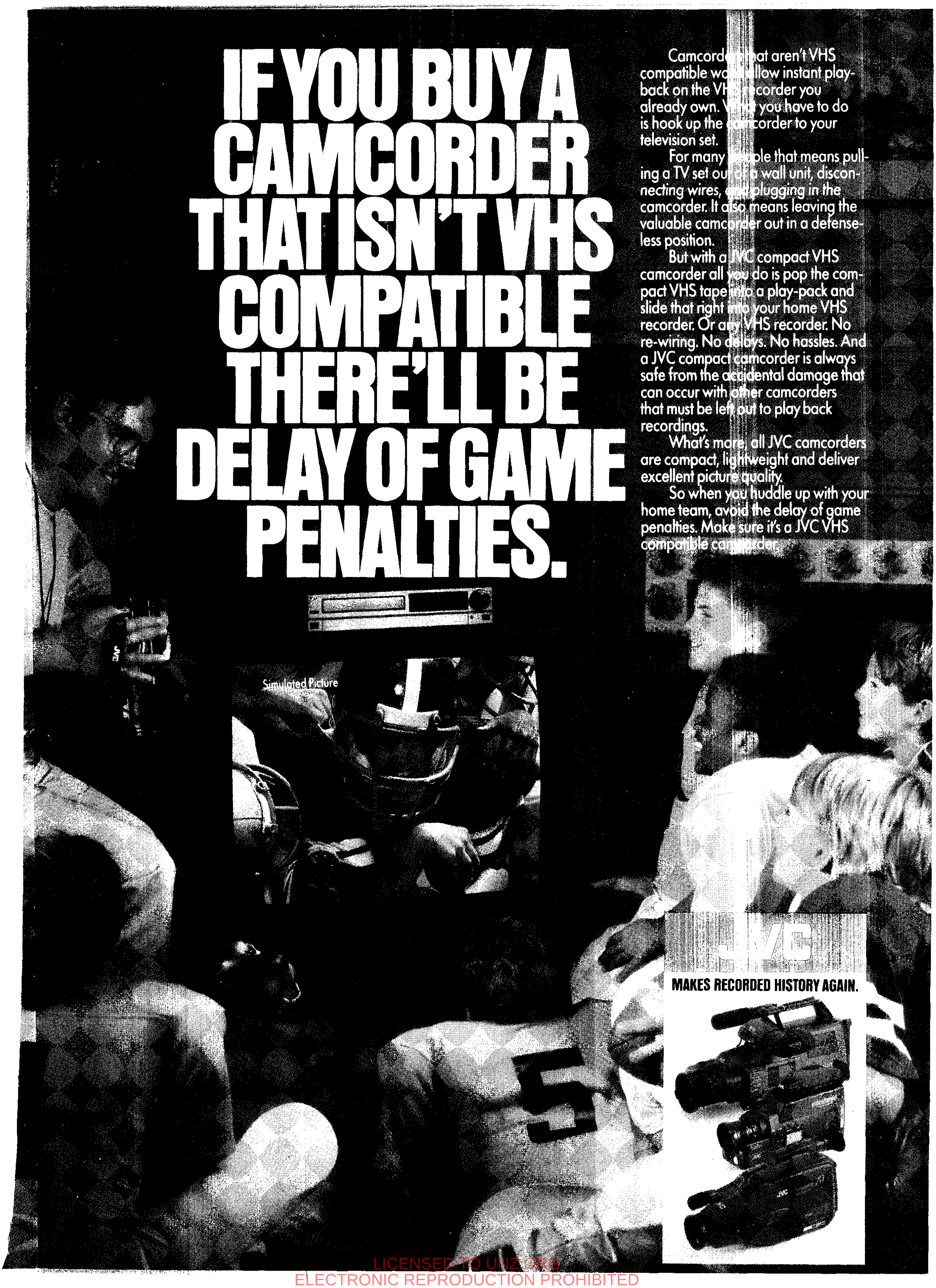
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Gross Anatomy" (Thom Eberhardt), with Matthew Modine.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Bear" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Erik the Viking" (Terry Jones), with Tim Robbins and John Cleese.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Thelonious Monk: Straight, No Chaser" (Charlotte Zwerin), a documentary.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Drugstore Cowboy" (†).



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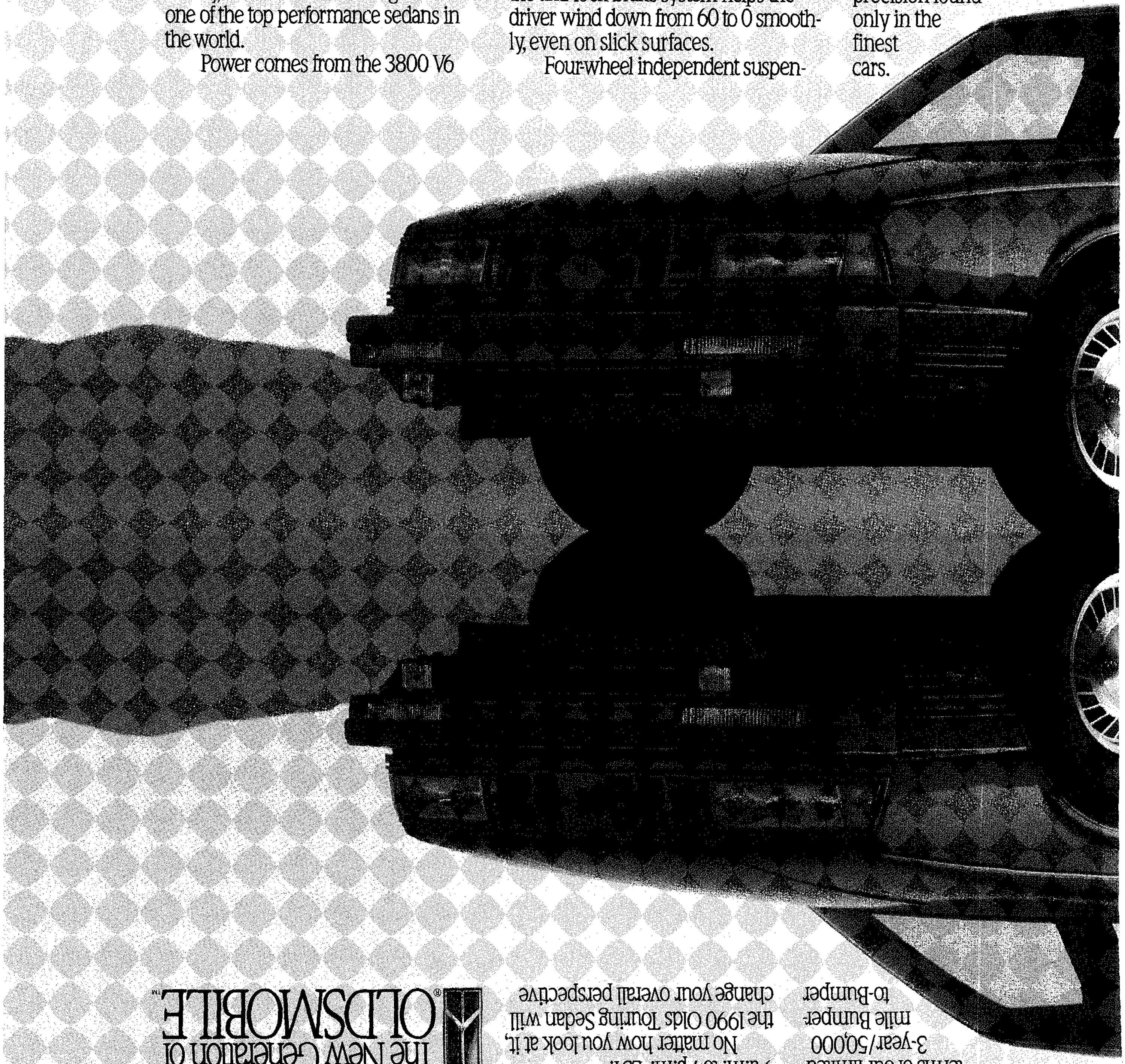

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Daniel Day-Lewis in "My Left Foot"

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"A Dry White Season" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Nov. 7: "Animal Behavior" (H. Anne Riley), with Karen Allen and Armand Assante.
From Nov. 8: "Henry V" (Kenneth Branagh), with Branagh and Paul Scofield.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Dealers" (Colin Bucksey), with Paul McGann and Rebecca De Mornay.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Nov. 9: "Fat Man and Little Boy" (†).
From Nov. 10: "Communion" (Phillipe Mora), with Christopher Walken, Lindsay Crouse, and Frances Sternhagen.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 9: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†). From Nov. 10: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Little Thief" (†).
Theatre 3: "Yaaba" (Idrissa Ouedraogo; in Moore).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Story of Women" (Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "The Bear" (†).
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Theatre 3: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia.
Theatre 4: "Second Sight" (Joel Zwick), with John Larroquette and Bronson Pinchot.
Theatre 5: "Stepfather II" (Jeff Burr), with Terry O'Quinn.
Theatre 6: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "The Phantom of the Opera" (Dwight H. Little), with Robert Englund.
Theatre 2: "Dad" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Shocker" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 2: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Batman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Johnny Handsome" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 9: "The Masque of the Red Death" (directed by Alan Birkinshaw), with Frank Stallone. From Nov. 10: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, and Tim Quill.
Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta and Kirstie Alley.
Theatre 5: "Next of Kin" (John Irvin), with Patrick Swayze and Liam Neeson.
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 9: "Worth Winning" (Will Mackenzie), with Mark Harmon. From Nov. 10: "Best of the Best" (Bob Radler), with Eric Roberts, James Earl Jones, and Sally Kirkland.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 9: "Erik the Viking" (Terry Jones), with Tim Robbins and John Cleese. From Nov. 10: "The Toxic Avenger III: The Last Temptation of Toxie" (Lloyd Kaufman and Michael Herz), with Ron Fazio.
Theatre 4: "An Innocent Man" (Peter Yates), with Tom Selleck and F. Murray Abraham.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Stepfather II" (Jeff Burr), with Terry O'Quinn.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Phantom of the Opera" (Dwight H. Little), with Robert Englund.
Theatre 2: "Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers" (Dominique Othenin-Girard).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Shocker" (Wes Craven).

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 2" (†).
Theatre 2: "Second Sight" (Joel Zwick), with John Larroquette and Bronson Pinchot.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Nov. 8: "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (1938, directed by Henry King), with Alice Faye and Don Ameche; and "Call Me Madame" (1953, Walter Lang), with Ethel Merman, George Sanders, Donald O'Connor, and Vera-Ellen.
Nov. 9: "The Jazz Singer" (1927, Alan Crosland), with Al Jolson; and "Hallelujah!" (1929, King Vidor), with Daniel Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney.
Nov. 10-11: "Follow the Fleet" (†) and "Second Fiddle" (†).
Nov. 12-13: "Idiot's Delight" (†) and "Carefree" (†).
Nov. 14-15: "Love Me or Leave Me" (†); and "Meet Danny Wilson" (1952, Joseph Pevney), with Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters, and Alec Nicol.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 7: "Annie Hall" (1977, Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Zelig" (1983, Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.
Nov. 8-9: "Under the Sun of Satan" (1987, Maurice Pialat; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Sandrine Bonnaire; and "Danton" (1983, Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Depardieu.
Nov. 10-11: "A Clockwork Orange" (†); and "Blade Runner" (1982, Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.
Nov. 12: "Subway" (1985, Luc Besson; in French), with Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani; and "Le Dernier Combat" (1984, Besson; a French film, without dialogue).
Nov. 13-14: "Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (1989, Paul Bartel), with Jacqueline Bisset, Ray Sharkey, and Ed Begley, Jr.; and "Miracle Mile" (†).
From Nov. 15: "Austeria" (1971, Jerzy Kawalerowicz); and "Custody" (Weislaw Saniewski).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Nov. 7: "Crime of Passion" (1957, Gerd Oswald), with Barbara Stanwyck, Sterling Hayden, and Raymond Burr; "Kiss of Death" (1947, Henry Hathaway), with Victor Mature, Richard Widmark, Coleen Gray, and Brian Donlevy; and "Roger Touhy, Gangster" (1944, Robert Florey), with Preston Foster and Victor McLaglen.
Nov. 8-9: "Playtime" (1967, Jacques Tati), with Tati; and "The Nutty Professor" (1963, Jerry Lewis), with Lewis.
Nov. 10-11: "Taxi Driver" (†); and "The Accused" (1988, Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.
Nov. 12: "Sisters, or the Balance of Happiness" (1982, Margarethe von Trotta; in German); and "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (†).
Nov. 13-14: "Hold Your Man" (†); "Bordertown" (1935, Archie Mayo), with Paul Muni, Bette Davis, Eugene Pallette, and Margaret Lindsay; and "A Slight Case of Murder" (†).
From Nov. 15: "Lord Love a Duck" (†) and "Heathers" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 6: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953, Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Le Plaisir" (1952, Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.
Nov. 7: "The Misfits" (1961, John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "River of No Return" (1954, Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Monroe.
Nov. 8: "The Wild Bunch" (1969, Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan; and "Straw Dogs" (1972, Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.
Nov. 9: "Pandora's Box" (†); and "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929, G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks.
Nov. 10-11: "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and "Black Orpheus" (1959, Marcel Camus; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Nov. 12: "Charade" (1963, Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau; and "Arabesque" (1966, Donen), with Gregory Peck and Sophia Loren.
Nov. 13: "Ordet" (†); and "The Magician" (1958, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.
Nov. 14: "The Hustler" (†); and "Cool Hand Luke" (1967, Stuart Rosenberg), with Paul Newman.
Nov. 15: "Libeled Lady" (1936, Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy; and "Love Crazy" (1941, Conway), with Loy and Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
THEATRE 1: Nov. 6 at 2:30 and 6: "Roadkill" (1989, directed by Bruce McDonald; a Canadian film). . . . ¶ Nov. 11-12 at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30: Four different programs of clips from "Sesame Street," celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the show.
THEATRE 2: Nov. 6 at 6:30: Films by Uzi Parnes, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 3 and 6: Two different programs of short films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 3 and 6: "Coverup: Behind the Iran-Contra Affair" (1988, Barbara Trent), a documentary. Miss Trent will be present. . . . ¶ Films from Canada. Nov. 10 at 3: "Trail of the Northwind" (1923), "The Light on Lookout" (1923), and "Something New" (1920), all silent films by Nell Shipman and Bert Van Tuyle. . . . Nov. 10 at 6 and Nov. 11 at 2:30: "The Grub Stake" (1922, Shipman and Van Tuyle; silent). . . . Nov. 11 at 5 and Nov. 12 at 2:30: "A Bear, a Boy and a Dog" (1920, Shipman and Van Tuyle; silent) and "Back to God's Country" (1919, David Hartford; silent). . . . Nov. 12 at 5: "Trail of the Northwind," "The Light on Lookout," and "Something New." . . . Nov. 13 at 3: "Woman Against the World" (1937, David Selman), with Ralph Forbes; and "Convicted" (1937, Leon Barsha), with Rita Hayworth. . . . Nov. 13 at 6 and Nov. 14 at 3: "Carry on Sergeant!" (1928, Bruce Bairnsfather), with Hugh Buckler. . . . Nov. 14 at 6: "The Hart of London" (1970, Jack Chambers).

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty or so years. Nov. 7-11: Edith Wharton's "Summer" (1981, PBS), with Diane Lane, Michael Ontkean, and John Cullum. . . . From Nov. 14: Henry James's "The Wings of the Dove" (1959, CBS), with Dana Wynter, James Donald, and Isabel

Jeans. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "Twenty Years of Monty Python." Nov. 7-11: Episodes 16-20 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus," with Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin. . . . From Nov. 14: Episodes 21-25 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus." Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the **riklis theatre,** "Films That Tell Time: A Ken Jacobs Retrospective." Nov. 8 at 2:30: "The Sky Socialist" (1965) and "Jerry Takes a Back Seat, Then Steps Out of the Picture" (1987). . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 2:30: "Little Stabs of Happiness" (1960), "The Winter Footage" (1965), "Orchard Street" (1956), "Sat. Afternoon Blood Sacrifice: TV Plug: Little Cobra Dance" (1964), "The Death of P'Town" (1961), and "Naomi Is a Vision of Loveliness" (1965). . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 2:30: "The Doctor's Dream" (1978), "Globe" (1969), "Blonde Cobra" (1963), and "Nissan Ariana Window" (1969). . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 2: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" (1971). . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 5: "Making Light of History: 'The Philippines Adventure' " (1983). . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 2: "The Impossible: Chapter Three, 'Hell Breaks Loose' " (1980). . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 5: "The Alps and the Jews" (1989). . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2:30: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son."

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. Films from the Philippines. Nov. 7 at 8:30: "Blessings of the Land" (1959, Manuel Silos). . . . Nov. 8 at 6:30: "Fiesta" (1981, Kidlat Tahimik). . . . Nov. 8 at 8:30: "The Way We Were . . ." (1976, Eddie Romero). . . . Nov. 9 at 6:30: "Are You Nervous?" (1980, Mike de Leon). . . . Nov. 9 at 9. "Private Show" (1985, Chito Rono). . . . Nov. 10 at 8: "Perfumed Nightmare" (1981, Kidlat Tahimik). . . . Nov. 10 at 10 and Nov. 11 at 5: Films by members of the Mowelfund Experimental Workshop and Goethe Institute of the Philippines. . . . Nov. 11 at 1: "The Way We Were . . ." . . . Nov. 11 at 7:30: "The Miracle" (1982, Ishmael Bernal). . . . Nov. 11 at 10: "Claw of the Eagle" (1989, Augusto Buenaventura). . . . Nov. 12 at 3: "Are You Nervous?" . . . Nov. 12 at 5: "Brutal" (1981, Marilou Diaz-Abaya). . . . Nov. 12 at 7:30: "Relationship" (1982, Ishmael Bernal). . . . Nov. 12 at 10: "Perfumed Nightmare." . . . Nov. 13 at 6:30: "Brutal." . . . Nov. 13 at 9: "Blessings of the Land." . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 8: "Songs 1-14" (1964-85, Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 9:30: "Frankenstein" (1931, James Whale), with Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 8: Avant-garde films by French women filmmakers. . . . ¶ Nov. 10-11 at 10, Nov. 12 at 5 and 9:30, and Nov. 13 at 7 and 9:30: "He Was Once" (Mary Hestand), "La Divina" (Maria Brooke), and "The Twentieth Anniversary Reunion Concert of Big Character Poster" (Alvin Eng and Melissa Cahill). . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 8: French avant-garde films by Cecile Fontaine. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 2: "Spellbound" (1945, Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 7: "The Book of Logic" (1988, Lionel Ziprin). . . . ¶ Nov. 14-15 at 8: Two different programs of short films from Germany. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 8 and 10: "Un Condamné à Mort S'est Échappé" (1956, Robert Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Nov. 9 at noon: "Kiss" (1963, Andy Warhol), and a short film each by Bruce Conner, Stan Brakhage, Ken Jacobs, and Bruce Baillie. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 2:30: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (1962, John Ford), with James Stewart, John Wayne, Vera Miles, and Lee Marvin. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at noon: "Showman" (1963, Albert and David Maysles) and "Happy Mother's Day" (1963, Richard Leacock and Joyce Chopra). . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 2:30: "The Errand Boy" (1962, Jerry Lewis), with Lewis. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at noon: "Scorpio Rising" (1963, Kenneth Anger), "Blow Job" (1963, Andy Warhol), and "Breathdeath" (1964, Stan VanDerBeek). . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 2:30: "Two Weeks in Another Town" (1962, Vincente Minnelli), with Kirk Douglas, Edward G. Robinson, and Cyd Charisse. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 1:30: "Point of Order!" (1964, Emile de Antonio). . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 3:30: "What's Up Tiger Lily?" (1966), a Japanese film, with English dialogue by Woody Allen. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 6: "Fire of Waters" (1965, Stan Brakhage), "Meet Marlon Brando" (1965, Albert and David Maysles), and "The Secret Cinema" (1966, Paul Bartel). . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at noon: "Sins of the Fleshapoids" (1965, Mike Kuchar), "Hold Me While I'm Naked" (1966, George Kuchar), and "The Great Blondino" (1967, Robert Nelson). . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2.30: "Valley of the Dolls" (1967, Mark Robson), with Barbara Parkins.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Nov. 10 at 6:30: "Bakayaro! I'm Plenty Mad" (1988, Eriko Watanabe; in Japanese).

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Nov. 8 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Under the Sun of Satan" (1987, Maurice Pialat; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Sandrine Bonnaire.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Nov. 10 at 1, 4, and 7: Three films with Herb Jeffries, "The Bronze Buckaroo" (1939, Richard Kahn), "Two-Gun Man from Harlem" (1938, Kahn), and "Harlem Rides the Range" (1939, Kahn). . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 8:30: "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cooke, Paula Kelly, and Janet League; and "Native Son" (1951, Pierre Chanel), with Richard Wright and Jean Wallace.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—Nov. 11 at 4 and 6:30: "Metropolis" (1926, Fritz Lang; silent), with Brigitte Helm. Live piano accompaniment at the 6:30 performance.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Batman—Tim Burton's powerfully glamorous comic-book epic, with sets angled and lighted like film noir, goes beyond pulp. It has a funky, nihilistic charge, and an eerie, poetic intensity. Michael Keaton is the fabulously wealthy Bruce Wayne, who patrols the sinister nighttime canyons of Gotham City in the guise of Batman, and Jack Nicholson is the sniggering mobster Jack Napier, who turns into the leering madman the Joker. The two are fighting for the soul of the city that spawned them. The movie is underwritten, but it has so many unpredictable spins that what's missing doesn't seem to matter much. It's mean and anarchic and blissful. Written by Sam Hamm, Warren Skaaren (and uncredited others), based on characters created by Bob Kane. With cinematography by Roger Pratt; design by Anton Furst; costumes by Bob Ringwood; a plangent score by Danny Elfman; and songs by Prince. The cast includes Jack Palance, Kim Basinger, Jerry Hall, and Robert Wuhl.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/10/89.) (Criterion Center.)

The Bear—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length movie is perhaps the most sensuously elegant of all filmed fairy tales. In Christian Bérard's makeup, Jean Marais is a magnificent Beast; Beauty's self-sacrifice for him holds no more horror than a satisfying romantic fantasy should have. The transformation of the Beast into Prince Charming is ambiguous—what we have gained cannot quite take the place of what we have lost. The delicate Josette Day is, quite properly, Beauty. With Marcel André, Michel Auclair, and Mila Parély. In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 10-11.)

Carefree (1938)—Fred Astaire plays a psychiatrist who was psychoanalyzed out of thinking he wanted to be a dancer; his friend, Ralph Bellamy, is in love with Ginger Rogers, who's in show business. Ralph, who can't get anywhere with Ginger, sends her to see Fred on a professional basis—to be cured of her indifference to him. Ginger begins to fall for Fred, but he hypnotizes her so that she'll love Ralph; then Fred discovers that he's in love with her himself. It sounds promising, in a chaotic sort of way, but this is one of the least scintillating of the Astaire-Rogers pictures; there's too much plot and too much leaden comedy between the dances. With Jack Carson, Franklin Pangborn, and Hattie McDaniel. Directed by Mark Sandrich.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 12-13.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—This Stanley Kubrick film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. The movie is adapted from Anthony Burgess's 1962 novel, which is set in a vaguely socialist future of the late seventies or early eighties—a dreary, routinized England that roving gangs of teen-age thugs terrorize at night. The protagonist, Alex (Malcolm McDowell), is the leader of one of these gangs; he's a conscienceless schoolboy sadist who enjoys stealing, stomping, raping, and destroying, until he kills a woman and is sent to prison. There he is conditioned into a moral robot who becomes nauseated by thoughts of sex and violence. Burgess wrote an ironic fable about a future in which men lose their capacity for moral choice. Kubrick, however, gives us an Alex who is more alive than anybody else in the movie, and younger and more attractive, and McDowell plays him exuberantly, with power and slyness. So at the end, when Alex's bold, aggressive, punk's nature is restored to him, it seems not a joke on all of us (as it does in the book) but, rather, a victory in which we share, and Kubrick takes an exultant tone.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Nov. 10-11.)

Crimes and Misdemeanors—Written and directed by Woody Allen, it's a sad, censuring look at an eminent ophthalmologist (Martin Landau) and other crooks in high places who (in Allen's view) have convinced themselves that they can do anything, because they don't think God is watching. Allen is making the film equivalent of a play of ideas, and the ideas have no excitement. He's telling us not just what we already know but what we've already rejected. Woody Allen himself plays a little, grubbing-for-a-living documentary filmmaker who falls in love but can't compete for the woman (Mia Farrow) against a darling of the media, a tall, egomaniacal TV producer played with a wonderfully smug, screwy abandon by Alan Alda. Except for Alda, and Landau (when he's showing nervous impatience), and Jerry Orbach, who plays the ophthalmologist's shady brother, most of the large cast is proficient yet brittle and dull. With Sam Waterston (as a rabbi who's going blind), Anjelica Huston, Claire

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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

Bloom, Joanna Gleason, Caroline Aaron, Nora Ephron in a bit, and Daryl Hannah—uncredited, but looking so luscious she almost stops the show. The bland cinematography is by Sven Nykvist.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, 8th Street Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

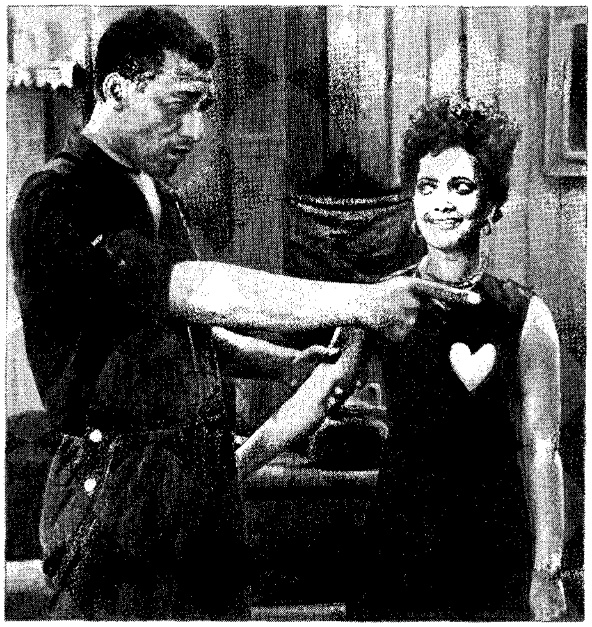
Dad—With Jack Lemmon and Ted Danson, directed by Gary David Goldberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas; starting Nov. 10.)

Do the Right Thing—The third feature by Spike Lee takes place in the black neighborhood of Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn, on a punishingly hot day, the focus of the action is a pizzeria, Sal's Famous, which is apparently the last white-owned business on the block; and the climax is a riot sparked by a monstrous act of police brutality. At its most basic, Lee's intention is to demonstrate how in a racially polarized society the slow accumulation of small irritations can swell to something huge and ugly and lethal. It's a solid idea for a movie, and initially the picture provides its share of incidental pleasures. And, although most of the many characters Lee shows us are types, at least there are a lot of different ones, and their encounters are often funny. But Lee goes wrong by pushing his material to a "powerful" climax, a Scorsese-like explosion of violence; he sacrifices political clarity for the sake of the big statement. He's nimble-witted and passionate, but his movie seems to shout at us rather than speak to us. In addition to writing, producing, and directing, Lee plays the pivotal role of Mookie, the pizza deliveryman. Others in the cast are Danny Aiello (as Sal), Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, Giancarlo Esposito, Bill Nunn, Rosie Perez, Joie Lee, John Turturro, and Richard Edson; as a trio of middle-aged street-corner philosophers, Paul Benjamin, Frankie Faison, and Robin Harris are responsible for the movie's best, loosest scenes.—T.R. (7/24/89) (Angelika Film Center; through Nov. 9.)

Drugstore Cowboy—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gross, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

A Dry White Season—In Johannesburg, a naïve white schoolmaster (Donald Sutherland) has his eyes opened to the police brutality involved in the death of his black gardener, and imagines he can obtain justice for the man's family. Marlon Brando is airily light and masterly as the veteran anti-apartheid barrister who takes the case even though he knows that he can't get anywhere with the rigged court. The romantic in Brando must have responded to the old rebel's romantic gesture: he saves the picture for the (short) time he's onscreen. But the director, Euzhan Palcy, seems lost; her work is heavy-handed, and the script (by Colin Welland and the director, from a novel by André Brink) is earnest and didactic. Performers such as Susan Sarandon, Jurgen Prochnow, Winston Ntshona, Janet Suzman, Michael Gambon, and Zakes Mokae sink into the obviousness of their roles and leave no trace. (Poor, uninspired, virtuous Sutherland is out of it; his characterization is one long whimper.)—P.K. (10/2/89) (Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Screening Room. . . . ¶ Angelika Film Center; through Nov. 9.)

The Fabulous Baker Boys—Two lounge pianists (brothers, played by Beau and Jeff Bridges) add a vocalist (Michelle Pfeiffer) to their act, and she changes their lives. This romantic fantasy has a forties-movie sultriness and an eighties movie-struck melancholy. Put them together and you have a movie in which eighties glamour is being defined. The young writer-director Steve Kloves trips off your bluesy, narcissistic feelings about popular music and commercial-movie emotions; he invites you to laugh if you want to. (You feel the heat even if you're laughing.) The three stars seem perfect at what they're doing—newly minted icons. When Pfeiffer (who does her own singing) delivers "Makin' Whoopee," while crawling over a grand piano like a long-legged kitty-cat, she rivals Rita Hayworth in "Gilda."—P.K. (10/16/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Bijou Cinema, 34th St. East, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Regency.)



At the Biograph, Daniel Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney in "Hallelujah!"

Fat Man and Little Boy—With Paul Newman and Dwight Schultz, directed by Roland Joffé. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Paramount; through Nov. 9.)

Follow the Fleet (1936)—Astaire and Rogers at their most buoyant. In this one, Astaire and Randolph Scott are (implausible) shipmates, and Rogers and Harriet Hilliard are (implausible) sisters. The material, derived from the 1922 play "Shore Leave," had grown a bit of moss. The characters aren't as rich and sophisticated as in the best-known Astaire-Rogers movies, but the corniness is lively. The numbers are mostly playful and fresh, and the Irving Berlin score includes "Let Yourself Go," "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," and the big finale, "Let's Face the Music and Dance." The cast includes Astrid Allwyn, Betty Grable, Lucille Ball, and Tony Martin. Directed by Mark Sandrich.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 10-11.)

Heathers—Westerburg High's three rich beauties who make life hell for those less gilded are all named Heather. Their reluctant associate, Veronica (Winona Ryder), confides in her diary that she dreams of "a world without Heather," and a psychotically fearless juvenile delinquent, J.D. (Christian Slater), materializes, and goads her to become his accomplice in making her dream come true. The script, by Daniel Waters, has a lot of prankish, spiky dialogue and some good rowdy slapstick nastiness, such as Veronica and J.D.'s killing two football heroes and arranging their deaths to suggest that they were lovers in a suicide pact; the script promises that the picture will lift off into the junior division of Blue Velvetland. But layers of didacticism weigh it down, and the young inexperienced director, Michael Lehmann (who uses hyper-bright colors for a facetious artificial effect), doesn't find the right moods for the gags. About a half hour from the end, Waters and Lehmann pull back from their sadistic gaudiness. Veronica represents their we-don't-really-mean-it side—we don't want to hurt anybody's feelings. Where's the sting? With Kim Walker as tall, blond Heather Chandler.—P.K. (4/17/89) (Thalia SoHo; starting Nov. 15.)

Hold Your Man (1933)—Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in a mixture of farce and melodrama that begins in Brooklyn and ends in jail. Anita Loos concocted some raucous bits, and Harlow goes around smacking and swatting people—she has a wonderful left. There's less fun when she shows signs of budding maidenliness and things go lofty in the women's reformatory. Sam Wood directed, and the cast includes Stuart Erwin and Dorothy Burgess.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Nov. 13-14.)

The Hustler (1961)—The test of what a man has inside him—the basic Hemingway-style masculine story that's frequently set in the bullring or, in this country, in the world of sports, especially among prizefighters—is set here in the world of pool sharks. Paul Newman is the young contender, Fast Eddie Felson, and Jackie Gleason is the old champ, Minnesota Fats. The director, Robert Rossen, and his co-writer, Sidney Carroll, surround the test with an extra forty minutes or so of flabby "poetry." And there's a tortured, crippled girl (Piper Laurie) who speaks the truth: she's a female practitioner of the Socratic method who is continually drinking her hemlock. The picture is swollen with windy thoughts and murky notions of perversions, and as Eddie's manager the magnetic young George C. Scott seems to be a Satan figure, but it has strength and conviction, and Newman gives a fine, emotional performance. You can see all the picture's faults and still love it. It's the most vital and appealing of Rossen's movies.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 14.)

Idiot's Delight (1939)—This allegorical comedy has Clark Gable as a hoofer and Norma Shearer as a fake Russian countess (the roles made famous on Broadway by Lunt and Fontanne). It's set in an Alpine winter-sports hotel high above a world about to be engulfed in war. The characters include a leftist, a pair of honeymooners, and so forth, and there's got to be an anti-war message in it somewhere. Gable isn't bad (and he gets a chance to do a deliberately clunky bedraggled dance to "Puttin' on the Ritz"), but oh, that Shearer! With Burgess Meredith, Edward Arnold, Charles Coburn, and Joseph Schildkraut. Directed by Clarence Brown, who hopelessly struggles to give this stagy material some style and impudence.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 12-13.)

Johnny Handsome—Walter Hill directed this hog-wild revenge melodrama, in which Mickey Rourke plays a hoodlum Elephant Man—a deformed boy mocked by the world and forced into a life of crime. Ellen Barkin, in a cartoon performance, is the degenerate slut who jeers the loudest. The only sanity here is in some of the acting. Rourke does a fine, competent job, but the movie is stolen clear away by Morgan Freeman and Forest Whitaker as antagonists—a tough-minded veteran police detective and a warm, idealistic prison doctor. Whitaker believes that if he performs plastic surgery on the kid and makes him handsome he'll go straight. Freeman listens to Whitaker and grins in wonder: how can anyone be this innocent? It's tickling to see the two together; their scenes crackle. Other moments are redeemed by Elizabeth McGovern, as a working-class girl, and Scott Wilson, as Rourke's only buddy. Ken Friedman's screenplay (which is based on a novel by John Godey) is a tortuous reworking of Jean Crawford's 1941 vehicle "A Woman's Face" (which was a remake of a Swedish film with Ingrid Bergman); the big change is that the new film's slant is cruelly kinky. Set in New Orleans.—P.K. (10/16/89) (Criterion Center.)

Lethal Weapon 2—Chases, explosions, fights, barrages of insults, the odd moment of manly sentimentality—these are the standard elements of American action movies in the eighties, and the "Lethal Weapon" movies use them with an amazing lack of shame. There's lots of comedy, but no real relief: the punch lines slam into our brains like cars into plate-glass windows. The only thing that makes this movie at all distinctive is its hero, a reckless L.A. cop named Riggs, a role that allows Mel Gibson to zip through the picture like a free electron. Riggs isn't actually trying to kill himself this time (as he was in the first movie), but he's still a wild man and Gibson is still having a great time playing him. It's a mischievous, sprightly performance: he treats the action sequences as if they were slapstick routines. (Unfortunately, the director, Richard Donner, doesn't have as light a touch.) Danny Glover plays his partner, Murtaugh, an easygoing, conservative black family man; he's mostly called upon to react with horror to Riggs' dangerous antics, and the joke of their relationship gets a little tiresome. (The effect, sometimes, is of a white guy doing heroic stuff while his black pal shuffles along beside him. Glover, a good actor, deserves better.) Joe Pesci does small wonders with his supporting role as a ferrety, motor-mouthed money launderer. Jeffrey Boam wrote the screenplay. The score is by Michael Kamen, Eric Clapton, and David Sanborn.—T.R. (West Side Cinema.)

The Little Thief—Claude Miller's movie, set in the early fifties, is about a rebellious provincial teen-ager named Janine (Charlotte Gainsbourg). The screenplay (by Miller, his wife, Annie, and Luc Béraud) is based on an original story by François Truffaut and Claude de Givray; Truffaut himself reportedly planned to direct a film of the story. This movie bears recognizable traces of the late New Wave director: it's gentle-natured and sympathetic to the young, and its structure is casual and anecdotal, like the Doinel movies. What it lacks is Truffaut's energy. Miller is a perfectly decent craftsman, and the movie is never unwatchable, but nothing drives it forward from one scene to the next, and Janine's lucklessness and her tough-kid spirit don't resonate as Antoine's do. For Truffaut, the story wasn't the most important thing; it's all that's left of him in "The Little Thief." Also with Didier Bezace, Simon de la Brosse, and Nathalie Cardone. In French.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Lord Love a Duck (1966)—This satire on teen-age culture, modern education, psychoanalysis, and what have you was the best American comedy of its year, and yet it's mostly terrible. The picture is bright and inventive, but it's also a hate letter to America that selects the easiest, most grotesque targets and keeps screaming at us to enjoy how funny-awful everything is. Finally, we're preached at for our tiny minds and our family spray deodorants. Tuesday Weld has a wonderful blank, childlike quality as a Los Angeles high-school student who lusts after cashmere sweaters and wants everybody to love her. The director, George Axelrod, drew upon the novel "Candy," which he beat to the movie post, as well as "What's New, Pussycat?" and the Richard Lester movies; there is eating à la "Tom Jones," and there are other tidbits from all over, even from "Nights of Cabiria." Roddy McDowall plays a genie; Lola Albright is spectacularly effective as Tuesday's cocktail-waitress mother; and Ruth Gordon does her special brand of dementia. Several of the other performers—Max Showalter (sometimes known as Casey Adams), Sarah Marshall, Martin West—are in good form until they're made to slaver and shout. From Al Hine's novel, adapted by Larry H. Johnson and Axelrod.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; starting Nov. 15.)

Love Me or Leave Me (1955)—Doris Day as Ruth Etting. A lot of people were deeply impressed with this melodramatic, musical bio, which tries for an authentic show-business tawdriness; it's certainly better than most movie bios of popular entertainers, but that's not saying all that much. Doris Day is a little less butch than usual, though you can't tell what makes her Ruth Etting a star. (From the evidence of her movie appearances and her records, the young, soft, and sensual Ruth Etting was just about the opposite of

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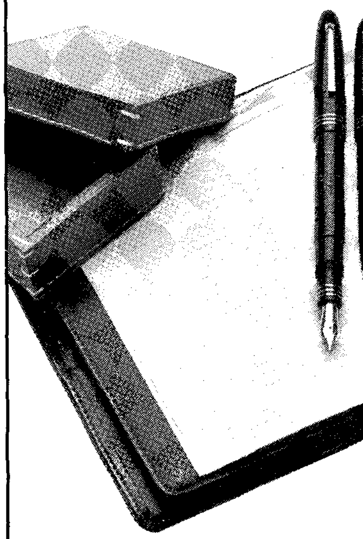

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this cold woman.) The script, by Daniel Fuchs and Isobel Lennart, is several notches above the usual, and James Cagney brings frightening strength to his role as the singer's vicious lover. Their relationship is horrifying, yet your sympathy may go out to the scummy little guy beating her up. Some good songs, including "Mean to Me" and "Ten Cents a Dance." With Cameron Mitchell, Robert Keith, Tom Tully, Harry Bellaver, and Richard Gaines. Directed by Charles Vidor.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 14-15.)

Miracle Mile—Steve DeJarnatt's original script has a nice, morbidly funny premise: Harry, a young musician (Anthony Edwards), has finally met a girl he really likes (Mare Winningham)—and then he finds out that a nuclear war is going to start in about fifty minutes. (There's always something.) This is a doomed-love scenario so extreme that at first we can't believe that we're meant to take it seriously. The tone is awkward, uncertain—DeJarnatt doesn't write great dialogue—but the film is absorbing and unexpectedly moving. DeJarnatt's direction is much surer than his writing: he keeps his attention focussed on the action, doesn't linger to philosophize on the big issues, and allows the relationship between Edwards and Winningham to develop its own urgent momentum. And the movie, shot mostly at night on the particularly garish stretch of L.A.'s Wilshire Boulevard known as the Miracle Mile, has a bold, distinctive look.—T.R. (Cinema Village; Nov. 13-14.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's "Richard III." This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Lincoln Plaza; starting Nov. 10.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't (1977)—Agnès Varda brings a Disney touch to this account of women finding their independence. The lives of Pomme (Valérie Mairesse) and Suzanne (Thérèse Liotard) between 1962 and 1976 are supposed to indicate the evolution of modern women's consciousness, but these two don't seem to have any consciousness—the way Varda skims over their lives, they could be butterflies or duckies. The singer, Pomme, and her combo tour provincial towns, performing educational songs, with lyrics (by Varda) such as "I'm neither a tough cookie nor a busy beaver nor a Utopian dreamer—I'm a woman, I am me." Decked out in harlequin colors that suggest a French child's dream of what Haight-Ashbury was like, they chant "My Body Is Mine." They sing about the joys of pregnancy when it's "your choice and your pleasure"; they sing about their "ovules." The sunshiny simplicity of the feminist movement celebrated here is so laughable that you can't hate the picture. You just feel that some of your brain cells have been knocked out. In French.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Nov. 12.)

Ordet (1955)—Carl Dreyer made two emotionally overpowering great films—"The Passion of Joan of Arc" and "Day of Wrath." He also made the visually and conceptually daring "Vampyr." But "Ordet," which the world press greeted as his masterpiece, may be considerably less than that. Kaj Munk, author of the play, was a Danish pastor, famed for such statements as "It is better that Denmark's relations with Germany should suffer than that her relations with Jesus Christ should suffer." In 1944, the Nazis shot him through the head and tossed him in a ditch. His play, written on the text "O ye of little faith," deals with a modern Resurrection, and Dreyer treats it with extreme literalness. Some of us may find it difficult to accept the holy-madman protagonist (driven insane by too close study of Kierkegaard!), and even more difficult to accept Dreyer's use of the protagonist's home as a stage set for numerous entrances and exits, and altogether impossible to get involved in the factional strife between bright, happy Christianity and dark, gloomy Christianity—represented as they are by people sitting around drinking vast quantities of coffee. In Danish.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 13.)

Pandora's Box (1928)—Louise Brooks left Hollywood in 1928, at the height of her career, and went to Germany for the role of a lifetime. G. W. Pabst had selected her to play Lulu in this film, adapted from the Wedekind plays "Erdgeist" and "Die Büchse der Pandora" (the same source material that Alban Berg used for his opera "Lulu"). Lulu is the sexually insatiable female, the archetype of voracious, destructive woman. She has no moral sense and no interests beyond sensuality; when a man is exhausted, she leaves him. The film is episodic; it's in an expressionist style, with rapid cutting and surprising kinds of almost violent visual tension, particularly in the first half. For sheer erotic dynamism, the backstage scenes on the opening night of a show Lulu is in have never been equalled; the later scenes, in Marseilles, are comparatively drab. Moving through the chiaroscuro Louise Brooks, with her straight back and strong shoulders, seems to have her own form of sexuality—pre-conscious yet intuitively all-knowing. She's like a cool, beautiful, innocently deadly cat that people can't keep their hands off. With Fritz Kortner as Dr. Schön, Francis Lederer as his son, Alice Roberts as the lesbian Countess Geschwitz, and Gustav Diessl as Jack the Ripper. Adaptation by Ladislaus Vajda. Silent.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 9.)

"Libeled Lady" (playing November 15 at Theatre 80 St. Marks) is an M-G-M star vehicle with a potent four-wheel-drive system made up of Jean Harlow, William Powell, Spencer Tracy, and Myrna Loy. The sturdy chassis is a wisecrack-driven script that combines the urgency of newspaper satire with the slapstick of screwball comedy and the banter of romantic farce.

Loy—the smart, sensitive daughter of a financial wizard—sues a newspaper edited by Tracy for five million 1936 dollars because its front page has portrayed her as a husband-stealing playgirl. Tracy hires Powell, a reporter who specializes in libel, to sabotage Loy's case. Harlow, a sexy divorcée, has wanted to marry Tracy for years, but instead becomes Powell's wife to help Powell and Tracy besmirch Loy; Powell plans to befriend Loy so that Harlow can accuse the rich girl of alienating his affections.

This entertaining contrivance, directed invisibly but ably by Jack Conway, showcases each star's trademark talent: Tracy's slow and fast burns, Loy's sly elegance, Harlow's tough-funny sexuality as a not-so-dumb blonde. Powell is the movie's linchpin, joining the worlds of the posh and hoi polloi with pratfalls and high style. He brings such finesse and conviction to the wooing of each lady that, for a second or two, you might even think he'll end up with Harlow instead of Loy.

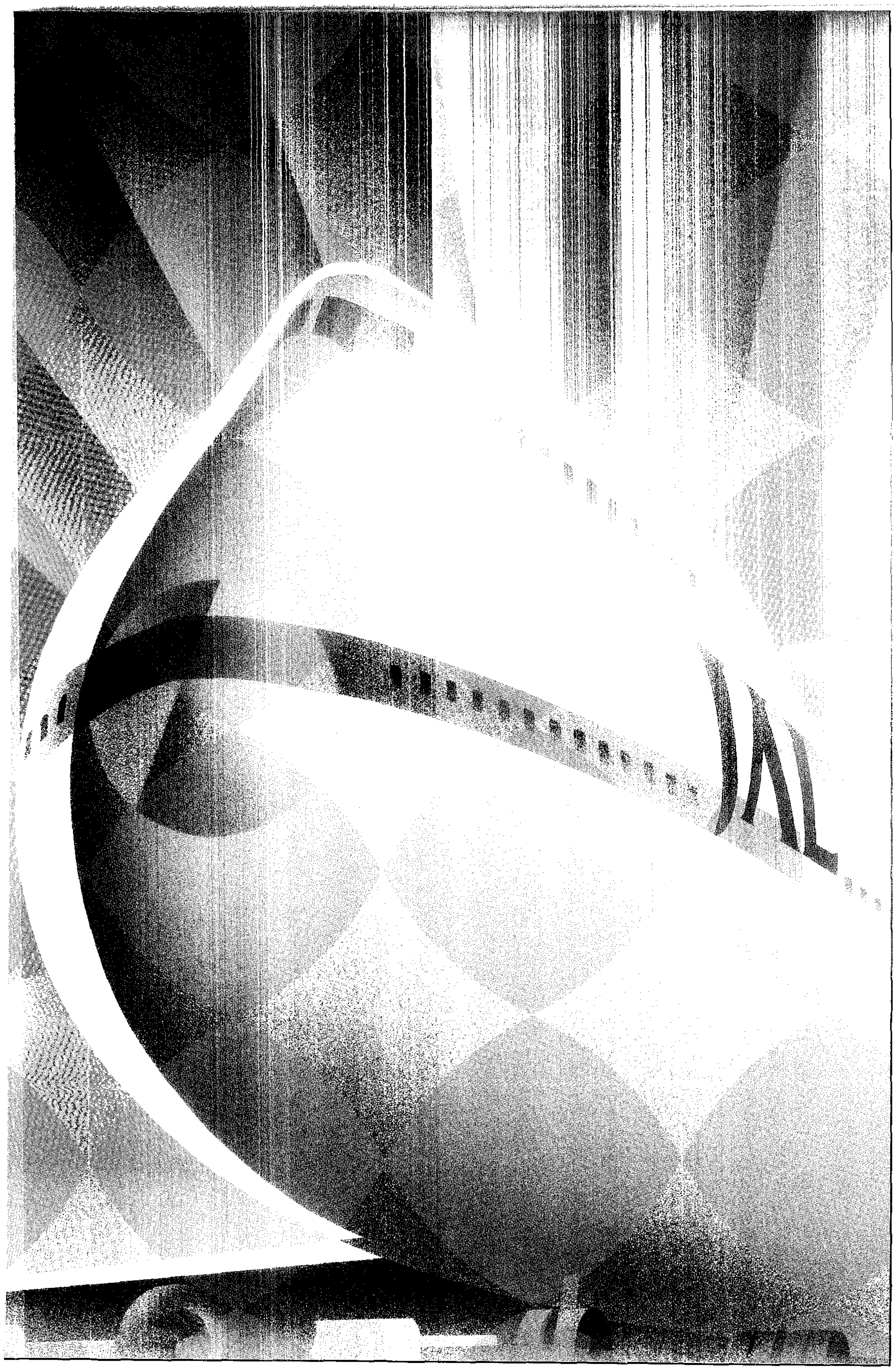
Sea of Love—This romantic thriller, written by Richard Price and directed by Harold Becker, has a simple and rather familiar story: a cop (Al Pacino) investigating a series of murders falls in love with one of the suspects. But the movie isn't entirely predictable; it provides plenty of surprises, odd little riffs that keep us alert. And Pacino is amazing. He's playing a middle-aged, divorced, depressed, semi-alcoholic man who exposes himself to great peril by conducting an affair with a young woman who might be a killer. The actor's face has a saggy, disappointed look now, but there's something hopeful, a wary avidity, in his eyes. In this role, he seems to be startling himself with his own vitality. Barkin is perfectly cast as an ambiguous object of desire; she can look very soft or very, very hard, and the camera doesn't know quite what to make of her. It's a consistently entertaining movie, although Becker's direction has a tendency to flatten the highs in the material. And Price's script, full of sharp dialogue and smart ideas, nevertheless has a few characteristic lapses—most damagingly, a slackening of inspiration toward the end. Also with John Goodman (in good form, as the hero's partner), William Hickey, Richard Jenkins, Christine Estabrook, and Michael Rooker. (The title song, a pop ballad first recorded by Phil Phillips in 1959, is played throughout the movie, and it works beautifully.)—T.R. (9/18/89) (59th Street East Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Nov. 9.)

Second Fiddle (1939)—Mary Healy steals the picture clean away when she sings "I'm Sorry for Myself." Then we're left with Sonja Henie skating and pouting and making pretty little faces to show that she's thinking. Its a padded little nothing about Hollywood life and publicity trickery, but the cast (Tyrone Power, Edna May Oliver, and Rudy Vallée) and the Irving Berlin songs keep it from being as lethally offensive as the Sonja Henie–John Payne movies. Sidney Lanfield directed, in his routine, straightforward manner; the script is by Harry Tugend.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 10-11.)

sex, lies, and videotape—Steven Soderbergh's smooth, handsome first feature generates a fair degree of psychological tension out of next to nothing. It's a triangle drama with a cunning little kink in it. The triangle consists of Ann (Andie MacDowell), a beautiful young Southern woman who has "never really been that much into sex"; her husband, John (Peter Gallagher), a sleazy yuppie lawyer; and her younger sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's sleeping with John. The kink is an old college pal of John's, named Graham (James Spader), a soft-spoken drifter who comes to town and changes everybody's life. Graham has sworn off sex, because, he says, it's the only way for him to stay honest: he's impotent, except when he's watching one of his dozens of home videos—all of them interviews he has conducted with women about sex. He's like a retired gunslinger, a laconic hombre who won't pull his artillery out of its holster because he's seen too much killin' already. This is "Shane" remade as a Southern psychodrama. But there's some real conviction in it—a mixed-up fervor that keeps us watching.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Waverly, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Plaza, and Lincoln Plaza; through Nov. 9.)

A Slight Case of Murder (1938)—It's a burlesque of gangster films, with Edward G. Robinson as a bootlegger who turns legitimate and faces one mortifying mess after another. He drives his family out for a weekend in a country house and finds the corpses of four gangsters sitting around a table in the spare bedroom. Eventually, at a party back in town, the four are brought in and strung up on hooks in a closet. The director, Lloyd Bacon, succeeds in getting giggles out of some of these scenes, but his style is too broad, and the tone of the film is archly childish.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Nov. 13-14.)

Taxi Driver (1976)—Robert De Niro is in almost every frame of Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. De Niro's inflamed, brimming eyes are the focal point of the compositions. He's Travis Bickle, an outsider who can't find any point of entry into human society. He drives nights because he can't sleep anyway; surrounded by the night world of the uprooted—whores, pimps, transients—he hates New York with a Biblical fury, and its filth and smut obsess him. This ferociously powerful film is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground." Scorsese achieves the quality of trance in some scenes, and the whole movie has a sense of vertigo. From Paul Schrader's script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, Albert Brooks, and Scorsese himself.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Nov. 10-11.)



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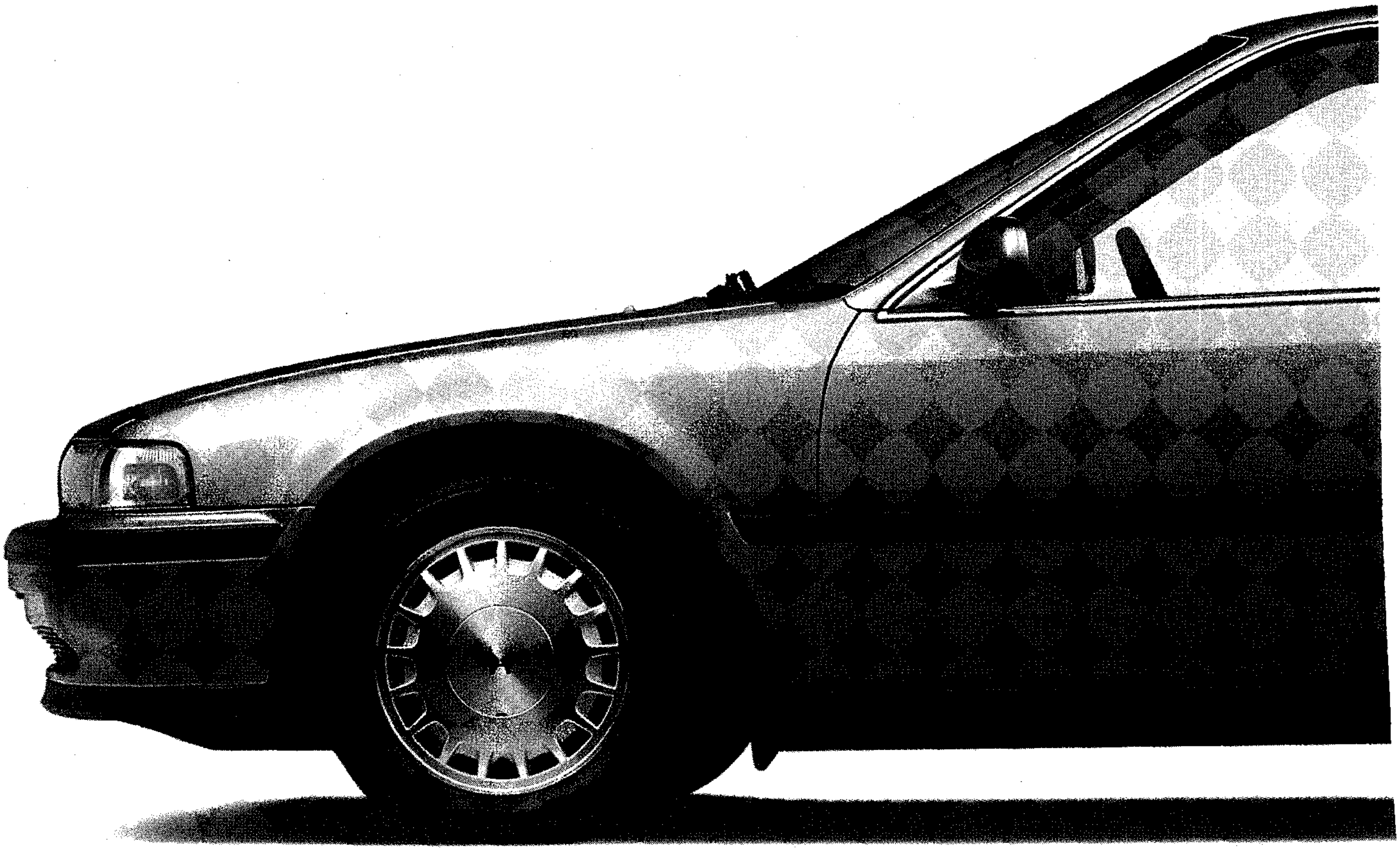

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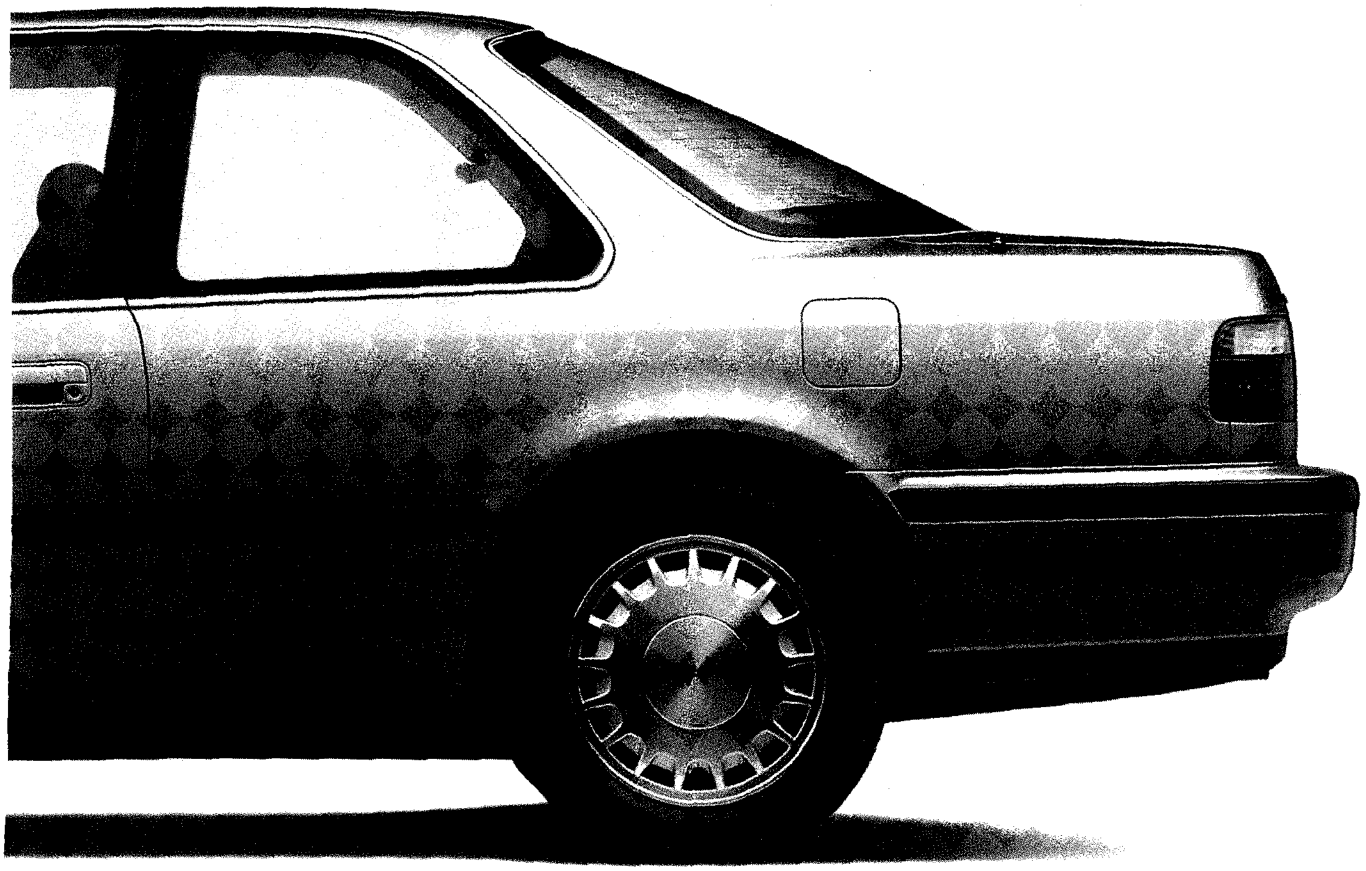

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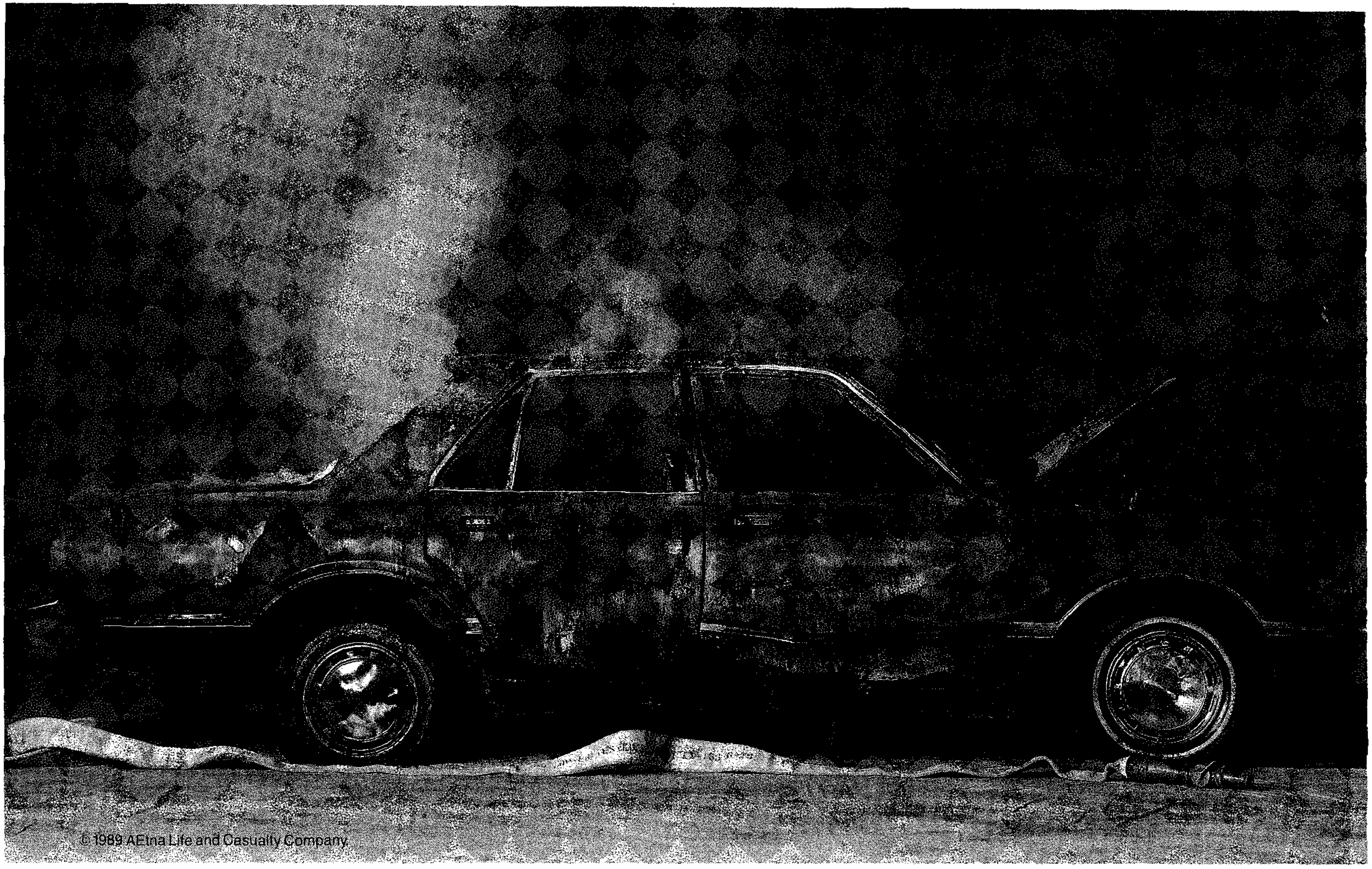

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FROM here in New York, the war in Nicaragua has seemed to be essentially over for some time now. Last month, the *Times* reported that the Contras had begun selling their American-supplied arms and ammunition to the rebels in El Salvador—a truly ironic twist, since the original rationale for the creation of the Contras was to *halt* the flow of arms to the rebels in El Salvador, and a strong indication, it seemed, that the Contras had given up on their war in Nicaragua.

They haven't, though. According to the Nicaraguan government, seven hundred and thirty-six soldiers and civilians have been killed, fourteen hundred and eighty-one have been kidnapped or are missing, and eleven hundred and fifty-three have been maimed or wounded in Contra attacks since a ceasefire was declared in March, 1988. These figures may be high, but, according to the Washington *Post*, they "nonetheless seem to confirm the estimate of diplomats that the war continues at 30 to 40 percent of its peak level in 1986-87." (The *Post* also notes that thousands of Contras have entered Nicaragua from Honduras since September.) A single ambush last month was reported to have left eighteen Nicaraguans dead and six wounded. Nicaragua's President, Daniel Ortega Saavedra, says that it was after that attack that he decided to end the ceasefire (which, in any case, had been unilateral since July, 1988). He announced his decision six days later, at a summit meeting of sixteen hemisphere leaders in San José, Costa Rica.

The announcement met with near-universal disapproval. The other leaders at the summit deplored it, and so did the United Nations. The United States delegation, which up to that point had seemed concerned mainly with denying Mr. Ortega any chance to talk to or be photographed with President Bush, "appeared stunned" at first, the *Times* said, but by the day after the announcement "seemed almost ecstatic"—a hated foe had made a major blunder. President Bush, according to a *Times* editorial, was "jubilant." At a press conference in San José the next morning, the President expressed his jubilation in strange and revealing terms.

The first question asked by a reporter was "To what extent does the United States bear responsibility for the actions of the Contras? And what kind of instructions will you send to the Contra field commanders now, in view of the end of the ceasefire?"

President Bush's reply: "Well, first I won't listen to Mr. Noriega's charge that this is his outrageous breach—alleged breach of the ceasefire—willingness to breach it—is entirely—Ortega—willing to bear the burden—put it all on the Contras."

We think we know what Mr. Bush was trying to say. And his confusion of Mr. Ortega with Panama's leader, General Manuel Antonio Noriega (who was one of four hemisphere leaders not invited to the summit, on the ground that their regimes could not possibly be considered democratic), was understandable: both are Central Americans; both have survived lengthy efforts by Washington to unseat them. It also made sense that Mr. Bush should have General Noriega on his mind: the failure of the latest attempt to depose Noriega had been his Administration's greatest source of political misery, occasioning a chorus of accusations that the President's self-described "prudence" was really "timidity." As if to vanquish once and for all the idea that he might ever have been timid with such people, Mr. Bush, in his press-conference remarks, went on to assault Mr. Ortega in highly personal terms. He repeatedly referred to him as a "little man." He even called him an "unwanted animal at a garden party."

The President's sneers, astonishing in themselves, take on added meaning when they are considered in the context of this country's historical relationship to the countries of Latin America. To refresh our sense of that context, we went leafing through a new book by George Black, "The Good Neighbor: How the United States Wrote the History of Central America and the Caribbean." There we learned that the word "pickaninny" comes from the Spanish for "little," *pequeño*, and that in the early (and even not so early) years of this century Central American countries were commonly depicted in political cartoons as dark, petulant children. In the Washington *Star* in 1907, for example, a tiny black Honduras and a tiny black Nicaragua are fighting while a giant, stern Uncle Sam stands beside them, wags a finger, and warns, "Don't step on my feet, boys." A 1910 cartoon in the Baltimore *Sun* also shows an angry adult Uncle Sam, this time towering over a sulking child Nicaragua: he is cutting a branch from a tree for a switch, and in the background is a "Monroe Doctrine Woodshed." The caption: "There is nothing these people respect and follow like power." Latin Americans probably have little need to review the iconography of their relations with the United States in order to grasp the subtext of the scene in which the six-foot-two-inch Mr. Bush called a defiant Central American leader a "little man."

Mr. Ortega's decision to end the ceasefire is regrettable. But Mr. Bush's reaction to the announcement serves to remind us that his Administration's relatively pacific attitude toward Nicaragua does not represent a basic shift away from the obsessive bellicosity of the Reagan Administration. As Vice-President, Mr. Bush helped draft the secret order that authorized the creation of the Contras, in 1981. He was heavily involved in private maneuverings and public appeals on behalf of the Contras for many years. Just last month, he ordered the continuation of the economic embargo that, along with the Contra war, has virtually destroyed the Nicaraguan economy. This painful, oppressive relationship is far from over. Mr. Ortega's declaration has been quietly welcomed by Contra supporters both inside and outside the Administration as likely to speed the passage through Congress of future bills to aid the Contras. There is still a bad boy in Central America, and he may need another thrashing.

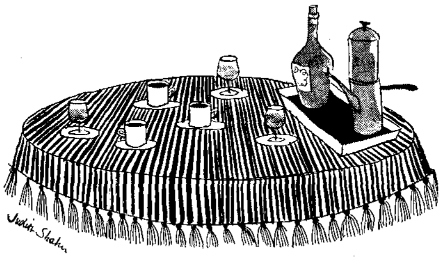
◆

SATURDAY a week ago was so warm and sunny it made us think we'd like to take a nap in the park—actually lie down on a patch of green grass and go to sleep. We were in Central Park, leaning against a lamp pole by the Great Lawn, where we had stopped, on our way downtown for a haircut, to watch touch football—four games at once. We're not a big fan, so four simultaneous games satisfy us pretty quickly. Two of the games were serious, played by beefy men in gray sweatpants and kneepads, who huddled briefly, as if they had plays ("Twenty-four green, wing left, pigtails"), and one was played by teen-age boys, whose huddles seemed to be debates on the very nature of the game, and the other was a glorified game of catch played by men and their small sons. It's been years since we felt the urge to go deep for a pass, but we used to, and the smell of fall grass recalls it. They say that smell is the key to memory, and in our football days we wound up smelling a lot of grass close up. We thought, disengaging ourself from the lamp pole, that we'd like to lie on the fall grass without a bunch of heavy people lying on top of us and maybe close our eyes and snooze, and we headed for a spot not far away, behind the Metropolitan Museum. The grass is greener there.

Sleeping in the park in a city is the height of true civilization. First, you need a city that has enough bustle and clatter and tension to make a person yearn for a calm green spot, and then you need a first-class park with a well-enforced dog ordinance, and then you need a civilized person capable of dropping his guard and his pretenses and flopping down on the ground and falling asleep with his mouth open and snoring like a yodelling walrus. This is what civilization aims at: a city so exciting it wears you out and so secure you can sleep in it.

We've slept in the wilderness under the stars a few times—always a pleasure: to lie and look at the Milky Way and think about cougars and then wake up in sunshine with dew on your face and somebody making coffee. But sleeping in a park is more convenient and has the same effect. You wake up a new person: part hobo, part gaffer, part artiste. A person with a clear conscience. A person who doesn't need a pillow and a box spring.

Most of our park sleeping has taken place in Europe, because jet lag hits us hard in the middle of the day. In Rome one hot, hot day a couple of years ago, having admired the Pantheon and climbed the Spanish Steps and got a lungful of auto exhaust, we were looking for the Villa Medici when the old feeling came over us of weariness and quease. A great park, the Villa Borghese, lay nearby, and we walked in, feeling weaker and weaker, and at last arrived (*grazie!*) at a lawn as immaculate as a golf green, where an old man in a black vest lay sleeping on his side, his jacket neatly folded, while his wife, sitting on the ground and leaning against his broad back, read the paper. We lay down nearby, fell asleep instantly, and woke up an hour later, fresh, with the sweet, dry smell of Roman earth in our nose, and feeling we had shucked off our American fastidiousness and become a real traveller. There is no sleep so good as an outdoor nap. You stand up from it in such good humor that for the rest of the day there is no such thing as disappointment. You eat a nice lunch of mussels and linguini outdoors in the piazza in Trastevere across from the Church of Santa Maria and walk off the red wine in the little streets like a set from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and you wish you could speak to your aunt, the one who told you how hard it is to get grass stains out of pants. At a certain age, it becomes harder to get grass stains *onto* your pants. We're not that age yet, but we can see it from here.



A beach in Greece is a good place to sleep, in the shade under a tree—you don't want to be awakened by second-degree burns—and once, in London, we lay down in Regent's Park, in a corner of Queen Mary's Garden, which was surrounded by hedges, and where you could rent canvas lawn chairs. Ladies sat nearby, tatting, and some old gents perused for pleasure eighteenth-century novels we had dragged ourself through in college. We lay on the clipped turf and went out like a light. Woke later, felt great.

In Copenhagen, suddenly clubbed by jet lag, we found Ørsteds Parken a fine place to nap in, with little dales and glens for privacy, a pond, ducks and swans, and gentle slopes, and with a few dozen Danes dozing there, too. A long stone's throw from the front gate of Tivoli and close to the outdoor greenmarket, so you could have a big lunch in the amusement park and go to a booth and toss a ball at the crockery and win a stuffed bear, take it to Ørsteds and have a nap, and get up and go eat an apple.

Unfortunately, the grass behind the Met didn't work out for us. We lay down and couldn't sleep. Perhaps the mass of the museum was too great, or the impending humiliation of a haircut was on our mind. We lay for about fifteen minutes, eyes closed, listening to the passing scene, and got up and marched down to West Fifty-seventh.

"What did you have in mind today?" the barber asked, pinning the cloth around our neck.

"Just a trim, not too short, leave a little in the back," we said, as we've been saying for many years. We dozed off under the clippers, woke, slept, and woke again to find a new person, one who looked much more like our barber than we wanted to.

The barber was talking to us. "You had some grass in your hair," he said.

We told him we had been playing football.

"It's a good day for it," he said.

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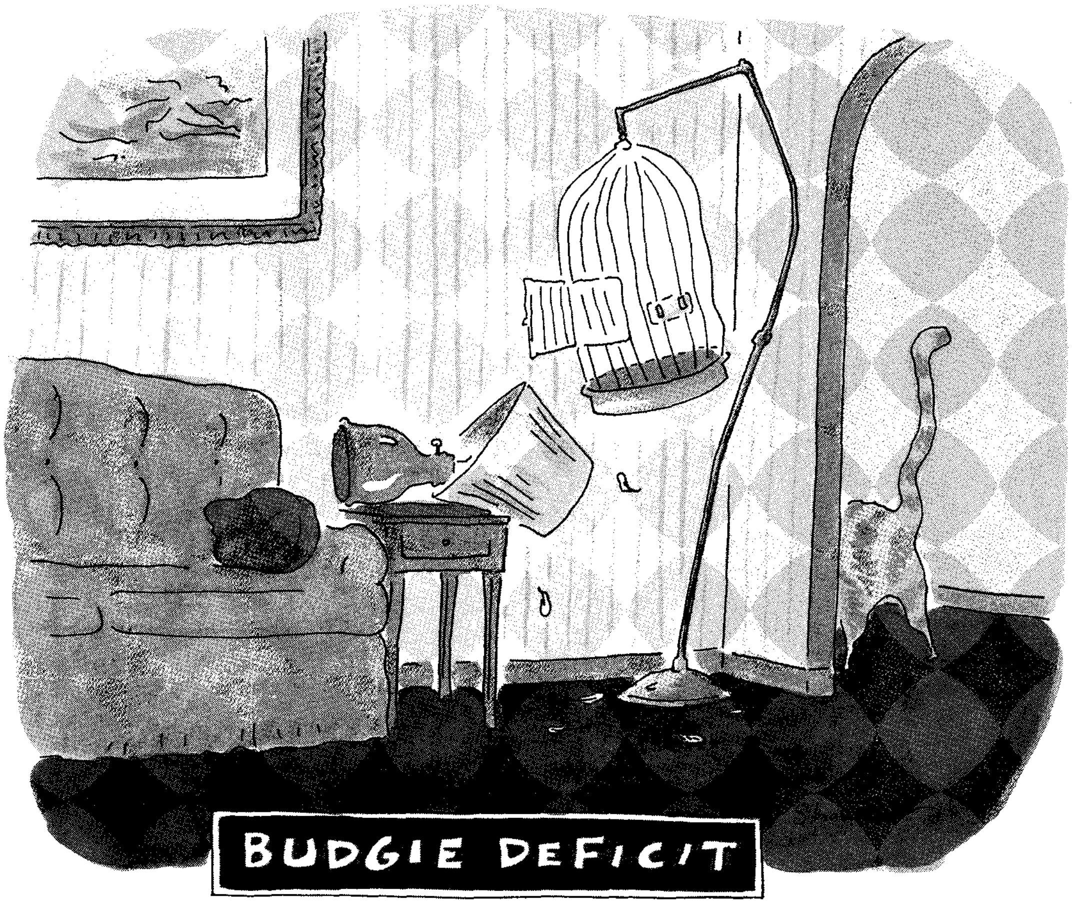

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Moonwalking

WE like to eat; we always have. "When fall comes, can thoughts of food be far behind?"—that's our position, and all our senses are attuned to it. We hear "*Ciao!*" and we think Chow! But we also prefer to bend over unperturbed by the sound of our pants tearing at the seam. So when we learned that a friend of ours, John Joseph Cortese, had without dieting lost twenty-five of the thirty pounds he intended to lose before his daughter's wedding, we visited his grocery store for some tips. It's one of our favorite places in Brooklyn's Park Slope: cool, high-ceilinged, with narrow wooden floorboards, a window full of succulent fruit, an ancient mechanical cash register, and a house cat who likes to settle near a portable TV.

It turned out that Mr. C.'s weight-loss secret is walking. On five or six evenings a week, when he leaves work he strides briskly about three miles along Seventh Avenue, one of the Slope's main shopping streets. His route takes him pretty much from one end of the neighborhood to the other—as far east as traffic-choked Flatbush Avenue, as far west as the somnolent Green-Wood Cemetery. We asked him if we might tag along, and on a recent starry evening we donned our Reeboks and waited by the store's iron shutters. At eight o'clock sharp, Mr. C. opened the front door of the building it's in—a four-story brownstone. Seeing us, he grinned. "You're here!" he said. "Good. I don't wait." We were off and walking.

"I was born in the house I came out of," he said as we went along. "Not that I've always lived there. Over my lifetime, I've moved in a complete circle in just a two- or three-block area, and I've come back to the house I started from. For several years, I went to the New York School of Printing. Then I went into the service, and when I got out I wanted to be my own boss. My dad already had this store, an established business. He started it seventy-seven years ago. Growing up, I worked here every weekend. In 1953, I began working here full time, and in 1959 I bought the business for one dollar, and my dad worked for me. I'm still putting in my hours over a six-day week—twelve hours a day. Two days, I'm up at 5 A.M. to buy produce at the Brooklyn Terminal Market. The other days, I sleep late—until seven. Only once has my store ever been closed as long as a week. That was twenty-six years ago, when my dad passed away."

As we moved briskly past a new D'Agostino's, Mr. C. waved to a man unloading cases of food from a truck. He told us that the pharmacy next door to the supermarket had been a pharmacy as long as he could remember, but that the supermarket itself stood on land that had once been occupied by a candy store, a furrier, and a delicatessen. Walking down the street, we kept a mental list of the businesses we passed that belonged to the age of D'Agostino's rather than that of the neighborhood furrier. There was Suzy's Circus, a children's-clothing emporium, which offered shoes from Europe and Australia. There were video places. There was the Clay Pot, a crafts store. There was the Leaf 'n' Bean, which sells items related to the preparation and consumption of beverages that contain (or once contained) caffeine. There was City Casuals, which stocks loose fitting, conservative clothing and handsome low-heeled shoes that appeal to working women. All these were in the stretch of Seventh Avenue between Mr. C.'s and Flatbush, and none caught Mr. C.'s interest that night.

But as we headed back, passing Mr. C.'s store on our way toward Green-Wood Cemetery, he became more attentive to the surroundings. This part of Seventh was quieter, and, since many of its storefronts were heavily shuttered or boarded up, it seemed much darker. "Hey, Freddie!" Mr. C. cried to a man in the doorway of the dimly lit office of Cheers Car Service. A moment later, he said to us, "There's the new dentist across the street, Jack Irwin. Now, that is one *painless* dentist."

When we were almost at the edge of the cemetery, at Seventeenth Street, Mr. C. said, "There's a spot in Green-Wood with a statue of Minerva, goddess of war, pointing to the Statue of Liberty in the harbor. It's the highest God-made point in Brooklyn." Then he ticked off the names of some of Green-Wood's most famous residents in perpetuity: Samuel F. B. Morse; the cowboy star William S. Hart; Horace Greeley, the editor of the *Tribune;* James Gordon Bennett, the editor of the *Herald*, who sent Stanley after Livingstone; Henry Chadwick, who developed the scoring rules for baseball.

By eight-fifty-five, we were heading back toward Mr. C.'s. A police car passed us. "Seventy-sixth Precinct," Mr. C. said. "He's a long way from home."

Suddenly, on the sidewalk, a gold velveteen reclining chair loomed out of the darkness. "La-Z-Boy, La-Z-Boy," said a man behind it. "Two dollars."

"Oh, sure," Mr. C. said. "I'll carry it home on my head."

A woman with a teasing voice called to Mr. C. from behind, "Hey, Cortese! I'm ready now!"

"You know me," he answered. "Eight o'clock, I'm gone." He explained to us that last spring he took this walk regularly in the company of several neighbors. "There was the lady from the video shop," he said. "She's off today. A schoolteacher from St. Patrick's. The undertaker's wife." He smiled. "I think they got tired," he said.

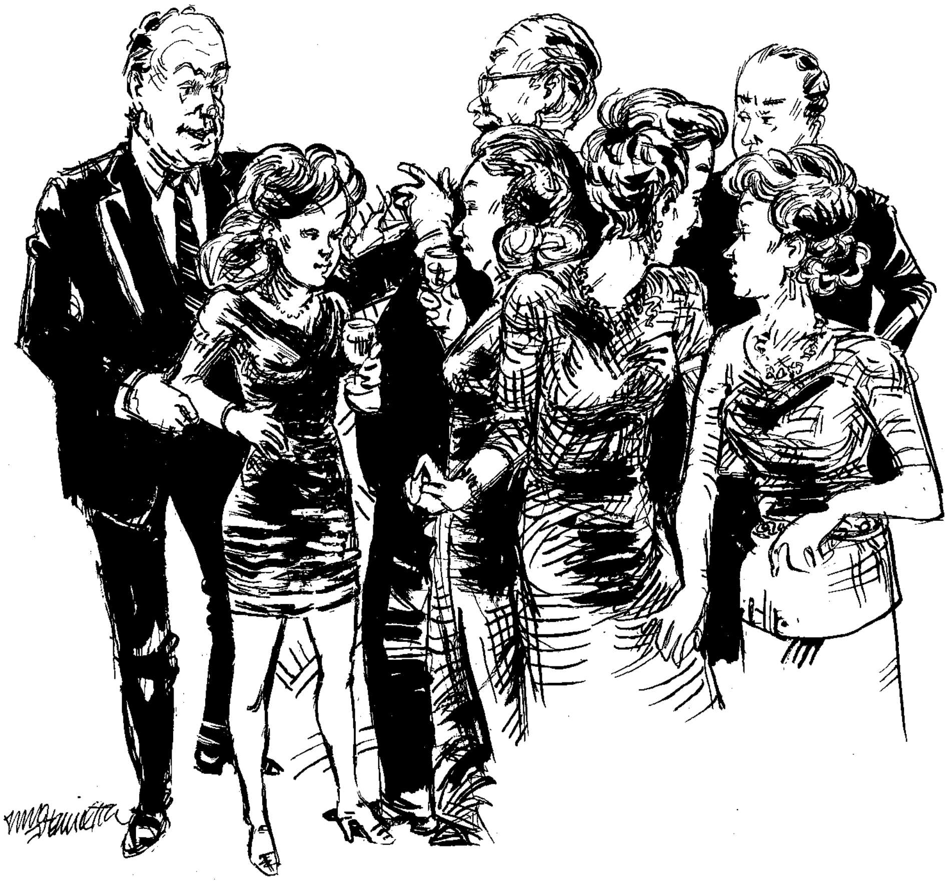
Hugh's Truck

HERE comes Hugh Cosman in his truck, turning heads. It's a 1953 Ford F-100, the special-de-luxe-edition pickup, with the high-rounded fenders, and the distinctive clamshell hood stamped from one sheet of steel, that Ford produced to celebrate its golden anniversary. On the horn button in the center of the steering wheel it says "50TH ANNIVERSARY, 1903-1953." You lose that horn button and good luck replacing it. Other details: the boomerang-shaped ornaments on either side of the hood. Originally, they were chrome, but when the truck was made the manufacturer wasn't putting nickel under the chrome, because nickel was a defense-appropriated material. Korean War. The chrome didn't hold up, so Hugh had his boomerangs sandblasted at a place out in Roosevelt, Long Island, and then he painted them ivory, to match the tailgate lettering and the bumpers.

Hugh works at Treitel-Gratz, an outfit in Long Island City. Its card says:

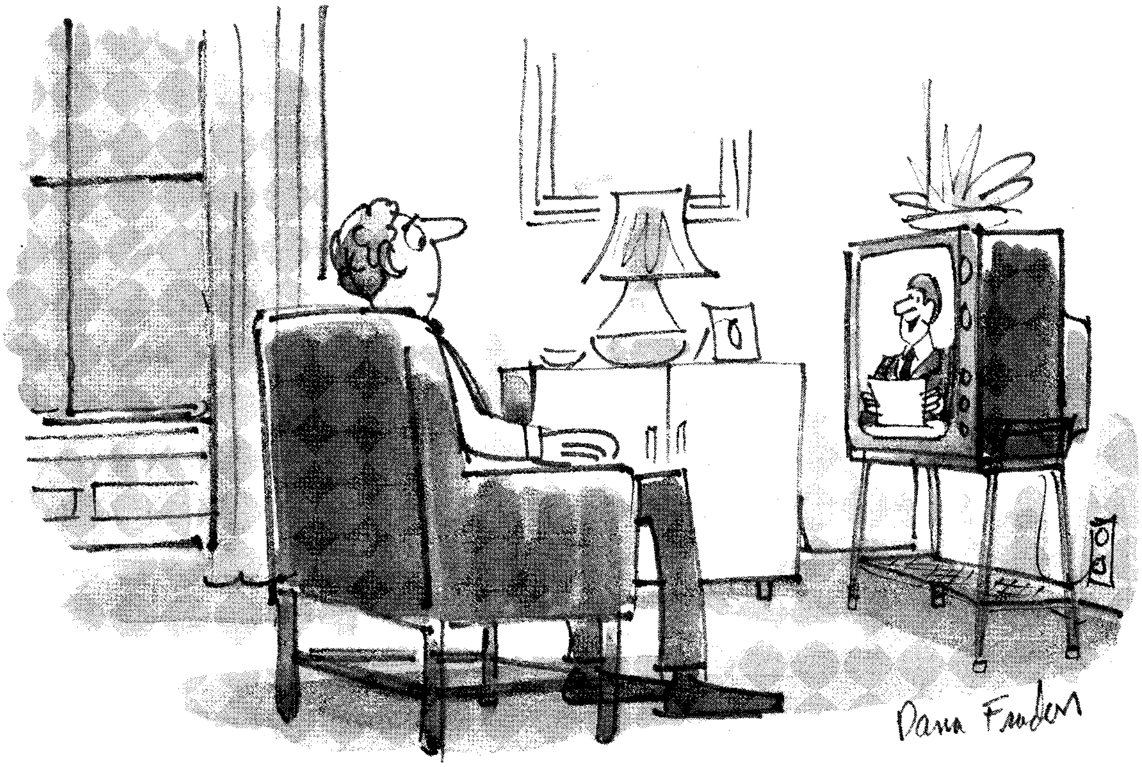
CRAFTSMEN IN METAL FABRICATION
PRECISION PARTS
CUSTOM FURNITURE
DESIGN MODELS

Treitel-Gratz also makes sculptures for artists like Isamu Noguchi, Barnett Newman, and Walter De Maria. Hugh is thirty-seven, and he went to Vassar, formerly a women's college, where they (still) don't offer courses in automotive restoration. In the chain of events that brought the truck into his hands, it is likely that Hugh occupied the role of guy D. The way these things go, guy A has the truck parked in his barn or garage or out back on the lawn, and he has always meant to do something about it—slap some putty here, a little paint there, maybe bang out a dent in the fender—but never has. Guy B sees it, or sees an ad, or knows somebody who knows about the truck, and he buys it, thinking he'll put a few hours into it and give it a new coat of paint and have a fine piece of rolling stock. He does some slipshod patching of rust with strips of metal and pop rivets, and sees how much more of a commitment is required, and puts the truck back on the market, turning it over to guy C, who thinks he'll devote some evenings and weekends to it, then realizes he's in over his head and throws a tarp over the truck and sticks it back on the market, and in comes guy D. Years may have passed (Hugh's truck was



"*Apparently that's his new little laptop.*"

last on the road in 1979, registered in Pennsylvania) and a lot of bad amateur work may have been carried out on the truck by the time guy D gets hold of it. Hugh paid nine hundred for the truck, in December, 1987. The ad that he answered described a West Coast rust-free truck. He says that the truck that came into his hands was "an East Coast rust-eviscerated vehicle."



"Good night from our whole news team. And, in case we're not around then, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Hugh began working on his truck in the yard of his weekend house, in New Jersey. Then he began to bring it to the city, piece by piece, and work on it at night in a corner of the shop at Treitel-Gratz. Eventually, every piece of the body except the cab had been removed and brought to the city to be sanded or sandblasted or galvanized or painted. The bed he had redone in poplar by a cabinetmaker.

Hugh's association with Treitel-Gratz provided him with space, specialized tools, and access to Frosty—that is, Forrest Myers, an artist, car restorer, and metalworker, whose support, knowledge, and philosophical example gave Hugh the kind of head start that most guys (guys A, B, and C, for example) lack. There is an aspect of friction in Frosty's relationship with Hugh. Frosty's position is that Hugh's truck is a restored showpiece, not a beater. Some months ago, after enough mechanical work had been completed to allow Hugh to register his truck, he did an errand in it, using the bed of the truck to carry lumber. Frosty's reaction: "He's making a *farm* truck out of it. He's throwing cinder blocks into the back, and hay bales, and I don't know what else. The last time I looked, there was *dirt* in the bed." Frosty does, however, approve of the care with which Hugh pursued the restoration job. What Hugh really did was not simply restore his truck—he remanufactured it, duplicating all kinds of rotten sheet-metal pieces in stainless steel, so they will never rust again.

A few weeks ago, Hugh brought the truck to Oscar's, on Twenty-first Street in Queens, for painting. Parts of Hugh's truck have spent a lot of time at Oscar's. The fenders alone spent a year. While his truck was at Oscar's, the only contact Hugh had with it took place one night in a dream. Oscar does work for Hugh at a discounted rate, when one of his painters is free. Normally, Oscar handles Jaguars, Bentleys, and Rolls-Royces. He doesn't have much extra time. Whenever Hugh showed up to see whether progress was being made on his truck, Oscar would come out of his office and give him a tour and show him why there were delays. He would point out the Jag that belonged to the orthodontist who went straight on into a truck with its lift gate down. Or the Bentley with the door that someone drove into. Gradually, Hugh's truck was sanded down to the primer and touched up here and there, until it looked like a person shaved and painted and waiting for surgery. Oscar used to cushion Hugh's disappointment at not having his truck finished by saying, "When you get this truck done, it will be one of those few."

Of all the elements of his new truck, Hugh takes the greatest satisfaction in his tailgate. In order to turn heads, the hood and the tailgate must be in top condition—must be cherry—because those are the two parts of the truck that people see first. Besides, the condition of your tailgate says a lot about the kind of person you are. So Hugh took pains with his tailgate. That meant painting the letters spelling "FORD" in ivory, then painting over them in vermillion, the color of the rest of the truck, and buffing that off until the ivory letters reappeared. The dream that Hugh had about his truck involved the tailgate. It took place shortly after he finished buffing out the letters. In the dream, he was standing in the shop at Treitel-Gratz, showing the tailgate to an acquaintance, who was a sculptor. The man studied the work. He rubbed his hand over the letters to feel how smoothly the enamel had been buffed. He admired the richness of the color. He was silent for a moment, and then he turned to Hugh and said, "That's great. You did yours the same way Vartan Gregorian did his."

THE JEWISH HUNTER

THIS was in a faraway land. There were gyms but no irony or coffee shops. People took things literally, without drugs. Laird, who wanted to fix her up with this guy, warned her beforehand in exercise class: "Look, Odette, you're a poet. You've been in po biz for what, twenty years—"

"Only fifteen, I'm sure." She had just turned forty and scowled at him over her shoulder. She had a voice menopausal with whiskey, a voice left to lurch and ruin by cigarettes. It was without a middle range—low, with sudden cracks upward. "I hate that phrase 'po biz.' "

"Fifteen. All right. This guy's not at all literary. He's a farm lawyer. He gets the occasional flasher, or a Gypsy from the Serbo neighborhood in Chicago, but that's as artistic as he gets. He's dealing with farmers and farms. He wouldn't know T. S. Eliot from, say, *Pinky* Eliot. He's probably never even been to Minneapolis, let alone New York."

"Who's Pinky Eliot?" she asked. They were lying side by side doing these things where you thrust your arms between your raised knees, to tighten the stomach muscles. There was loud music to distract you from worries that you might not know anyone in the room well enough to be doing this in front of them. "Who the heck is Pinky Eliot?"

"Someone I went to fourth grade with," said Laird, gasping. "It was said he weighed more than the teacher, and she was no zipper, let me tell you." Laird was balding, and in exercise class the blood rushed across his head, bits of hair curling above his ears like gift ribbon. He had lived in this town until he was ten, then his family moved east to New Jersey, where she first met him, years ago. Now he had come back, like a salmon, to raise his own kids. He and his wife had two. "Little and Moist," they called them. "Look, you're in the boonies here. You got your Pinky Eliot or you got your guy who's never heard of Pinky or any Eliot."

She had been in the boonies before. To afford her apartment in New York, she often took these sorts of library fellowships: six weeks and four thousand dollars to live in town, write unpublishable poems, and give a reading at the library. The problem with the boonies was that nobody ever kissed you there. They stared at you, up, down, but they never kissed.

Actually, once in a while you could get them to kiss.

But then you had to leave. And in your packing and going, in tearing the seams, the hems, the haws, you felt like some bad combination of Odysseus *and* Penelope. You felt funny in the heart.

"All right," she said. "What is his name?"

Laird sighed. "Pinky Eliot," he said, thrusting his arms between his knees. "Somehow in this mangled presentation I fear I've confused you."

PINKY ELIOT had lost weight, though for sure he still weighed more than the teacher. He was about forty-five, with all his hair still dark. He was not bad-looking—elf-nosed and cat-eyed, though a little soccer ball-ish through the chin and cheeks, which together formed a white sphere with a sudden scar curling grayly around. Also, he had the kind of mustache a college roommate of hers used to say looked as if it had crawled up to find a warm spot to die.

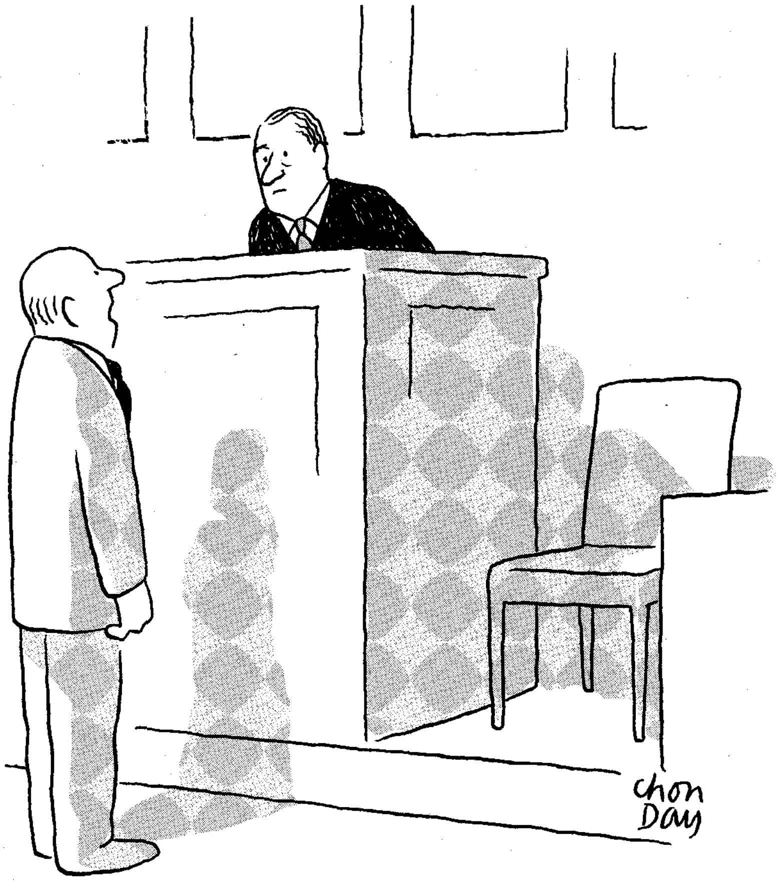
They ate dinner at the only Italian restaurant in town. She drank two glasses of wine, the cool heat of it spreading through her like wintergreen. One of these days, she knew, she would have to give up dating. She had practiced declarations in the mirror. "I don't date. I'm sorry. I just don't date."

"I always kind of liked the food here," said Pinky.

She looked at his round face and felt a little bad for him, and a little bad for herself while she was at it, because, truly, the food was not good: flavorless bladders of pasta passing as tortellini, the cutlets mealy and drenched in the kind of tomato sauce that was unwittingly, defeatedly orange. Poor Pinky didn't know a garlic from a Gumby. "Yes," she said, trying to be charming. "But do you think it's really Italian? It feels as if it got as far as the Canary Islands, then fell into the water."

"An East Coast snob," he said, smiling. His voice was slow with prairie, thick with Great Lakes. "Dressed all in black and hating the Midwest. Are you Jewish?"

She bristled. A Nazi. A hillbilly Nazi gastronomical moron.



"To save the state the expense of a trial, Your Honor, my client has escaped."

"No, I'm not Jewish," she said archly, staring him down, to teach him, to teach him this: "Are *you*?"

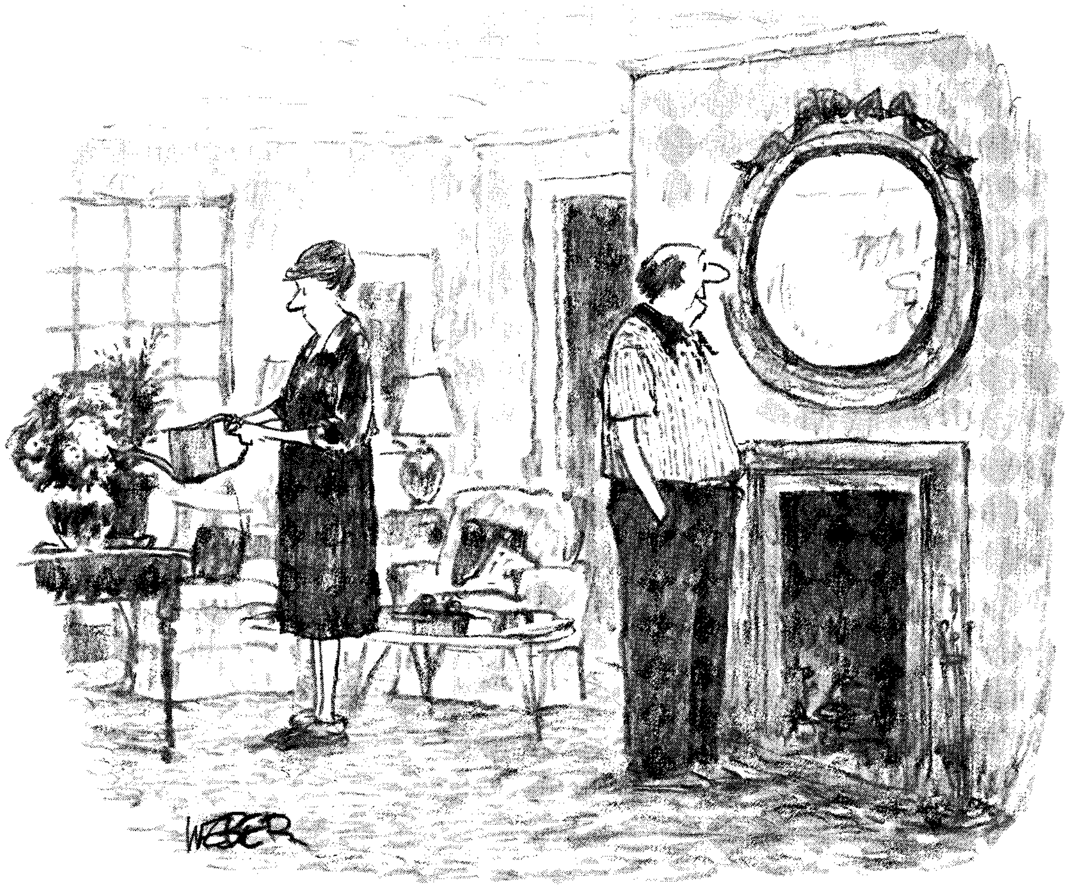
"Yes," he said. He studied her eyes.

"Oh," she said.

"Not many of us in this part of the world, so I thought I'd ask."

"Yes." She felt an embarrassed sense of loss, as if something that should have been hers but wasn't had been taken away, legally, by the police. Her gaze dropped to her hands, which had started to move around nervously, independently, like small rodents kept as pets. Wine settled hotly in her cheeks, and when she rushed more to her mouth the edge of the glass clinked against the tooth in front that was longer than all the others.

Pinky reached across the table and touched her hair. She had had it permed into waves like Ramen noodles the week before. "A little ethnic kink is always good to see," he said. "What are you—Methodist?"



"If I were a dog I'd only be nine years old."

• •

ON their second date they went to a movie. It was about creatures from another planet who burrow into earthlings and force them to charge up enormous sums on their credit cards. It was an elaborate urban allegory, full of disease and despair, and Odette wanted to talk about it. "Pretty entertaining movie," said Pinky slowly. He had fidgeted in his seat through the whole thing and had twice gotten up and gone to the water fountain. "Just going to the bubbler," he'd whispered.

Now he wanted to go dancing.

"Where is there to go dancing?" said Odette. She was still thinking about the part where the two main characters had traded boom boxes and it had caused them to fall in love. She wanted either Pinky or herself to say something incisive or provocative about directorial vision or the narrative parameters of cinematic imagery. But it looked as if neither of them was going to.

"There's a place out past the county belt line about six miles."

They walked out into the parking lot, and he leaned over and kissed her cheek—intimate, premature, a leftover gesture from a recent love affair, no doubt—and she blushed. She was bad at love. There were people in the world who were good at love and people who were bad at it. She was bad. She used to think she was good at love, that it was intimacy she was bad at. But you had to have both. Love without intimacy, she knew, was an unsung tune. It was all in your head. You said, "Listen to this!" but what you found yourself singing was a tangle, a nothing, a heap. It reminded her of a dinner party she had gone to once where dessert was served on plates printed with French songs. After dinner everyone had had to sing their plate, but hers still had whipped cream on it, and when it came her turn she garbled the notes and words, frantically pushing the whipped cream around with a fork so she could see the next measure. Oh, she was bad, bad like that, at love.

Pinky drove them six miles south of the county belt line to a place called Humphrey Bogart's. It was rough and wooden, high-beamed, a former hunting lodge. On a makeshift stage at the front a country-and-Western band was playing "Tequila Sunrise" fifteen years too late—or perhaps too soon; who could predict? Pinky took her hand and improvised a slow jitterbug to the bass. "What do I do now?" Odette kept calling to Pinky over the music. "What do I do now?"

"This," said Pinky. He had the former fat person's careful grace, and his hand at the small of her back felt big and light. His scar seemed to disappear in the dance light, and his smile drove his mustache up into flattering shadow. Odette had always been thin and tense.

"We don't dance much in New York," she said.

"No? What do you do?"

"We, uh, just wait in line at cash machines."

Pinky leaned into her, took her hand

tightly to his shoulder and rocked. He put his mouth to her ear. "You've got a great personality," he said.

ON Sunday afternoon, Pinky took her to the Cave of the Many Mounds. "You'll like this," he said.

"Wonderful!" she said, getting into his car. There was a kind of local enthusiasm about things which she was trying to get the hang of. It involved good posture and utterances made in a chirpy singsong: *Isn't the air just snappy?* She was wearing sunglasses and an oversize sweater. "I was thinking of asking you what a Cave of Many Mounds was, and then I said, 'Odette, do you *really* want to know?' " She fished through her pocketbook. "I mean, it sounds like a whorehouse. You don't happen to have any cigarettes, do you?"

Pinky tapped on her sunglasses. "You're not going to need these. It's dark in the cave." He started the car and pulled out.

"Well, let me know when we get there." She stared straight ahead. "I take it you don't have any cigarettes."

"No," said Pinky. "You smoke cigarettes?"

"Once in a while." They drove past two cars in a row with bleeding deer strapped on them like wreaths, like trophies, *like women*, she thought. "Damn hunters," she murmured.

"What kind of cigarettes do you smoke? Do you smoke Virginia Slims?" asked Pinky with a grin.

Odette turned and lowered her sunglasses, looked out over them at Pinky's sun-pale profile. "No, I don't smoke *Virginia Slims*."

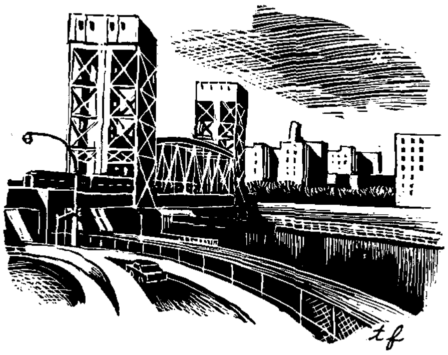
"I'll bet you do. I'll bet you smoke Virginia Slims."

"Yeah, I smoke Virginia Slims," said Odette, shaking her head. Who was this guy?

Ten miles south, there started to be signs for Cave of the Many Mounds. "CAVE OF THE MANY MOUNDS 20 MILES." "CAVE OF THE MANY MOUNDS 15 MILES." At "5 MILES" Pinky pulled the car over onto the shoulder. There were only trees and in the far distance a barn and a lone cow.

"What are we doing?" asked Odette.

Pinky shifted the car into park, but left the engine running. "I want to kiss you now before we get in the cave and I lose complete control." He turned toward her, and suddenly his body, jacketed and huge, appeared suspended above her, hovering, as she sank back against the car door. He closed his eyes and kissed her, long and slow, and she left her sunglasses on so she could keep her eyes open and watch, see how his lashes closed on one another like petals, how his scar zoomed quiet and white about his cheek and chin, feeling his lips push sleepily against her own to find a nest in hers and to stay there, moving, as if in words, but then not in words at all, his hands going round her in a soft rustle, up the back of her sweater to her bare waist and spine, and spreading there, blooming large and holding her just briefly until he pulled away, gathered himself back to himself, and quietly shifted the car into drive.



Odette sat up and stared out the windshield into space. Pinky moved the car back out onto the highway and picked up speed.

"We don't do that in New York," rasped Odette. She cleared her throat.

"No?" Pinky smiled and put his hand on her thigh.

"No, it's, um, the cash machines. You just, you wait at them. Forever. Your whole life you're just always"—her hand sliced the air—"there."

"PLEASE do not touch the formations," the cave tour guide kept shouting over everyone's head. Along

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FAMILY GROUND

I. RECORDS
Elsewhere they are enduring
the hurricane of the century.

But here the clothes on the line
are drying unusually quickly.

II. THE ANOINTING
One day the grocery bag gave way
and olive oil spilled
over the steps and walk
and onto the grass.
"This," they say, "is where she knelt
to save what she could."

III. WORKMEN
Suddenly there are those in the house
who know how to build and destroy.

They thunder up and down
in their own pale cloud.

IV. SMALL, LOCAL ENTRANCE TO THE UNDERWORLD
In her last days the cat
crawled under the porch,
hunkering down among
rocks and rusty nails.
We could reach her only
by crawling in ourselves.

V. AFTERLIFE
In the attic we found
some powdery old-fashioned gowns.
When we touched them, they sighed.

—JANE FLANDERS

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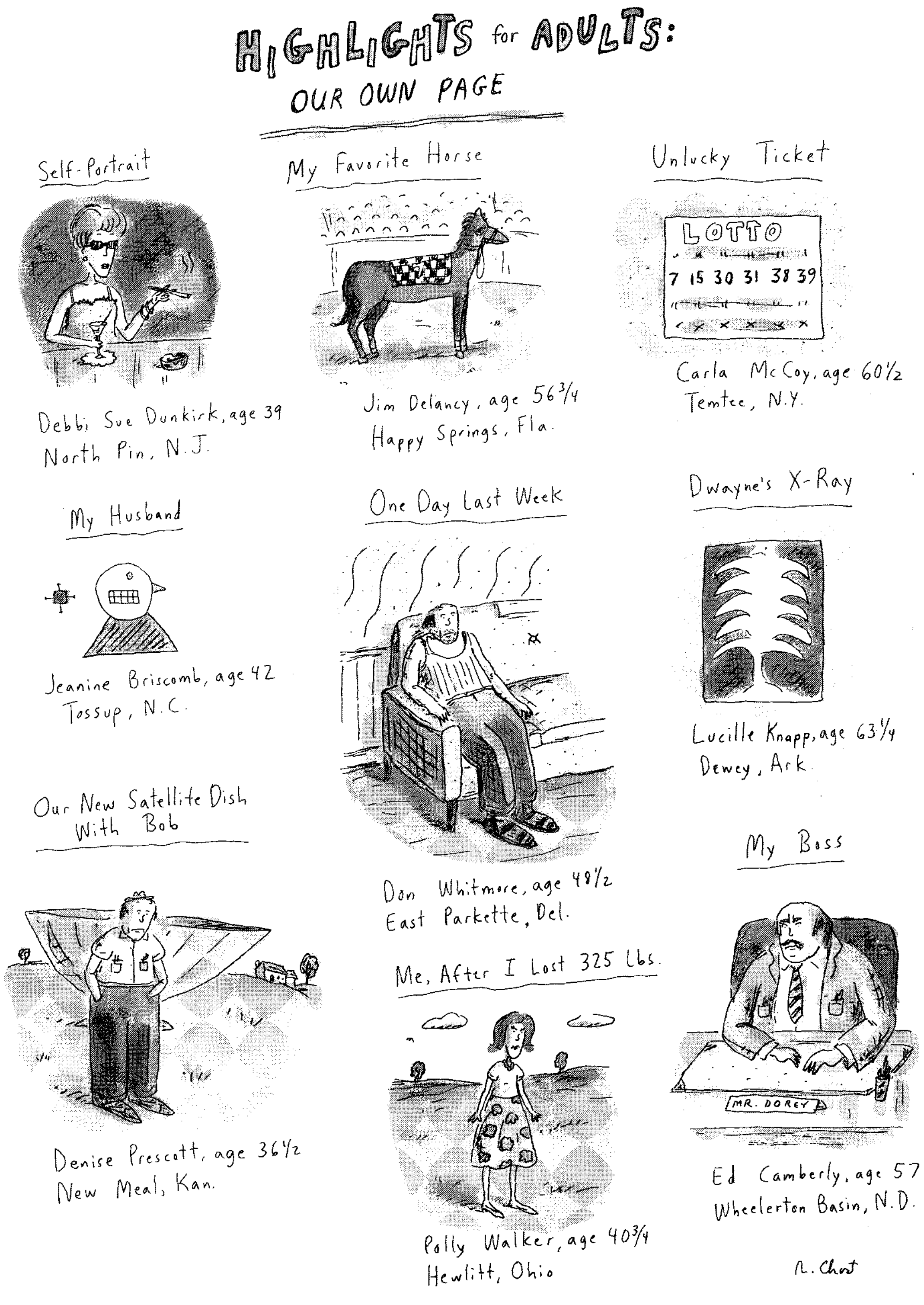

HIGHLIGHTS for ADULTS:
OUR OWN PAGE
Self-Portrait
Debbi Sue Dunkirk, age 39
North Pin, N.J.
My Favorite Horse
Jim Delancy, age 56¾
Happy Springs, Fla.
Unlucky Ticket
LOTTO
7 15 30 31 38 39
Carla McCoy, age 60½
Temtee, N.Y.
My Husband
Jeanine Briscomb, age 42
Tossup, N.C.
One Day Last Week
Don Whitmore, age 48½
East Parkette, Del.
Dwayne's X-Ray
Lucille Knapp, age 63¼
Dewey, Ark.
Our New Satellite Dish With Bob
Denise Prescott, age 36½
New Meal, Kan.
Me, After I Lost 325 Lbs.
Polly Walker, age 40¾
Hewlitt, Ohio
My Boss
MR. DOREY
Ed Camberly, age 57
Wheelerton Basin, N.D.
R. Chast

the damp path through the cave there were lights that allowed you to see: walls marbled a golden rose, like a port cheddar; nippled projections, blind galleries, arteries all through the place, chalky and damp; stalagmites and stalactites in walrusy verticals, bursting up from the floor in yearning, or hanging wicklessly in drips from the ceiling, making their way, through time, to the floor. The whole cave was in a weep, everything wet and slippery; still, ochre pools of water bordered the walk, which spiralled gradually down. "Nature's Guggenheim," said Odette, and because Pinky seemed not to know what she was talking about she said, "That's an art museum in New York." She had her sunglasses perched high on her head. She looked at Pinky gleefully, and he smiled back at her as if he thought she was cute but from outer space, like something that would soon be made into a major motion picture and then later into a toy.

"The way you can remember which are which," the guide was saying, "is to remember: When the mites go up the tights come down."

"Get that?" said Pinky too loudly, nudging her. "The tights come down?" People turned to look.

"What are you, hard of hearing?" asked Odette.

"A little," said Pinky. "In the right ear."

"Next we come to a stalagmite which is the only one in the cave that visitors are allowed to touch. As we pass, it will be on your right and you may manhandle it to your heart's content."

"Humph," said Pinky.

"Really," said Odette. She peered ahead at the front of the group, which had now gathered unexcitedly around the stalagmite, a short, stumpy one with a head rubbed white with so much touching. It had all the appeal of a bar of soap in a gas station. "I think I want to go back and look at the cave coral again."

"Which was that?" said Pinky.

"All that stuff that looked like cement broccoli. Also the chapel room with the church organ. I mean, I thought that looked pretty much like an organ."

"And now," the guide was saying, "we come to that part of our tour when we let you see what the cave looks like in its own natural lighting." She moved over and flicked a switch. "You should not be able to see your hand in front of your face."

Odette widened her eyes and then squinted and still could not see her hand in front of her face. The darkness was thick and certain, not a shaded, waltzing dark but a paralyzing, coffin jet. There was something fierce and eternal about it, something secret and unrelieved, like a thing not told to children.

"I'm right here," Pinky said, stepping close, "in case you need me." He gave her far shoulder a squeeze, his arm around the back of her. She could smell the soupy breath of him, the spice of his neck near her face, and leaned, blind and hungry, into his arm. She reached past the scratch of her own sweater, and felt for his hand.

"We can see now how the cave looked when it was first unearthed, and how it existed aeons before, in the pitch dark, gradually growing larger, opening up in darkness, the life and the sea of it trapped and never seeing light, a small, moist cavern a million years in the making, just slowly opening, opening, and opening inside. . . ."

WHEN they slept together, she almost cried. He was a kisser, and he kissed and kissed. It seemed the kindest thing that had ever happened to her. He kissed and whispered and brought her a large glass of water when she asked for one.

"When ya going back to New York?" he asked, and because it was in less than four weeks she said, "Oh, I forget."

Pinky got out of bed. He was naked and unself-conscious, beautiful, in a way, the long, rounded lines of him, the stark cliff of his back. He went over to the VCR, fumbled with some cassettes in the dark, holding each up to the window, where there was a rainy, moony light from the street, as in a dream; he picked up cassette after cassette until he found the one he wanted.

It was a tape called "Holocaust Survivors," and the title flashed blood red on the television screen, as if in warning that it had no place there at all. "I watch this all the time," said Pinky, very quietly. He stared straight ahead in a trance of impassivity, but when he reached back to put an arm around Odette he knew exactly where she was, slightly behind one of his shoulders, the sheet tight across her chest. "You shouldn't hide your breasts," he said, without looking. But she stayed like that, tucked close, all along the tracks to Treblinka, the gates to Auschwitz, the film lingering on weeds and wind, so unbelieving in this historical badlands it seemed to want, in a wave of nausea and regret, to become perhaps a nature documentary. It seemed at moments confused about what it was about, a confusion brought on by knowing exactly.

Someone was talking about the trucks. How they put people in trucks, with the exhaust pipes venting in, how they drove them around until they were blue—the people were blue—and could be shovelled out from a trapdoor. Past some barbed wire, asters were drying in a field.

When it was over, Pinky turned to her and sighed. "Heavy stuff," he said.

Heavy stuff? Her breathing stopped, then sped up, then stopped again. *Who on earth was entitled to such words?*

Who on earth? She felt, in every way it was possible to feel it, astonished that she had slept with him.

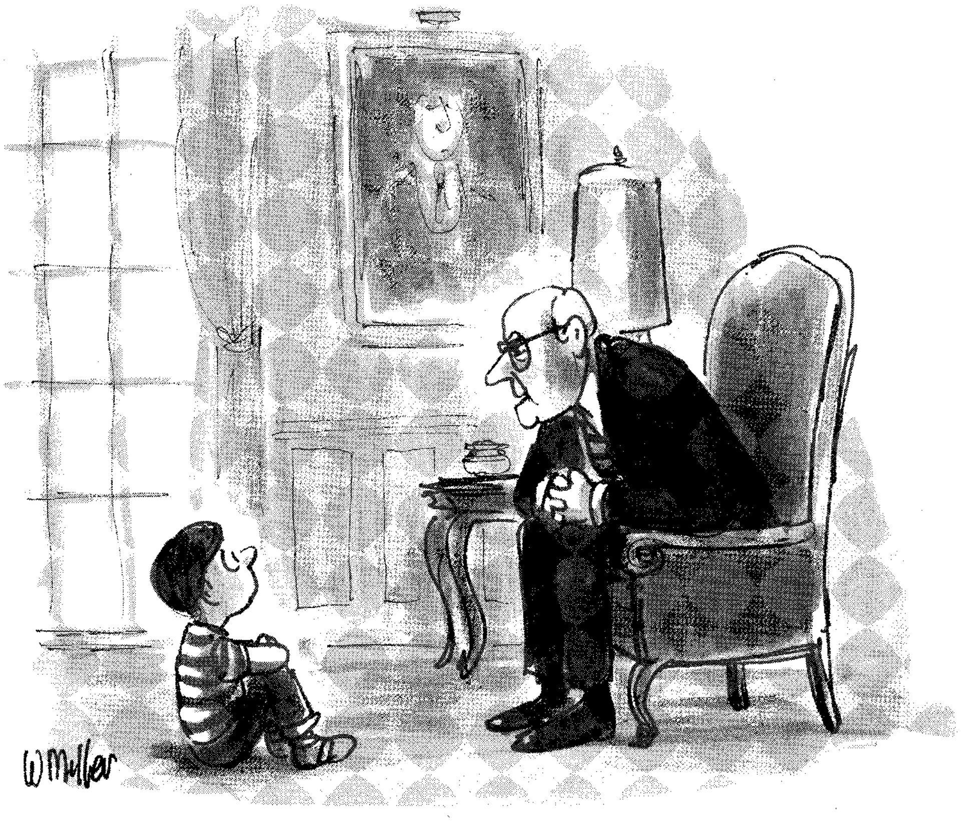
SHE went out with him again, but this time she greeted him at his own door with a stiff smile and a handshake, like a woman willing to settle out of court. "So casual," he said, standing in the doorway. "I don't know. You East Coast city slickers."

"We got hard hearts," she said with an accent that wasn't really any particular accent at all. She wasn't good at accents.

When they slept together again, she tried not to make too much of it. Once more they watched "Holocaust Survivors"—a different tape, out of sequence, the camera still searching hard for something natural to gaze upon, embarrassed, like a bloodshot eye weary and afraid of people and what they do. *They set fire to the bodies and to the barracks*, said a voice. *The pyres burned for many days.*

Waves lapped. Rain beaded on a bulrush. In the bathroom she ran the tap water so he couldn't hear as she sat, ill, staring at her legs, her mother's legs. When had she gotten her mother's legs? When she crept back to his bed, he was sleeping like a boy, the way men did.

In the morning she got up early and went to the closest thing there was to a deli and returned triumphantly with bagels and lox. Outside, the town had been museum-dead, but the sky was lemony with sun, and elongations of light, ovals of brightened blue, now dappled Pinky's covers. She laid the



"Feel free to take notes."

"Hey, man. What's happening?"

• •

breakfast out in them, and he rolled over and kissed her, his face waxy with sleep. He pointed at the lox. "You like that sort of stuff?"

"Yup." Her mouth was already full with it, the cool, slimy pink. "Eat it all the time."

He sighed and sank back into his pillow. "After breakfast I'll teach you some Yiddish words."

"I already know some Yiddish words. I'm from New York. Here, eat some of this."

"I'll teach you 'tush,' and 'schmuck.' " Pinky yawned, then grinned. "And 'shiksa.' "

"All the things a nice Jewish boy practices on before he marries a nice Jewish girl. I know those."

"What's wrong with you?"

She refused to look at him. "I don't know."

"*I* know," said Pinky, and he stood up on the bed, like a child about to bounce, toweringly naked, priapic; she could barely look. Oh, for a beaded bulrush. A train disappearing into a tunnel. "You're falling in love with me!" he exclaimed, gazing merrily down. She still had her coat on, and had stopped chewing. She stared, disbelievingly, up at him. Sometimes she thought she was just trying to have fun in life, and other times she realized she must be terribly confused. She narrowed her eyes. Then she opened her mouth wide, so that he could see the train wreck of chewed-up bagel and lox.

"I like that," said Pinky. "You're onto something there."

HER poems, as she stated in letters to friends in New York, were not going well; she had put them on the back burner and they had fallen behind the stove. She had met this guy. Something had happened to the two of them in a cave, she wasn't sure what. She had to get out of here. She was giving her final reading to the library patrons and matrons in less than three weeks and that would pretty much be it. *I hope you are not wearing those new, puffy evening dresses I see in magazines. They make everyone look like sticky buns. It is cold. Love, Odette.*

LAIRD was curious. He kept turning his head sideways during the sit-ups. "So you and Pinky hitting it off?"

"Who knows?" said Odette.

"Well, I mean everyone's had their difficulties in life; his I'm only a little aware of. I thought you'd find him interesting."

"Sure, anthropologically."

"You think he's a dork."

"Laird, we're in our forties here. You can't use words like 'dork' anymore." The sit-ups were getting harder. "He's not a dork. He's a dufus. Maybe. Maybe a doink."

"You're a hard woman," said Laird.

"Oh, I'm not," pleaded Odette, collapsing on the rubber mat. "Really, I'm not."

AT night he began to hold her in a way that stirred her deeply. He slept with one hand against the small of her back, the other capped against her head, as if to protect her from bad thoughts. Or, perhaps, thoughts at all. How quickly bodies came to love each other, promise themselves to each other always, without asking permission. From the mind! If only she could give up her mind, let her heart swell, inflamed, her brain stepping out for whole days, whole seasons, her work shrinking to limericks. She would open her mouth before the library-fellowship people and out would come—*There once was a woman from . . .* Someone would rush to a phone booth and call the police.

But perhaps you *could* live only from the neck down. Perhaps you *could* live with the clothes you were taking off all piled on top of your head, in front of your face, not just a sweater with a too small neck but everything caught there—pants, shoes and socks—a crazed tangle on your shoulders, in lieu of a head, while your body, stark naked, prepared to live the rest of its life in the sticks, the boonies, the flyover, the rain. Perhaps you could. For when she slept against him like that, all the rest of the world collapsed into a suitcase under the bed. It was the end of desire, this having. Oh, here, oh here she was. He would wrap himself around her, take her head like an infant's into his hand and breathe things to her, her throat, her chest, in his beginning to sleep: *Go to sleep, go to sleep with me.*

IN the morning she warmed her arms over the blue zinnias of the gas jets and heated water for coffee and eggs. Over the newspaper, she pretended she and Pinky were Beatrice and Benedict, or Nora and Nick Charles, which is what she always pretended in a love affair, at least for a few days, until the evidence overwhelmed her.

"Why are you always talking with

your hands?” asked Pinky. “You think you’re Jewish?”

She glared at him. “You know, that’s what I hate about this part of the country,” she replied. “Everyone’s so repressed. If you use your body in the least way while you’re talking, people think you’re trying out for a Broadway show.”

“Kiss me,” he said, and he closed his eyes.

On a weekday Pinky would be off to his office, to work on another farm bankruptcy or a case of animal abuse. “My clients,” he said wearily. “You would never want to go out to eat with them. They come into my office reeking of cow shit, they lean back in the chair, set their belly out like that, then tell you about how some humane-society bastard gave them a summons because their goat had worms.” Across his face there breathed a sigh of tragedy. “It’s a sad thing not to have clients you can go out to eat with.” He shook his head. “It’s a sad thing, a goat with worms.”

There was something nice about Pinky, but that something was not Nick Charles. Pinky was more like a grave and serious brother of Nick’s named Chuck. Chuck Charles. When you had parents who would give you a name like that, there was nothing funny anymore.

“What do you write poems about?” he asked her once in the middle of the night.

“Whores,” she said.

“Whores,” he repeated, nodding in the dark.

She gave him books of poetry: Wordsworth, Whitman, all the “W”s. When she asked him how he liked them, he would say, “Fine, I’m on page . . .” and then he would tell her what page he was on and how many pages he’d accomplished that day. “The Wadsworth is a little too literaturey for me.”

“Wordsworth,” she corrected. They were in his kitchen, drinking juice.

“Wordsworth. Isn’t there a poet named Wadsworth?”

“No. You’re probably thinking of Longfellow. That was his middle name.”

“Longfellow. Now, who’s he again?”

“How about ‘Leaves of Grass’? What did you think of the poems in there?”

“O.K. I’m on page 50,” he said. Then he showed her his shotgun, which he kept in the kitchen in a leather case, like a trombone.

Odette frowned. “You hunt?”

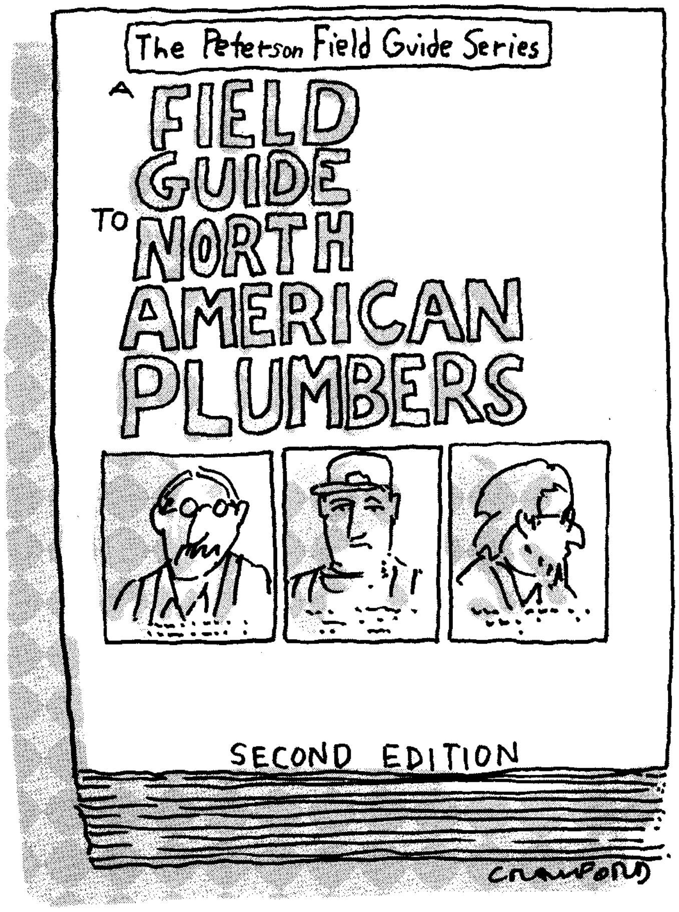
“Sure. Jews aren’t supposed to hunt, I know. But in this part of the country it’s best to have a gun or two.” He smiled. “*Bavarians*, you know. Here, try it out. Let me see how you look with a gun.”

“I’m afraid of guns.”

“Nothing to be afraid of. Just heft it and look down the top of the barrel and line up the sights.”

She sighed, lifted the gun, pressed the butt hard against her right shoulder, and aimed at the kitchen counter. “Now, see the notch in the metal sticking up in the middle of your barrel?” Pinky was saying. “You have to get the bead in the middle of the notch.”

She closed her left eye. “I can feel the urge coming on to blow away that cutting board,” she said.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SECOND EDITION
CRAWFORD

“Gun’s not loaded. Probably not till spring. Turkey season. Though I’ve got tags for deer.”

“You hunt turkeys?” She put the gun down. It was heavy.

“You eat turkey, don’t you?”

“The turkeys I eat are raised on farms. They’re different. They’ve signed on the dotted line.” She paused and sighed again. “What do you do, go into a field and fire away?”

“Kind of. You try to catch them mid-flight. You know, I should take you deer hunting. It’s the last two days this weekend, and I’ve got tags. Have you ever been?”

“*Pulease*,” she said.

IT was cold in the woods. She blew breath clouds, then rings of cigarette smoke into the dead ferns. “It’s nice out here. You don’t suppose we could just watch nature instead of shoot it?”

“Without hunting, the deer would starve,” said Pinky.

“So maybe we could just cook for them.” They had brought along a bottle of Jim Beam, and she twisted it open and took a swig. “Have you ever been married?”

“Once,” said Pinky. “God, what, twenty years ago.” He quickly shouldered his rifle, thinking he heard something, but no.

“Oh,” she said. “I wasn’t going to ask, but then you never said anything about it, so I thought I’d ask.”

“How about you?”

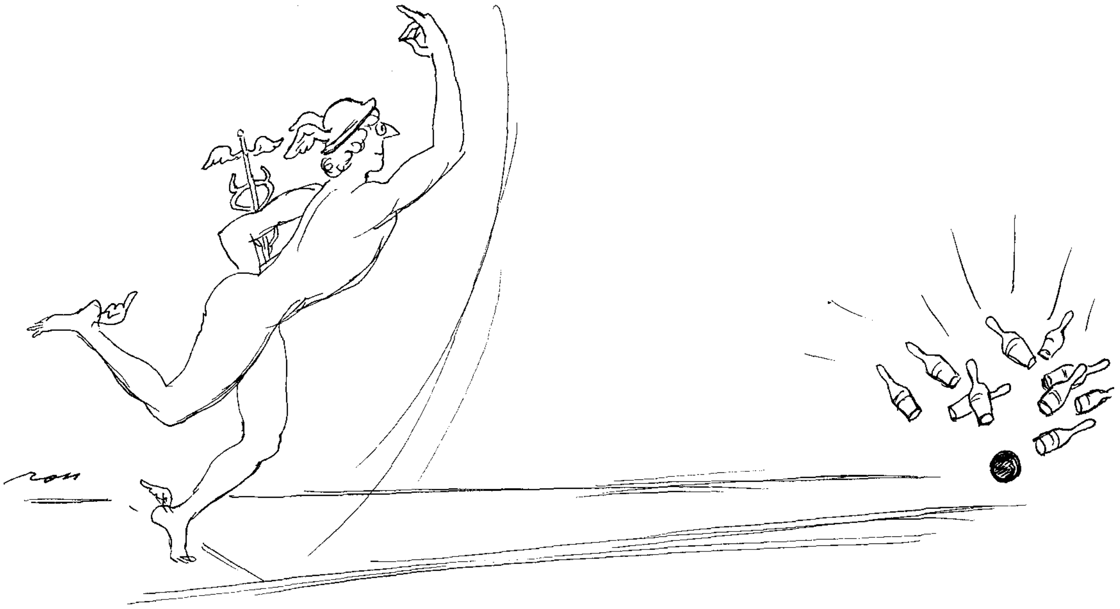
“Not me,” said Odette. She had a poem about marriage. It began, “Marriage is the death you want to die,” and in front of audiences she never read it with much conviction. Usually she swung her foot back and forth through the whole thing.

She looked down at her chest. “I don’t think orange is anyone’s most flattering color,” she said. They were wearing blaze-orange hats and vests. “I think we look like things placed in the middle of the road to make the cars go around.”

“Sh-h-h,” said Pinky.

She took another swig of

Jim Beam. She had worn the wrong kind of boots—gray, suède, over-the-knees, with three-inch heels—and now she studied them with interest. One of the heels was loose, and mud was drying on the toes. “Tell me again,” she whispered to Pinky. “What makes us think a deer will cross our path?”



“There’s a doe bed not far from here,” whispered Pinky. “It attracts bucks.”

“Bucks, doe—thank God everything boils down to money, I always say.”

“Well, during mating season, they say, the doe constructs a bed for herself, and then she urinates all around the outside of it. That’s how she gets her mate.”

“So *that’s* it,” murmured Odette. “I was always peeing *in* the bed.”

Pinky’s gun suddenly fired into the trees, and the noise filled the woods like a war, spilling to the ground the yellowing needles of a larch.

“Ahhhhhh!” Odette screamed. “What is going on?” Guns, she was reminded then, were not for girls. They were for boys. They were invented by boys. They were invented by boys who had never gotten over their disappointment that accompanying their orgasm there wasn’t a big *boom* sound. “What the hell are you doing?”

“Damn!” shouted Pinky. “I missed!” He stood up and went crashing through the underbrush.

“Oh, my God!” cried Odette, and she stumbled after him, snapping the same twigs underfoot, ducking the same barbed wire. “Where are we going?”

“I’ve only wounded the deer,” Pinky called over his shoulder. “I’ve got to kill it.”

“Do you have to?”

“Keep your voice down,” said Pinky.

“Fuck you,” said Odette. “I’ll wait for you back where we were.” But there was a sudden darting from a bush behind her, and the bleeding deer leaped out in a mournful gallop, its hip a crimson gash. Pinky raised his gun and fired, catching the deer in the neck. The air shimmered in the echo, and the leaves fell from a horse chestnut. The deer’s legs buckled, and when it tipped over, dead in some berrybushes, its eyes never blinked but stayed lidless and deep, black as outer space.

“I’ll leave the entrails for the hawks,” Pinky said to Odette, but she was not there.

“OH the ladies come down from
the Pepsi Hotel.
Their home has no other name
than the sign that was placed
like a big cola bell: Pepsi-Cola
Have a Pepsi Hotel.”

Only a few of Odette’s poems about whores rhymed—the ones she’d written recently—but perhaps the library crowd would like those best, the anticipation of it, knowing what the next word would be *like*, though not what it would *be;* stanza after stanza, it would be a combination of comfort and surprise an audience might appreciate.

The local library association had set up a lectern near the windows of the reference room and had arranged chairs in rows for about eighty people. The room was chilly and alarmingly full. When Odette read she tried to look out past the faces, toward the atlases and the biographical dictionaries. She tugged on the cowl of her sweater and pulled it up over her chin between poems. She tried to pretend people’s heads were all little ears of corn, something a dance instructor had once told her ballet class to do when Odette was seven and they had had to dance before the parents.

“They come down to the truckers
or the truckers go up
to the rooms with the curtains pell-mell.
They truck down for the fuckers
or else they fuck up
in the Pepsi Have a Pepsi Hotel.”

There was silence. A door creaked open and then shut. Odette looked up and saw Pinky in the back, tiptoeing over to a chair to sit. She had not seen or spoken to him in a week. Two elderly women in the front turned around to stare.

“ ‘Oh, honey,’ they sigh; ‘oh, honey,’
they say,
‘There are small things to give
and to sell.’ ”

There were other stanzas—too many—and she sped through them. She took a sip of water and read a poem called “Sleeping Wrong.” “She slept wrong on her back last night,” it began, “and so she holds her head this way,/mad with loneliness, madder still with talk.” She then read another long one, titled “Girl Gets Diphtheria, Loses Looks.” She looked up and out. The audience was squinting back at her, their blood-sugar levels low from early suppers, their interest redirected now and then toward her shoes, which were pointy and beige. “I’ll close,” she said loudly into the mike, “with a poem called ‘Le Cirque in the Rain’:

“This is not about a French monkey circus
discouraged by weather.
This is about the restaurant
you pull up to in a cab,
your life stopping there and badly,
like a dog’s song,
your heart put in funny.”

It told the story of a Manhattan call

girl worrying a crisis of faith. "What is a halo but a handsome accident/ of light and orbiting dust? What is a heart but a . . ." She looked out at the two elderly women sitting polite and unfazed in the front row. One of them had gotten out her knitting. "Chimp in the chest," Odette had written in an earlier draft, and that was what she said now.

Afterward, a small reception was held out by the card catalogue. There were little cubes of pepper cheese, like dice, placed upon a table. There was a checkerboard of crackers, dark and light, a roulette of cold cuts. "It's a goddam casino," she turned and said to Pinky, who had come up and put his arm around her.

"I've missed you," he said. "I've been eating venison and thinking of you."

"Yes, well, thank you for coming, anyway."

"I thought you read very well," he said. "Not all of it I understood, I have to admit. Some of your stuff is a little too literaturey for me."

"Really," said Odette.

People shook her hand. They looked at her quizzically, came at her with assumptions, presumptions, what they believed was intimate knowledge of her. She felt unarmed, by comparison; disadvantaged. She lit up a cigarette.

"Do you really feel that way about men?" asked a man with a skeptical mouth.

"Do you really feel that way about women?" asked someone else.

"Your voice," said a young student. "It's like—who's that actress?"

"Mercedes McCambridge," said her friend.

"No, not her. Oh, I forget."

Several elderly couples had put on their coats and hats, but they came up to Odette to shake her hand. "You were wonderful, dear," said one of the women, gazing into Odette's nose.

"Yes," said the other, studying her own botched knitting—a scarf with an undulating edge.

"We come to these every year," said a man standing next to her. He had been searching for something to say and had come up with this.

"Well, thank you for coming this year as well," said Odette stupidly, and dragged on her cigarette.

Kay Stevens, the woman in charge of the fellowship readings, came up and kissed her on the cheek, the sweet vanilla wax of her lipstick sticking like candy. "A big success," she said quickly, and then frowned and hurried off.

"Can I buy you a drink somewhere?" asked Pinky. He was still standing beside her, and she turned to look at him gratefully.

"Oy," she said. "Please."

Pinky drove them out past the county line to Humphrey Bogart's. He toasted her, flicked a sparkly speck of something from her cheek, looked into her eyes, and said, "Congratulations." He grew drunk, pulled his chair close and put his head on her shoulder. He listened to the music, chewed on his cocktail straw, tapped his feet.

"Any requests?" the bandleader rumbled into the mike.

"Oh, give us one of the songs of Zion," shouted Pinky.

"What was that?" The words popped and roared in the mike.

"Nothing," said Pinky.

"Maybe we should go," said Odette, reaching for Pinky's hand beneath the table.

"O.K.," he said. "All right."

HE struck a match to a candle in the dark of his bedroom, and the fire of it lit the wall in a jittery paint. He

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NIGHT PIECE

I remember an excursion I made with Ravel from Clarens to Varese, near Lake Maggiore, to buy Varese paper. The town was very crowded and we could not find two hotel rooms or even two beds, so we slept together in one.—*Igor Stravinsky.*

I. RAVEL'S INSOMNIA

Sylph of that cold ceiling, your papered sky
Runs with waterstains from whose stream
Two mouths will never drink the same theme.
In the window casing phrases liquefy.

The doused street lamps, the branches budded, slick
With drizzled lacquers, a rafter spar—these blacks
Are merely notes that midnight's blurred attacks
Fumble for through backlit rhetoric,

The stave of shadows across the wall and floor.
But white's your music, a teacher said, the sheet
With no instructions, counterpane and pleat,
The fountain plume that spills into a score.

This drowsing firebird beside me knows
What lies beneath a measure's candid look,
What chances went to waste when he mistook
The silence, even when his eyes were closed.

Now all's reversed. A hush. The notes will dance
Themselves to death, like raindrops on the tile.
Again the window's page is turned. A stile.
Meadow glare. My parents. This bright expanse.

II. STRAVINSKY'S DREAM

Islands floating south
Ice islands blue flames
On a bowl of thick oil

Frost petals come to rest
On the watercrust
The river turns loops

Scalloped clouds
The cherries open
Like fan blades

Springlight seams
Snowcapped needles
Edge the pineswitch

Inside a moist inkstone
Her cheek bent to paper
The rice powder streaks

Two crows in a field
On the sun's furrows
Whiter forms in flight

From winter's one question
All its darkened news
Folded in that paper
—J. D. McCLATCHY

• •

came back to her and pressed close. "Why don't I go with you to New York?" he whispered. She was silent, and so he said, "No, I think you should stay here. I could take you cross-country skiing."

"I don't like cross-country skiing," she whispered back. "It reminds me of when you're little and you put on your father's slippers and shluff around the house like that."

"I could take you snowmobiling up by Sand Lake." There was another long silence. Pinky sighed. "No, you won't. I can see you phoning your friends back East to tell them you'd decided to stay and them shrieking, 'You did *what*?' "

"You know us East Coasters," she said desperately. "We just come into a place, rape and pillage."

"You know," said Pinky, "I think you are probably the smartest person I have ever known."

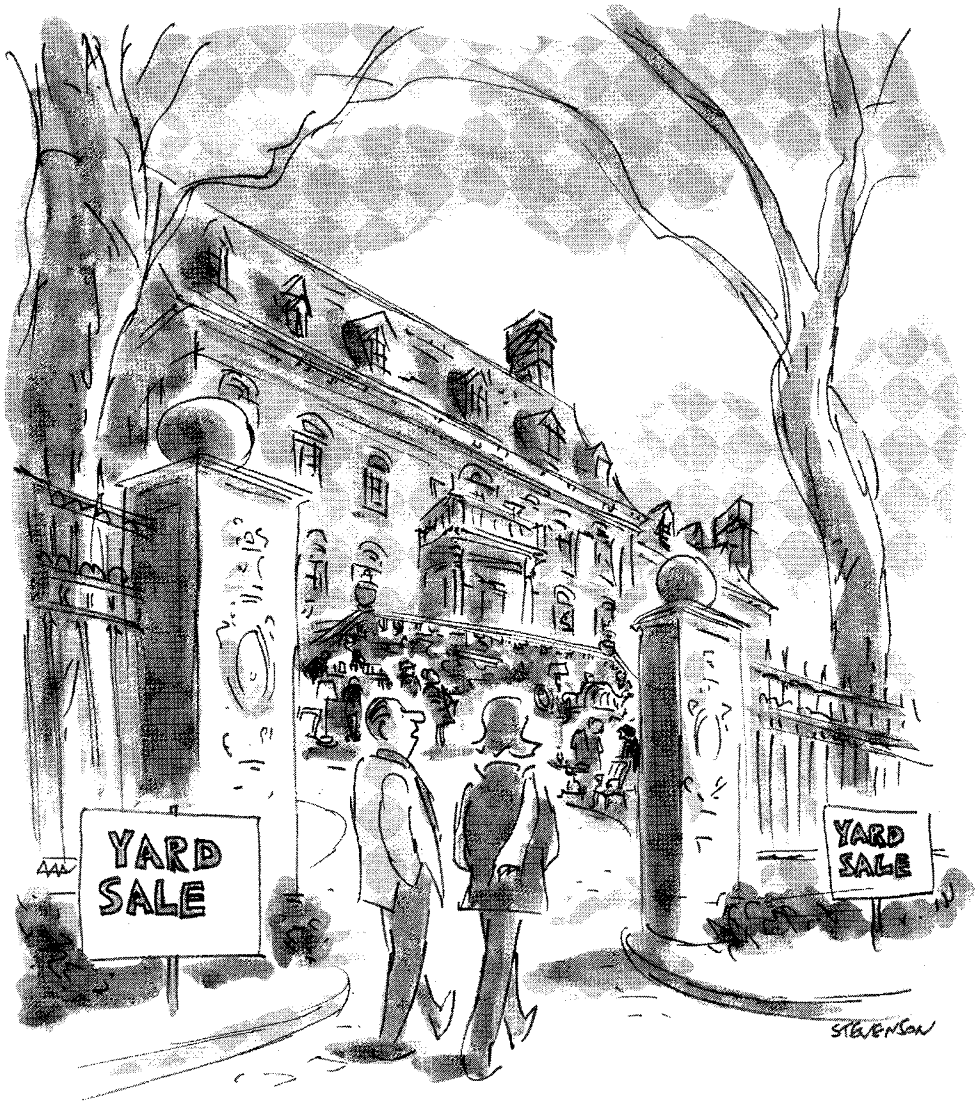
She stopped breathing. "You don't get out much, do you?"

He rolled back and stared at the shadowed ceiling, its dimples and blotches. "When I was in high school, I was a bad student. I had to take special classes in this house behind the school. It was called The House."

She rubbed his leg gently with her foot. "Are you trying to make me cry?"

He took her hand, brought it out from beneath the covers up to his mouth, and kissed it. "Everything's a joke with you," he said.

"Nothing's a joke with me. It just all comes out like one."



"Rather poignant in Locust Valley, don't you think?"

• •

THEY spent one last night together. At his house, late with all the lights off, they watched another cassette of "Holocaust Survivors." It was about a boy forced to sing for the Nazis, over and over. Because he could sing, he was the last to be shot in the head, and when they shot him they missed the center of his brain. He was found alive. "I must think of happy things," he said now, old and staring off. "It may not be what others do, but it is what I must do." *He had a beautiful voice*, said a woman, another survivor. *It was beautiful, like a bird that was also a god with flutes.*

"Heavy," murmured Pinky when it was over. He pressed the remote control and turned away in the darkness, toward the wall, in a curve of covers.

Odette pulled herself close, placed her hands around to the front of him, palms over the slight mounds of his breasts, her fingers deep in the light tangle of hair. "Are you O.K.?" she asked.

He twisted toward her and kissed her, and in the dark he seemed to her aged and sad. He placed one of her fingers to his face. "You never asked about this." He guided her finger along his chin and cheek, letting it dead-end, like the scar, in his mustache.

"I try not to ask too many things. Once I start, I can't stop."

"You want to know?"

"All right."

"I was in high school. Some guy called me a Jew, and I went after him. But I was clumsy and fat. He broke a bottle and dragged it across my face. I went home and my grandmother nearly fainted. Funny thing was, I had no idea that I *was* Jewish. My grandmother waited until the next day to tell me."

"Really?" said Odette.

"You have to understand Midwestern Jews. They're afraid of being found out. They're afraid of being discovered." He breathed steadily, in and out, and the window shade flapped a little from being over the radiator. "As you probably know already, my parents were killed in the camps."

Odette did not say anything, and then she said, "Yes. I know." And at the moment she said it she realized she did know, somehow had known it all along, though the fact of it had stayed beneath the surface, gilled and swimming like a fish, and now had burst up gasping with its mouth wide.

"Are you really leaving on Friday?" he asked.

"What?"

"Friday. Are you?"

"I'm sorry, I just didn't hear what you said. There's wind outside or something."

"I asked you if you were really leaving on Friday."

"Oh," she said. She pressed her face hard into his neck. "Why don't you come with me?"

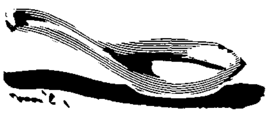
He laughed wearily. "Sure," he said. "All right," knowing better than she at that moment the strange winding line between charity and irony, between shoplifting and love.

DURING that last day she thought of nothing but him. She packed and cleaned out her little apartment, but she had done this so often now in her life it didn't mean anything—not in the pit of her, not anything she might have wanted it to mean.

She should stay.

She should stay here with him, unorphan him with love's unorphaning, live wise and simple in a world monstrous enough for years of whores and death, and poems of whores and death, so monstrous how could one live in it at all? One had to build shelters. One had to make pockets and live inside them. She should live where there were trees. She should live where there were birds. No bird, no tree had ever made her unhappy.

But it would be like going to Heaven and not finding any of your friends there. Her life would go all beatific and empty in the eyes. And if he came to New York, well, it would bewilder him. He had never been before, and no doubt he'd spend all his time staring up at the skyscrapers and exclaiming, "Gosh, look how tall those suckers are!" He would slosh through the vagrant urine, shoelaces untied. He would walk through the dog shit awaiting him like mines. He would read the menus in the windows of restaurants and whistle at the prices. He would stare at a sidewalk drunk, prone and spread-eagled and fumbling at the crotch, and he would say, not unkindly, "That guy's really got his act together." He would look at the women.



And her restlessness would ripple, double, a flavor of something cold. She would turn from him in bed, her hands under the pillow, the digital clock peeling back the old skins of numbers. She would sigh a little for the passage of time, the endless corridor of it, how its walls washed by you on either side—darkly, fast, and ever, ever.

"WHAT do you do, you stay overnight on the road somewhere?" he said, standing next to her car in the cold. It was Friday morning and spitting snow. He had come over and helped her load up the car.

"I drive until dark, then I check into a motel room and read until I fall asleep. Then I get up at six and drive some more."

"So, like, what are you bringing with you to read?" he asked. He seemed unhappy.

She had a *Vogue* and "The Portable Jung." "Something by Jung," she said.

"Jung?" he asked. His face went blank.

"Yeah," she sighed, not wanting to explain. "A book he wrote called 'The Portable Jung.' " She added, "He's a psychologist."

Pinky looked her deeply in the eyes. "I know," he said.

"You do?" She was a little surprised.

"Yeah. You should, uh, read his autobiography. It has a very interesting title."

She smiled. "Who *are* you? His autobiography? Really?"

"Yeah," said Pinky slowly. "It's called 'Jung at Heart.' "

She laughed loud, to please him. Then she looked at his face, to fix him like this in her mind. He was wearing a black shirt, a black sweater, black pants. He was smiling. "You look like Zorro today," she said, strangely moved. The spidery veins at his temples seemed like things underwater, tentacular and drowned. She kissed him, long and at the rim of his ear, feeling in the rolls and spaces of her brain a winding, winding line. She got into the car. Though she hadn't even started up the engine, her departure had already happened, without her, ahead of her, so that what she now felt was the taunt of being left behind, of having to repeat, to imitate, of having to do it again, and now, and again.

"All this wandering that you do," he said, leaning in the window, his face white as a cream cheese, his scar the carved zigzag of a snowmobile across a winter lake. Wind blew handsomely through his hair. "How will anyone ever get close to you?"

"I don't know," she said. She shook his hand through the window, and then put on her gloves.

And she thought about this all across Indiana, beneath the Easter hat of sunset that lit the motel roof in Sandusky, into the dawn of Pennsylvania, toward which she soared, like a birth, like someone practicing to be born. There were things she'd forget: a nightgown stuck on a hook behind the bathroom door, earrings on the motel nightstand. And all love that had overtaken her would have to be a memory, a truck on the interstate roaring up from the left, a thing she must let pass.

She would park the car right off Delancey Street; there would be a spot across the street from the hotel with the Pepsi sign and "Hotel" in lights beneath. All night, sirens would keen, and traffic would whoosh and grind its way down Houston, down Canal, toward the Holland Tunnel—a bent sign to which aimed straight at her window. She would get up in the morning and go for sundries; at the corner bodega the clerk would mispress the numbers on the register, and the toothpaste would ring up at $2,000. "Two thousand dollars!" the clerk would howl, standing back and looking at Odette. "Get a *real* toothpaste!" From a long distance, and at night, a man would phone to say, doubtfully, "I should come visit on Valentine's"—history, of all kinds, incongruous and mangling itself, eating its own lips.

If she had spurned gifts from fate or God or some earnest substitute, she would never feel it in that way. She felt like someone of whom she was fond, an old and future friend of herself, still unspent and up ahead somewhere, like a light that moves.

—LORRIE MOORE

•

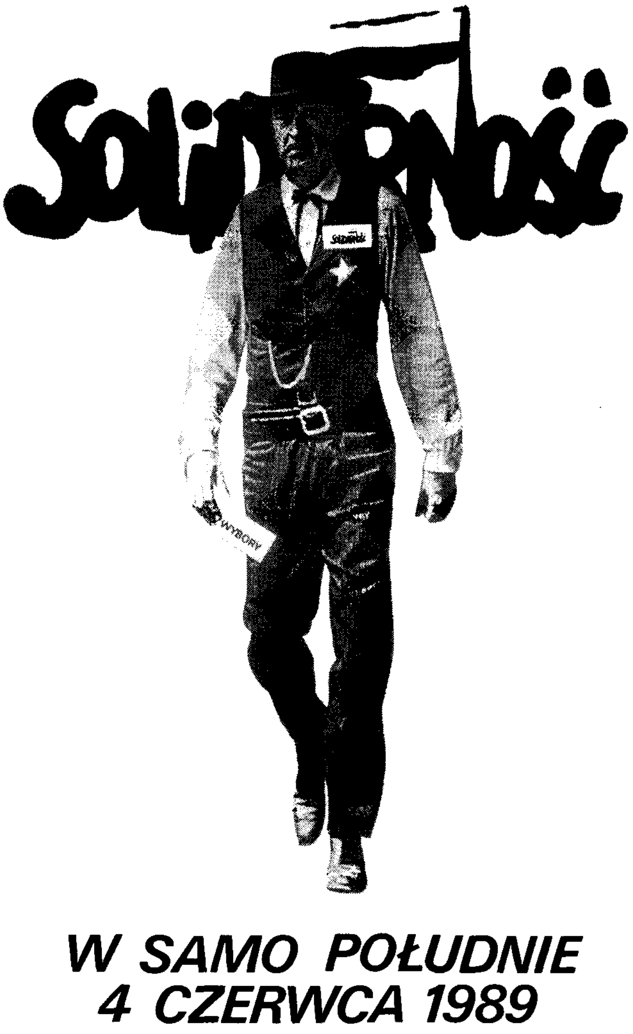
HIGHER MATHEMATICS DEPT.

[*Headline in the Albany* (*Ga.*) *Herald*]

HOUSING PROBLEM
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S
'A THIRD OF A NATION'
HAS GROWN TO
ONE FOURTH

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A GRAND EXPERIMENT



BROWSING through *Newsweek* on the plane over for my most recent visit to Poland, late in August, I happened upon a Jeff MacNelly cartoon portraying the inside of a plane's fuselage, with two boisterously happy Solidarity types coming down the center aisle from the pilot's cabin brandishing the steering wheel. They've just ripped it out and are getting set to hand it over to a somewhat startled Lech Walesa. "It took some doing, Lech," one of them exclaims, "but she's all yours!" It was a nicely turned joke, though it immediately occurred to me that the metaphor had been slightly misplayed—that, rather, what had happened in Poland over the past eighteen months was that the Communist regime of General Wojciech Jaruzelski, having managed to fly the plane of the country's economy straight into a cliff, itself then handed the steering controls over to Solidarity: "Here, you fly this sucker for a while."

During my next few weeks in Poland, however, I found even that metaphor undergoing some further refinements. No, rather, it was as if Solidarity's leaders had been trying to pilot the huge, lumbering, dilapidated space cruiser of the country's aspirations into some indeterminate future, through a recognizable universe, the splay of predictable constellations salted all about, when suddenly, like the crew in "Star Wars," they found themselves vaulting into hyperspace: the canopy of fixed light points streaking into spearing lines. Only they ran out of fuel halfway there, and now, as they came hurtling back into real time, real space, they no longer had any idea where they were—or, for that matter, where their erstwhile pursuers, the Communists, might be.

Two years ago, anyone observing the Polish scene would have been hard pressed to summon metaphors involving velocity of any sort. "Dead in the water" is the sort of phrase that might have come more readily to mind. Solidarity was still producing its underground journals and issuing its occasional statements, but words by themselves, in the absence of any promise of imminent action, seemed less and less resonant; in the meantime, Solidarity's underground structures within the various factories and other enterprises had for the most part been worn down. The regime, however, had failed to translate this loss of fervor for the opposition into anything resembling support for itself. Its repeated attempts to make "fresh starts" in one arena after the next had all proved stillborn.

In November of 1987, in an effort to jump-start itself out of this situation, the regime held a two-part referendum, asking the people to vote on whether they favored radical economic and political reforms—radical reforms, that is, as proposed and carried out by the regime itself. But both initiatives failed. Some of the people I spoke with on this visit cited that referendum, with its fairly surprising outcome (never before had a regime in the Eastern bloc suffered that sort of humiliation), as the point at which things once again began to move—though not, of course, along the lines the regime had intended. Even without the electorate's imprimatur, the authorities began to take some tentative steps in the direction of economic reform. For more than forty years, the Polish regime had held certain prices artificially low—initially, perhaps, out of devotion to an egalitarian socialist ethic but increasingly, as the years progressed, because almost every attempt to readjust those prices (1956, 1970, 1976, 1980) had provoked angry worker protests. The regime lacked the legitimacy to stipulate rational prices, let alone to cut prices loose of all supports so they could find their own level. The problem was that the centrally mandated low prices began warping everything else in the economy: supplies and productivity plummeted, lines grew longer, prices on the black market (often the only place where goods could be bought) soared higher and higher, and the gap between the dollar's official exchange rate and its actual value (what it cost to buy dollars on the street) widened to ever more ludicrous differentials.

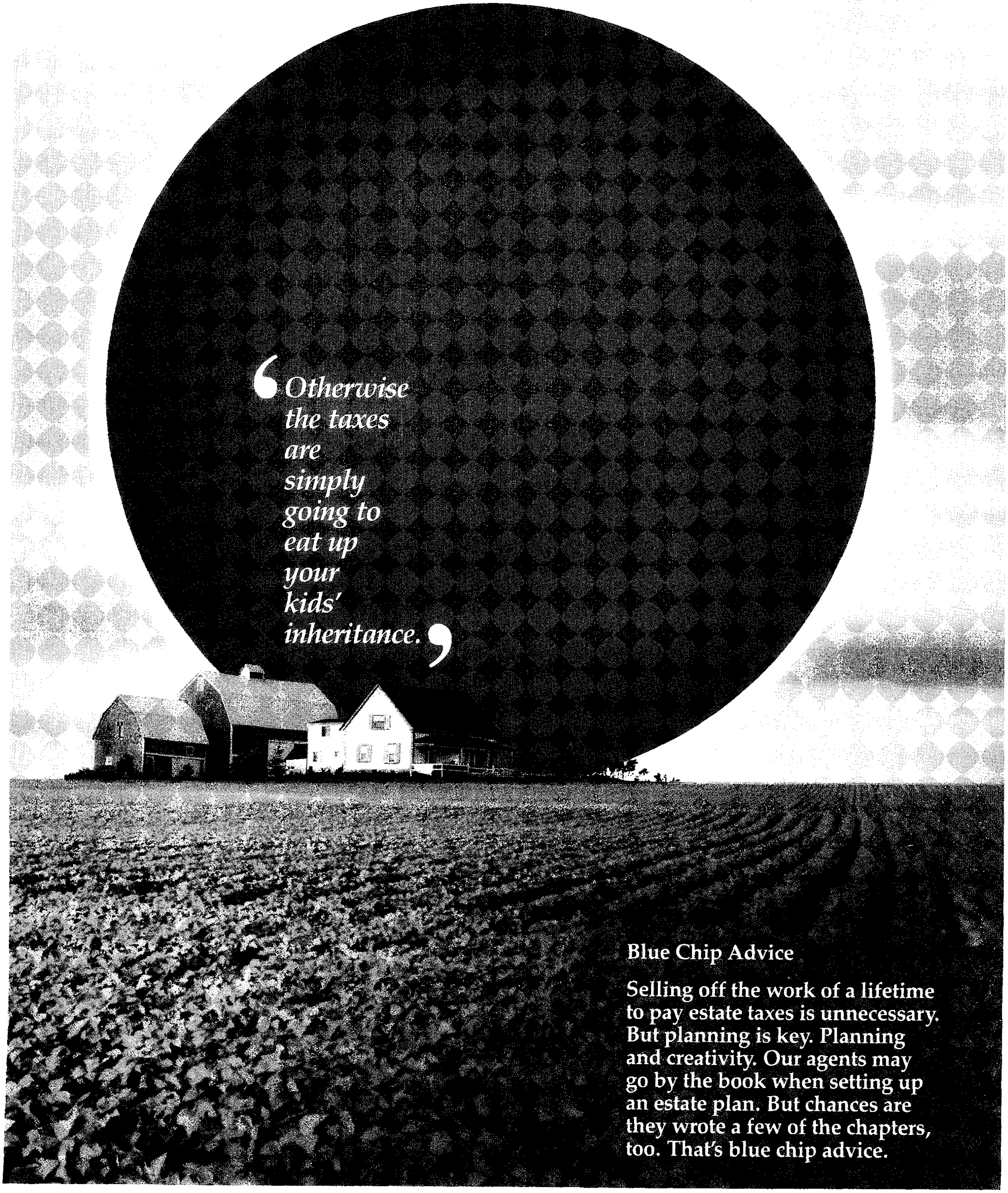
On February 1, 1988, the regime nervously tried once again. Hoping that workers would be reluctant to strike in the dead of winter, it announced some of the steepest price increases since 1982. And, indeed, the workers didn't strike—not until the

"Your mother eats all the wrong foods."

spring, that is. In late April, strikes broke out in Bydgoszcz and at the Lenin Steelworks, in Nowa Huta, and then at the Lenin Shipyard, in Gdansk. The authorities hung tough during the ensuing weeks, breaking the strikes one by one until the shipworkers in Gdansk voted, on May 10th, to suspend their action without having reached any agreement. Still, from the regime's point of view the strikes had signalled two profoundly troubling developments: the overwhelming majority of the strikers were extremely young (Solidarity leaders like Lech Walesa had to scramble to play catch-up, and many veteran rank and filers from earlier Solidarity actions declined to join in) and represented a new generation for whom the future in People's Poland seemed irredeemably bleak (in some districts, waiting lists for housing now exceeded fifty years). More disconcerting yet, the strikers refused to be mollified by wage increases (which, in relation to the larger economic strategy, would have been irresponsible in any case); what they wanted was the reinstatement of Solidarity—a union to which they themselves had never belonged. "There can be no freedom without Solidarity" was their surging refrain. Also, even while apparently conceding defeat, the young strikers were promising everyone that they would soon be walking out again.

And everyone—the strikers themselves, Solidarity's leaders, the authorities, the population at large—knew precisely when they would be doing so: in August, Poland's month of loaded anniversaries. Yet the regime seemed frozen, and powerless to head off the inevitable. Sure enough, starting on August 15th, miners in Silesia began occupying their mines, and on August 22nd the shipyard workers in Gdansk themselves went out once again. The regime tried to hang tough once more, but this time the strikers were hanging even tougher. On August 31st (the eighth anniversary of the Gdansk agreements between the strikers and the government that had authorized the creation of Solidarity), Lech Walesa—who, as in May, had joined the strikers (though he had declined both times to serve officially on the strike committee)—was invited to Warsaw for an emergency meeting with General Czeslaw Kiszczak, the Interior Minister and General Jaruzelski's right-hand man. The meeting itself constituted a considerable concession by the regime—for years now, it had been dismissing Walesa as "the nonleader of a nonunion"—but Kiszczak adamantly refused to concede the larger point: he would not relegalize the union. He offered instead to convene a round-table negotiation, inviting the participation of all sectors of Polish society, including the opposition, in which a wide range of issues—even, perhaps, the status of the union—might be discussed. Walesa accepted that formulation, but back in Gdansk the next day (and in Silesia in the days thereafter) he had a hard time persuading the young strike committees to go along, although eventually all of them did.

For the next several months, everything once again ground to a standstill as the regime and the opposition sparred over who would be allowed to participate in what sort of talks and to consider what issues in what order. The Communists reshuffled their deck, retiring the incumbent Prime Minister and replacing him with Mieczyslaw Rakowski, a self-styled reformer from back in the seventies, who, during the early eighties, had developed a virulent dislike for his upstart counterparts in Solidarity. (The feeling was reciprocated.) Rakowski insisted that certain veteran oppositionists—Jacek Kuron and Adam Michnik, to begin with—be barred from any eventual negotiations, and in the meantime he attempted various strategies to discredit the union. In a sort of you-want-reforms-we'll-give-you-reforms gesture, the authorities announced that they would soon be closing the Lenin Shipyard outright, as a cost-saving measure. (The shipyard *was* losing money, but that was partly because it was being forced to service soft-currency customers in the Eastern bloc; and, anyway, a lot of other enterprises were losing much more.) Thousands of workers and their supporters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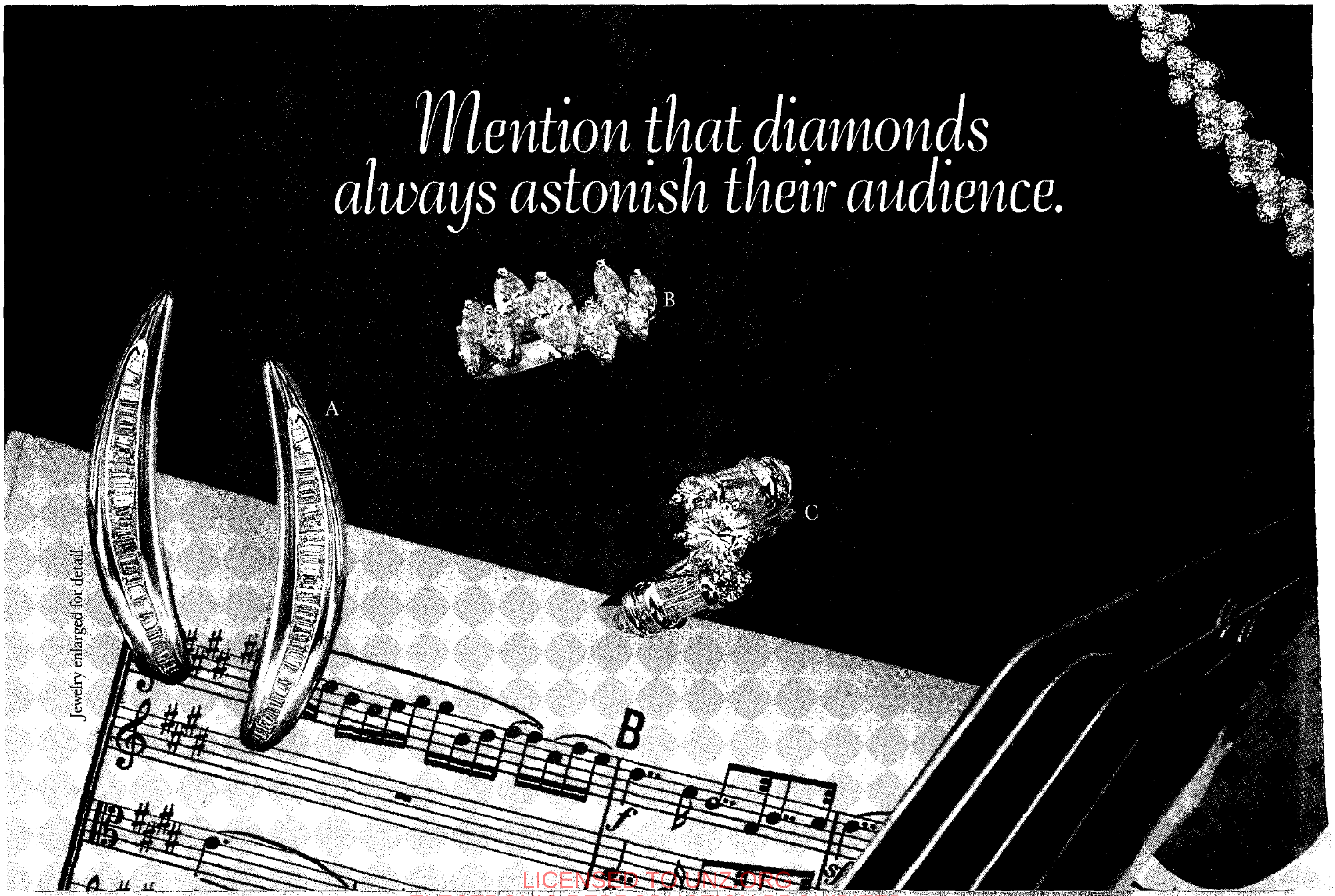
rose up in protest, but Walesa warned everyone against succumbing to such provocations. In late November, Alfred Miodowicz, the head of the officially sanctioned trade union, known as the O.P.Z.Z., which the regime had established following the 1981 imposition of martial law as a way of sapping Solidarity's authority, challenged Lech Walesa to a live television debate. Rakowski and Miodowicz were apparently betting that Walesa, in his first extended television exposure since 1981, would prove a washout. (Who could conceivably live up to the expectations this man had aroused during such a long absence?) They lost their bet—badly. Walesa, at the top of his game in his favorite situation (high-stakes crowd wooing), exceeded all expectations, and Solidarity emerged from the debate stronger than it had been in years.

On January 1, 1989, the regime suspended gasoline rationing, prices skyrocketed, and social pressures once again began to rise. A few weeks later, after a meeting of the Communist Party's Central Committee (at which Jaruzelski, Kiszczak, and Rakowski all threatened to resign), the regime finally agreed to undertake the actual round-table negotiations, with virtually no preconditions. Kuron and Michnik, for example, were allowed to participate. A special vast circular table was constructed and installed in the ballroom of the Palace of the Council of Ministers (the onetime palace of the czar's representative in Warsaw), and on February 6th the round-table talks began. Walesa attended the first meeting and then had to go racing around the country trying to extinguish an ever-expanding proliferation of wildcat strikes—many of them actions that were being launched in response to the provocations of renegade elements of the Party.

SOMEDAY, no doubt, somebody will write a novel or a play about those talks. It's hard to imagine a situation with more intrinsic dramatic potential, for time and again former prisoners were being brought face to face with their former jailers and tormentors. All during the negotiations, extraordinary corridor stories were circulating through Warsaw. For example, there was one about Zbigniew Bujak, Solidarity's legendary Warsaw regional leader, who for more than four years after the imposition of martial law had managed to evade arrest, even though he had had some close calls: once he literally ran out of his sheepskin coat as he was being nabbed by security agents, leaving them holding nothing but the coat. During the talks, the story goes, Bujak found himself in colloquy with General Kiszczak, the head of security and, indeed, the man who did eventually succeed in jailing him. "By the way," the General told Bujak, "I have your coat in my office. You're welcome to come by and pick it up whenever you like."

It would all make a great movie, and, in fact, it already *has* made a great movie. A pair of guerrilla video documentarians named Piotr Bikont and Leszek Dziumowicz were authorized by the Solidarity side to mill about the corridors throughout the proceedings and capture whatever they could on videotape. The documentary they distilled from more than sixty hours of raw footage—"Tales of the Round Table"—is currently one of the most

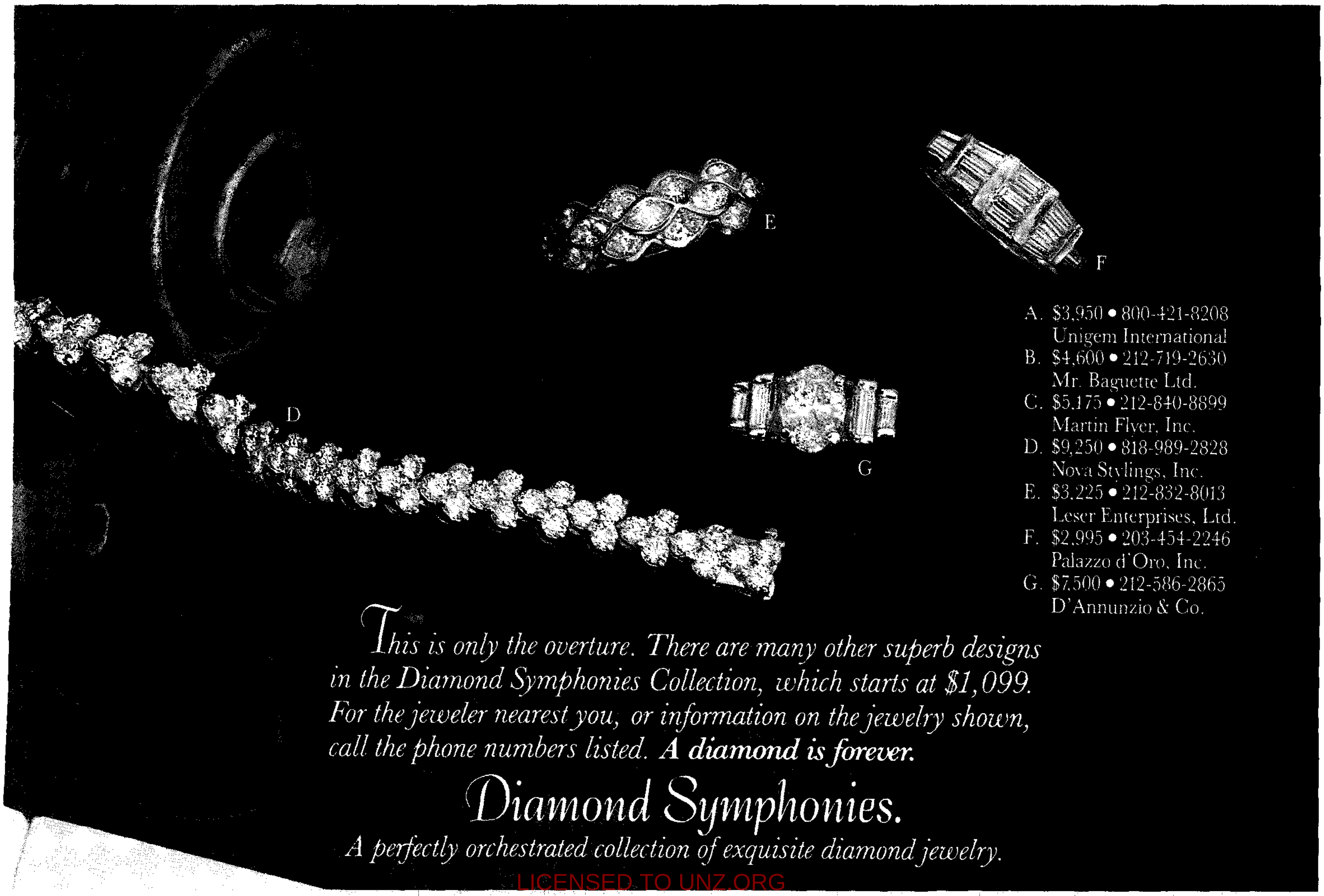

Mention that diamonds always astonish their audience.
B
A
C
Jewelry enlarged for detail.

talked-about entertainments in Poland, as bootleg copies make their way from VCR to VCR.

Bikont and Dziumowicz weren't the only television crew there, for as part of the pre-talk agreement the authorities had consented to broadcast regular coverage of the negotiations, including interviews with a wide range of participants. At one point in Bikont and Dziumowicz's film, the charismatic Wladyslaw Frasyniuk, the Solidarity leader of the Wroclaw region—who himself managed to stay underground until October of 1982, endearing himself to the local population (and enraging the local constabularies) by frequently popping up to rabble-rouse at beleaguered factories all over town, and who, after his eventual arrest, endured particularly brutal physical abuse in prison—finds himself having to endure the blandishments of one of the regime's best-known correspondents. "Listen," Frasyniuk suddenly says, cutting the correspondent short. "When we used to watch you on the news in the prison TV room, we'd get ourselves all worked up just fantasizing how someday we might get a chance to spit in your face for all those years of your spitting in ours. Well, now the time has come and we don't spit in your face, because of the wider situation. But at least get that straight, O.K.?" The correspondent smiles lamely.

This was, in fact, an unusual outburst on Frasyniuk's part; most of the time, he and his confederates deported themselves with almost unnerving civility. I subsequently had occasion to ask Frasyniuk how he had felt being in the presence of his onetime oppressors. "Pretty much as you'd imagine," he replied. "What was really interesting, though, was to see *their* reaction. Over the years, they had built us up as such superhorrifying demonic criminals in their own minds that it was a real shock for them to be confronted by normal, often quite sympathetic young people. Often, they didn't know what to do; their entire world view seemed to collapse around them." Once during the negotiations, Frasyniuk told me, one of Kiszczak's aides wrote a note and passed it to the General. "You never know who might be listening," General Kiszczak whispered confidentially to Frasyniuk, his new young friend, gesturing at the walls. I asked Frasyniuk whether he thought, given this new spirit of camaraderie, that the General would ever be capable of arresting them all again. "Of course," he said, without a moment's hesitation. "That's his job."

The delegates actually convened at the round table only on the first and the last days of the negotiations. In between, they broke up into separate working groups—on the economy, on political structures, on trade-union configurations, on health issues, on ecological matters, on media, and so forth—meeting in separate rooms. "All those tables, as it happened, were square," Bikont (who had been imprisoned for a total of ten months himself) told me. "The round-table room generally remained empty. During breaks, though—it was uncanny—people would go in there and walk long, slow laps around the table. It was *exactly* like back in prison." The subgroup meetings, in turn, seemed to drag on and on. And yet it was precisely during those two months (the final agreements weren't signed until April 5th) that the pace of Polish history accelerated so



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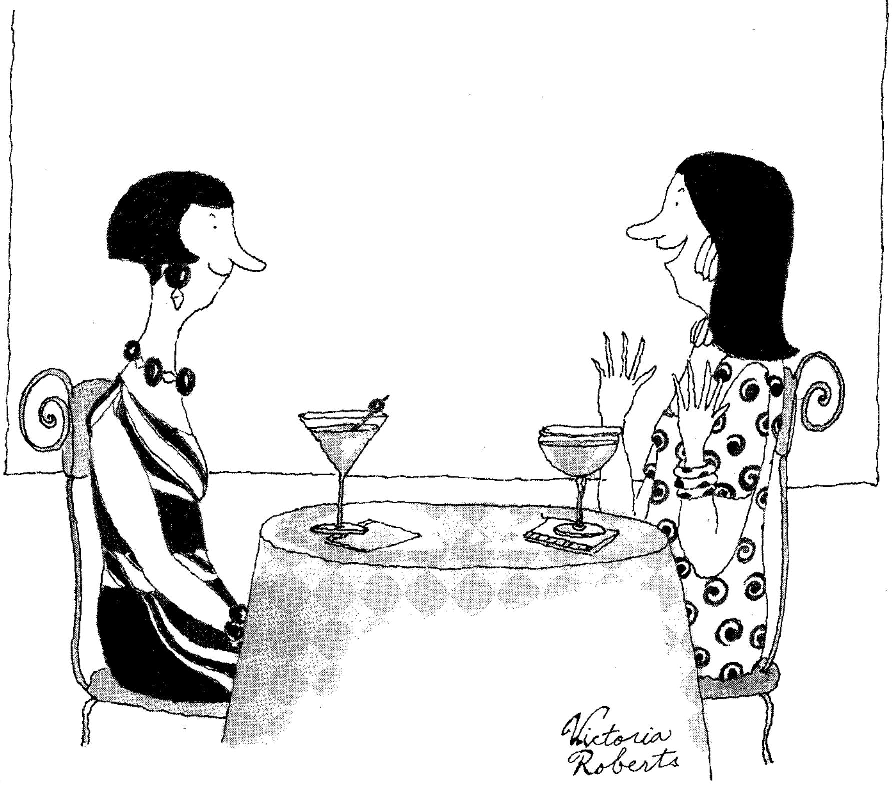


"Geoffrey's seasonal. I'm regional."

• •

dramatically. In early March, a Soviet journal published a disarmingly amiable interview with Lech Walesa. On March 7th, the Polish authorities, after more than forty years of categorical denials, reversed themselves and announced that the massacre of several thousand Polish officers in the Katyn Forest in the early nineteen-forties had actually been the work of Stalin's secret police, not of Nazi troops. (Everybody already knew this, but everybody also knew that the Communists would never forswear that particular piece of orthodoxy.)

Most astonishing of all, perhaps, were the things now being routinely bandied about over the airwaves. In Bikont and Dziumowicz's film, Kuron is shown speaking into a microphone being held out to him. (Kuron's voice—a deep, insistent, gravelly rasp—is itself a profoundly insinuating revelation.) "We're gradually beginning to speak the same language," he says. "Our languages are becoming closer together, getting closer to the real meaning of words. But it will still take some time, because in this country for many years words have been deprived of their true meanings. The word 'democracy,' for example, meant the lack of democracy. 'Brotherly help' meant armed intervention. 'Security' was the scariest word I ever heard. But slowly we are beginning to give words back their unequivocal identity." The microphone gets pulled away. "This has been Jacek Kuron, speaking over the Polish state radio," the interviewer signs off.

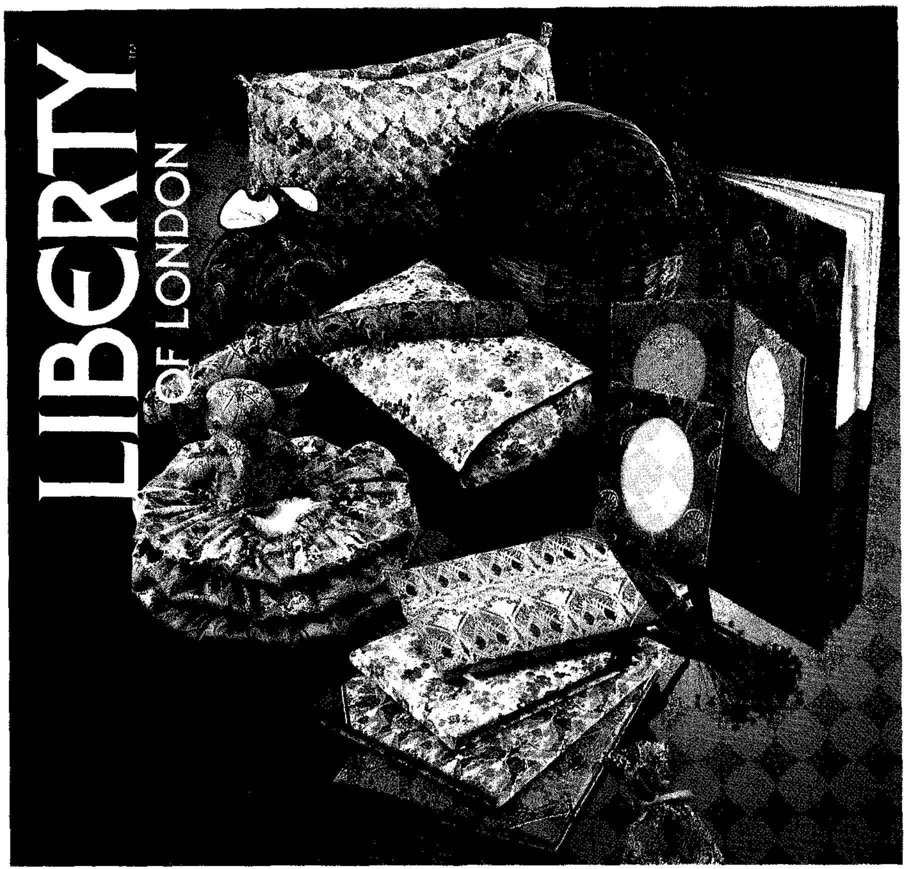
At another point during the film, Janusz Reykowski, of the Party's Central Committee, is seen in a corridor regaling several of the top Solidarity representatives with the latest "in" joke. He asks them, "You know why the round table is nine metres in diameter? Because we looked it up, and the world record for spitting is seven and a half metres." Everyone laughs. However, as time wore on, it became clear that the most virulent spitting matches were taking place among representatives of the government side. Bikont and Dziumowicz captured several confidential meetings, late in the proceedings, between Solidarity representatives as they almost desperately describe the explosive fallings-out they're witnessing on the other side. ("The language!" the deputy editor of a prominent Catholic weekly sputters, pale and trembling. "It's as if they were throwing meat at each other. I never heard anything like it—it was *horrible*.") If anything, those were the battles that were coming to constitute the major threat to a successful conclusion of the talks as everything else now began to fall into place.

In the end, the regime did make its one major concession—the legalization of the union—and, in exchange, Solidarity consented to participate in a snap election, to be held on Sunday, June 4th. At first, all the Solidarity delegates were reluctant to agree to those terms. For one thing, the final outcome of the vote was going to be rigged. This was by no means going to constitute an entirely representative election. (Sixty-five per cent of the seats in the crucial lower house were going to be reserved for the Communist Party and its two allied puppet parties—an arrangement that would in effect guarantee the subsequent election of the Party's candidate to the all-powerful, newly created post of President.) Beyond that, the campaign itself was hardly going to be fair: the Party would be able to deploy its entire apparatus instantaneously (highly organized rank and file, bottomless treasury, all the official media), while Solidarity, for its part, was not yet even legalized, and lacked such rudimentary amenities as office space, telephones, cars, and printing supplies. Under the circumstances, the Solidarity representatives were seriously concerned that they might lose badly, and they were also worried that they might be trapped into assuming much of the responsibility for the looming economic debacle without having attained any authority to do anything about it. Most galling of all was the fact that they would be urging their followers to participate in an election in which, for the first time ever, Communist rule would be granted a real sort of legitimacy. "None of us want these elections," Walesa admitted at a strategy session during the last days of the negotiations. "They're the terrible, terrible price we have to pay in order to get our union back."

DURING the next several months, events were to take such concerns and turn them inside out. Solidarity got its union back, but the union proved to be strangely ineffectual and quiescent: workers hardly thronged to rejoin the old structures; nor did workplaces become centers of renewed activism. By contrast, Solidarity's political wing—its Citizens' Committee and the slate of parliamentary candidates that it grudgingly threw together for the doomed election campaign—not only prospered but triumphed. And after the election it was the Citizens' Parliamentary Club—the caucus of all Solidarity's elected delegates—that became the driving force in oppositionist activity. All this was permitted to occur, it seemed, in part because the Communist Party simply started to buckle under the strain.

A week after the conclusion of the round-table talks, *Tygodnik Mazowsze*, the remarkable clandestine weekly of the Warsaw region and Solidarity's principal journal of record, published its two-hundred-and-ninetieth—and last—issue. (Produced for more than seven years with astonishing regularity, *Tygodnik* was distributing as many as eighty thousand copies a week by the end of its run.) In this last issue, the staff members finally revealed their names—it turned out that the overwhelming majority of these journalists who had been driving the regime crazy with their defiant irrepressibility were women—and announced that within a few weeks they would reassemble under the banner of *Gazeta Wyborcza*, or *Electoral Gazette*, the Eastern bloc's first aboveground opposition daily, with a projected circulation in excess of five hundred thousand. Permission to found such a daily had been another of the conditions wrested from the Party at the round-table talks. The final statement of the *Tygodnik* staff captured a good deal of the mood of the moment: "We are all aware of the fact that the present political situation is precarious and uncertain, that the official declarations are not trustworthy, and that we run a great risk of losing all we have and getting nothing in return. Still, this is a new situation: Solidarity is becoming a legal union; the elections are imminent—and, though they are undemocratic, we can win them or lose them. Therefore, in such a moment to run away from risk and play for time would mean giving up these new, much greater opportunities to work on behalf of the ideals for which we have been struggling for years—the ideals of Solidarity."

In Gdansk and later in Warsaw, Walesa convened a series of meetings of the Citizens' Committee, an ad-hoc assembly of leading oppositionist fig-



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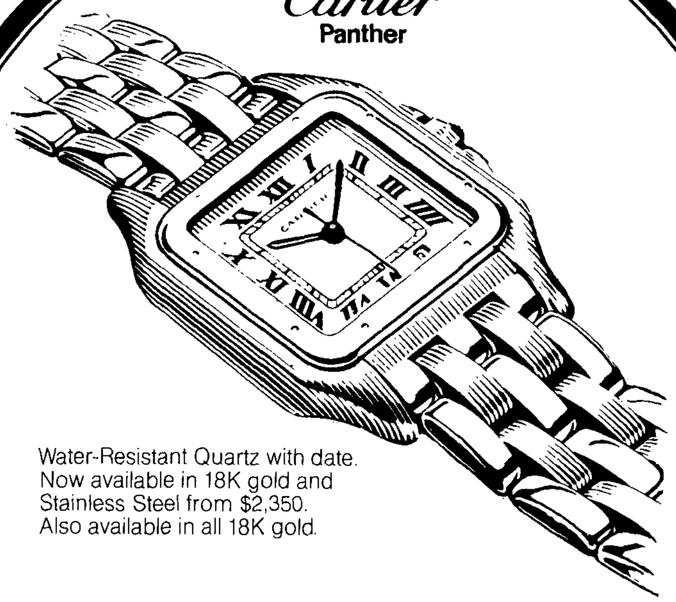

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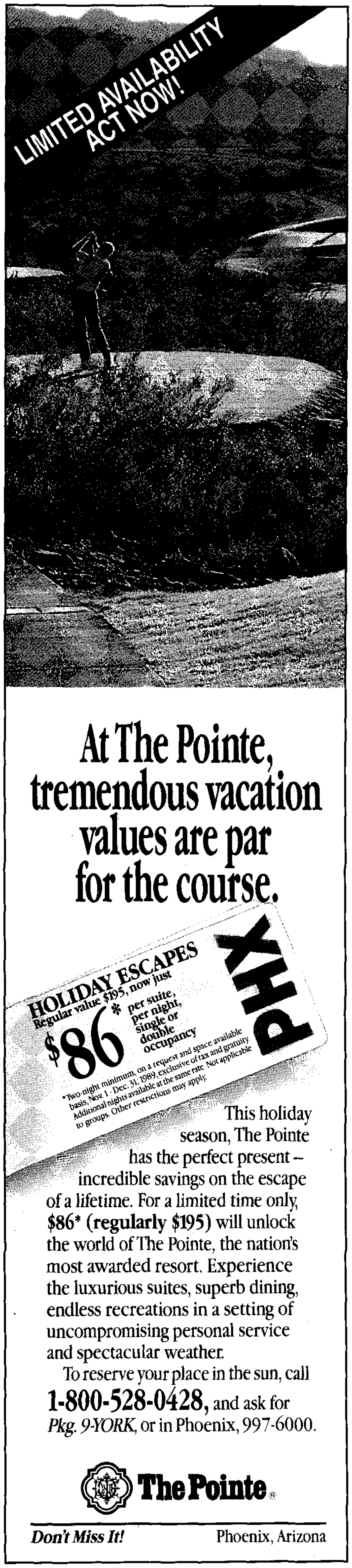

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ures charged with instantaneously assembling a unified slate of candidates for a hundred seats in the Senate and a hundred and sixty-one seats in the lower house, the Sejm (which is to say a hundred per cent of the Senate seats and thirty-five per cent of those in the Sejm), for which Solidarity was going to be permitted to run, and then with managing the slate's brief campaign. At the last moment, having drawn most of the top oppositionists into putting themselves up as candidates, Walesa himself declined to run. "Somebody's got to keep himself clean, so as later to be able to pull the rest of you out of the mud," he declared, with characteristic brio, charm, and disdain. (Following Walesa's lead, Bujak and Frasyniuk also declined to run, pledging to concentrate their energies on Solidarity's trade-union side instead.) Andrzej Wajda, the great film director, who had agreed to run for a Senate seat, had the inspiration of getting all two hundred and sixty-one of the candidates photographed, one after another, standing beside a smiling, avuncular Lech Walesa, and those images, blown up to poster size and widely plastered throughout the country, constituted the core of Solidarity's campaign.

Even working against the tremendous organizational odds, Solidarity was able to mount an effective, if somewhat chaotic, campaign, staging impressive rallies in every district in the country. Still, most observers were at best only guardedly sanguine about the election's outcome. Early on the morning of the election, June 4th, Warsaw blossomed with one last spray of Solidarity posters: the single inspired image of a grimly serious Gary Cooper, in full sheriff's regalia (though minus the gun, which had been whited out of the image), striding toward the viewer, the union's red logo emblazoned on the horizon behind him, a simple caption underneath—"HIGH NOON." The Party's final slogan, "With us, you're safer," sounded, in the words of one observer, "as if it might have been more appropriate for a condom ad."

The news of the election returns was almost drowned out—even in *Gazeta's* own coverage—by the simultaneous developments in Tiananmen Square. The Poles observed the Chinese events with horror, seeing them in part as a sort of terrible conflation of all their own, earlier slaughtered uprisings (in 1956, 1968, 1970, 1976, and 1981) but also experiencing them as a dark premonition. Poles had for some time been speaking of the Catastrophe, the Disaster, that threatened to erupt if their own wary, fitful progress toward democracy should suddenly be derailed. Thereafter they gave that tense foreboding a new name: Tiananmen.

Most of the Polish contests were decided that first Sunday—a few had to be settled in runoffs two weeks later—but when the full results were finally in the outcome proved staggering: Solidarity had won two hundred and sixty of the two hundred and sixty-one seats it was contesting. By contrast, virtually all the regime's thirty-five top candidates—including Rakowski himself—who had run as a special unopposed slate, lost their elections: the vast majority of Poles had revelled in crossing out their names, one at a time.

The political landscape in the weeks after the election was almost unrecognizable. Although the Party had managed to secure the vital sixty-five per cent of the lower house for itself and its allies, as had been mandated, in the wake of the defeat Party discipline began to unravel. Hard-liners, who held the moderates responsible for the whole debacle, refused to support their initiatives, and even indicated that they might not coöperate in General Jaruzelski's heretofore automatic elevation to the Presidency. Moderates, for their part, who were aware that the next election, four years hence, would be an entirely open one, as stipulated in the round-table agreements, began flirting with Solidarity.

On June 30th, in yet another strange development, Jaruzelski announced that he would not, in fact, seek the Presidency, and nominated Kiszczak in his stead. Parliament convened on July 4th, with the Communists in a frantic game of trying to redeploy the same old faces in some novel configuration (Rakowski, for example, resigning as Prime Minister only to reappear as the new Communist Party head) that might win public approval. The public, however, was not entertained; all over Poland, people began sporting a round button with a narrow red wedge labelled "65%," encircled by a vast white background labelled "35%."

The second week in July, George Bush came and went, and with him came and went any remaining illusions that the United States might soon take any serious lead in Poland's rescue. Bush proposed to lavish a hundred and nineteen million dollars on Poland—just a bit over one per cent of what Walesa had been requesting.

Soon after Bush's visit—and perhaps in response to his urgings—Jaruzelski reversed himself again, and announced that he would run for President after all. (A few days earlier, Walesa had declared that he would not oppose the General's candidacy.) The next day, July 19th, Jaruzelski indeed received his parliamentary majority, but by only one vote, and only owing to the deft parliamentary absences and ballot invalidations of several Solidarity delegates. Soon thereafter, Jaruzelski nominated Kiszczak as his Prime Minister, and Kiszczak began trying to assemble a Cabinet that would pass parliamentary muster. But there had been such overwhelming public revulsion at Solidarity's tacit role in Jaruzelski's election that the Solidarity delegation now withheld any support for Kiszczak's efforts. He didn't have the votes on his own side, either. Kiszczak approached some of the top oppositionists one by one, Kuron among them, and offered them a variety of ministries as part of a Grand Coalition—a government of national unity. Bronislaw Geremek, a medieval historian and a veteran oppositionist, who had once again proved himself Solidarity's most agile tactician during the round-table negotiations and had subsequently been selected as the leader of Solidarity's Parliamentary Club, dismissed Kiszczak's proposals, saying that all Kiszczak was doing was offering Solidarity "the Ministry of Debts, the Ministry of Wretched Housing, and the Ministry of Abysmal Labor."

A few weeks earlier, Adam Michnik, who had joined *Gazeta* as editor-in-chief (Helena Luczywo, who had been the principal editor of *Tygodnik Mazowsze*, became the executive editor), had floated a proposal in a front-page editorial succinctly titled "Your President, Our Prime Minister," but Michnik had seen that proposal roundly lambasted by most of his colleagues in the opposition. They feared that Solidarity, by joining the government at this juncture, still stood

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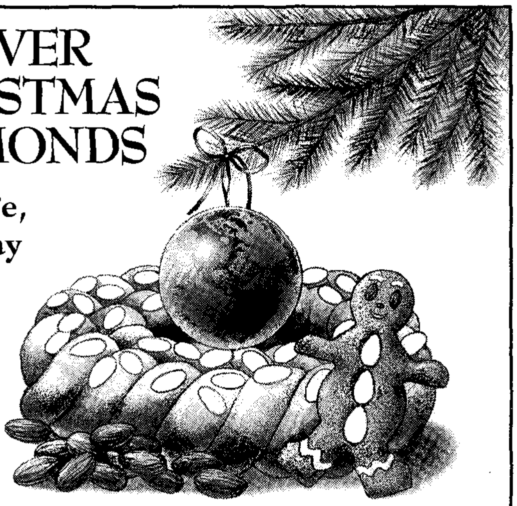

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a good chance of getting all the blame for the economic debacle without being extended enough authority to do anything about it. The medieval historian Karol Modzelewski, of Wroclaw, another formidable opposition theorist, argued in a rebuttal, also published in *Gazeta*, on July 6th, that such a version of the Grand Coalition "presented too great a risk." He went on, "It may be taken only in the certain knowledge that the nation and state are in mortal danger from which there is no other deliverance, with certain knowledge of the road to salvation, and with adequate political assurances that we'll be permitted to take it. I do not think that such preconditions exist in the present situation." A month later, the second and third preconditions seemed no closer to fulfillment, but, with the economy reeling and General Kiszczak still stymied in his attempts to cobble together a Cabinet from among his own people, the first—the situation of mortal danger—seemed increasingly applicable. Solidarity delegates had begun working intensively, by way of delicate negotiations, to dislodge a few dozen reformists from the Communist side and fashion a new working majority, when suddenly Walesa reappeared on the scene with a solution of his own.

It was classic Walesa. Up to that moment, he had been on every side of the issue. Then, on August 7th, he presented, as a virtual fait accompli, his masterstroke—the Little Coalition. Through back-channel negotiations, Walesa had managed to separate the entire delegations of both puppet parties—the Democrats and the Peasant's Party—from their decades-long association with the Communists. Many of Solidarity's deputies in parliament were appalled. The members of the Communist Party's minor allied parties had in no way distinguished themselves over the past four decades; if anything, their servility had been more abject (because more hypocritical) than that of the regular Communist Party members. But these minor-party people, too, could see the developing trends, and, looking four years ahead, they realized that they had better start projecting their supposed independence if they wanted to retain any position whatever; furthermore, in the interim, Walesa was offering them all sorts of senior posts in the new government.

The outflanked Solidarity parliamentarians suppressed their annoyance with Walesa and set to work trying to frame the new government, beginning with the question of who should serve as Prime Minister. Once it became evident that Walesa himself was not going to take the job, the Parliamentary Club clearly seemed to be favoring Bronislaw Geremek, who was continuing to show himself a brilliant, quick-minded, and popular leader. But within days Walesa appeared out of nowhere once again, this time to impose his own candidate for Prime Minister—Tadeusz Mazowiecki, the editor of the union's revived weekly *Tygodnik Solidarność*. No one questioned Mazowiecki's decency or honor. A longtime oppositionist in the independent Catholic-intellectual movement, he had served with distinction as an adviser to most of the Gdansk strike committees from 1980 on (with the notable exception of the one in December of 1981, which he was unable to serve since he had just started a year's internment). The problem was that he was—well, listless (at some point in

A suite at L'Ermitage Hotel as interpreted by Lowell Nesbitt, Los Angeles.
L. Nesbitt '89

almost every interview he gave, he came around to confiding how incredibly *tired* he was) and also famously indecisive. It was clear that Walesa's reasons for anointing him were multifacetted. Both the Church and the Communist Party much preferred him to the more formidable and wily Geremek. In addition, Walesa himself was clearly beginning to feel threatened by Geremek's growing popularity. At a heated meeting of the union's executive committee later that week, Walesa told his colleagues that Geremek's star had been too much in the ascendant in recent weeks, and that it had fallen to him to humble the man a bit. But who had ever given Walesa that job or that authority? He claimed to be acting as chairman of the Solidarity union, but (leaving aside the question of what business the head of the union had dictating parliamentary choices) many of the union leaders at that executive session proved hardly any happier with the choice than the Parliamentary Club had been, or with the imperious way it had been arrived at.

"Whose candidate was Mazowiecki?" Bujak demanded. "Was he supposedly the union's?"

"Yes," Walesa replied sarcastically, "the Soviet Union's."

"What?" Bujak gasped. "Are you being serious?"

"Let's just close the subject," Walesa shot back, dismissing Bujak's concerns and those of all the others. "You say it's not democratic. I'll tell you something: I'm the greatest democrat in history."

"Fine," Michnik cut in. "Fine, Lechu, fine. You're the greatest democrat in history. I move we make it dogma."

The problem of Walesa's commitment to anything but the most abstract conception of the democratic process has long bedevilled the Solidarity movement. There is no question that he's an extraordinary politician, with a masterly sense of the crowd and an uncanny feeling for the moment. Time and again, he has risen to specific, seemingly impossible challenges, and has survived every single onslaught he has ever faced, with his reputation unscarred. He has an even, unflappable grasp of strategic considerations, and he is resolutely nonviolent. The trouble is that he is also utterly unaccountable: for a profound democrat, he has profoundly little use for the democratic process. He is continually enraging his colleagues. Most recently, when the staff of *Tygodnik Solidarność* moved to replace Mazowiecki with another member of its senior editorial board, Walesa intervened, installing as the journal's new editor-in-chief a lawyer with no journalistic experience, who was mainly distinguished by his personal allegiance to Walesa himself. (He had represented Walesa during the back-channel negotiations with the minor puppet parties.) Almost the entire editorial staff resigned in protest. "I mean, this is the Party's *nomenklatura* all over again," one observer said. "Patently unqualified people being advanced to high positions solely on the basis of their personal loyalty to the powers that be." But Walesa always charms everybody back.

"As much as I personally disagree with him, Poland needs somebody like him at this moment" was a refrain I often heard in 1980 and 1981, and I heard it just as often this time. It

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occurred to me that people who spend long stretches of their history deprived of a state tend to embody their sense of nationhood in a single person, either symbolically (the Polish Romantics of the nineteenth century spoke of Poland as "the Jesus Christ of Nations") or else quite literally. For years before Poland got its independence, in 1918, Marshal Jozef Pilsudski played a role similar to Walesa's. In the years after independence, he, too, endeavored to stay out of direct politics, retiring to his country manor; but, like Walesa, he frequently came barrelling back in, intervening and imposing his own solutions, without any accountability. Walesa clearly fancies himself a latter-day Pilsudski. (General Jaruzelski also fancies himself a Pilsudski; and the joke goes that while the one lacks the uniform the other lacks the mustache.) Polish democrats tend to revere Pilsudski (Michnik wrote a famous essay on him), but it's the *early* Pilsudski they have in mind. The later Pilsudski set up a concentration camp during the thirties to warehouse the onetime allies who had grown to grate on him. No one thinks that Walesa would be capable of that—not really.

Meanwhile, Mazowiecki took over as Prime Minister on August 24th, and instead of energetically announcing his Cabinet selections within hours, or at most a few days (as everyone agreed that Geremek, seizing the initiative, would have done), he spent almost three weeks—during which the economic crisis continued to deepen—circumspectly weighing his options.

It was during this period that I made my visit to Poland.

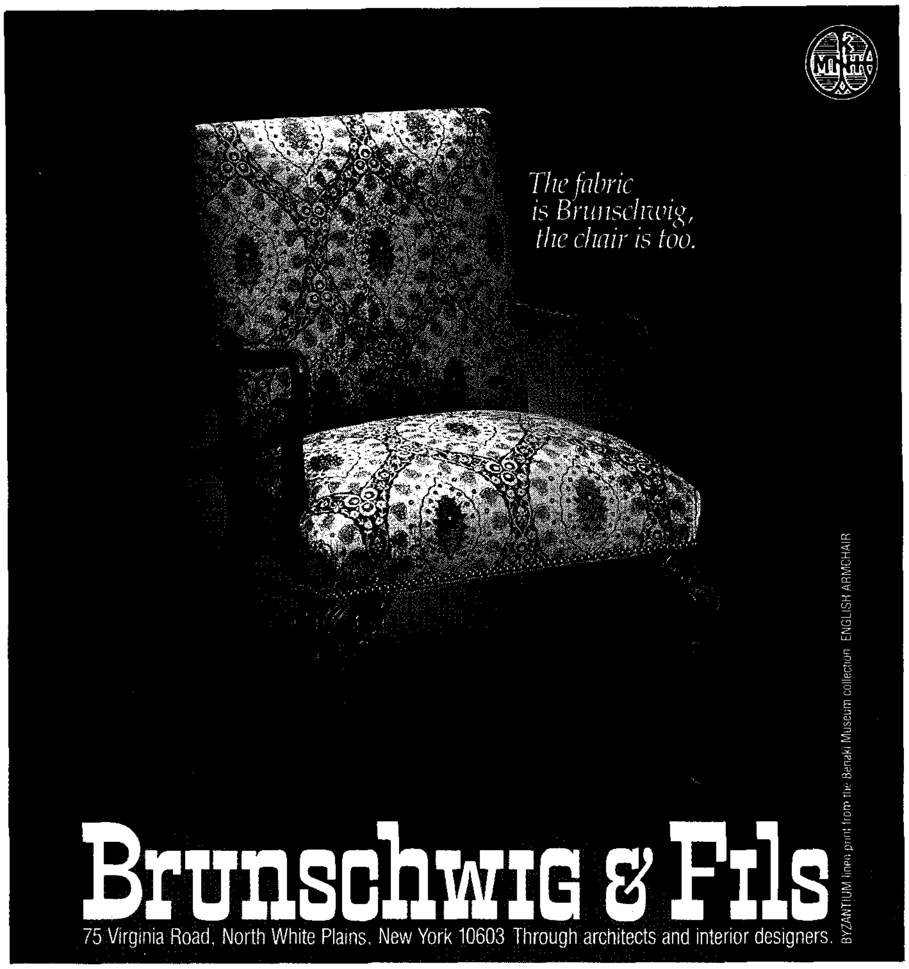
THE first things I noticed, of course, were the exhilarating changes. One was the way that clandestinely published books were being sold openly: Orwell, Popper, Havel, Arendt. In fairness, that had already been happening to some extent last year when I visited: you could wander through the gates of Warsaw University and find a veritable bazaar of banished literature on sale in the courtyard. But now the bazaar had spilled out of the gates and onto the sidewalks, all up and down Warsaw's main boulevard. In fact, the censors, in a huge, imposing building several blocks down the street, could almost stick their heads out of their windows and watch. People were selling postcards featuring caricatures of a mean-visaged General Jaruzelski with the caption "Wanted. $1,000,000 Reward" and the subcaption "Armed, dangerous and delusional—imagines himself to be a President," or else, more grimly, an image of the General with a hammer-and-sickle flag draped behind him and a Nazi swastika on his armband. People were gathering and browsing and buying and laughing—and nobody was bothering them. Forget the stalls: go into the regular bookstores, where you might come upon new, officially published editions of Solzhenitsyn, Konwicki, Medvedev, and, most recently, Orwell himself (represented by both "1984" and "Animal Farm").

Or else watch TV any evening. During the round-table negotiations, Jerzy Urban, the regime's exquisitely despised press spokesperson, had given a television interview in which the subject of free speech came up. "There *is* free speech in Poland," Urban had insisted. "You can say anything you want in Poland—just not on TV." Now Urban had been kicked upstairs and put in charge of the country's broadcast media. The trouble was that his employees could see where things were tending—how Urban would probably soon be replaced by a Solidarity figure—and, after eight years and more of craven collaboration with the authorities, these people were suddenly falling over backward in an effort to please the public. In the middle of one newscast, the anchorwoman suddenly held up a clandestinely published collection of poems by the exiled writer Stanislaw Baranczak and highly recommended it for everyone's leisure reading. A few days later, Grzegorz Boguta, the director of NOWA, the country's foremost underground publishing house, was himself a guest on the evening news; he was treated with unctuous deference and invited to display some of his latest titles.

Newspapers, too, had broken almost completely free; the censor's hand was growing increasingly feeble. ("It's too bad," one man commented ironically. "That censorship office was just about the only Communist institution that *worked*—it was actually a tremendously efficient operation—and now they're letting it go to seed.") All the papers were proving more venturesome, more worth reading, but the most bracing of all was, of course, *Gazeta Wyborcza*. Shortly after the round-table talks ended, the new paper's staff had been allocated the ground floor of a four-story building in a housing project a few miles from downtown Warsaw, and one afternoon I went out there to visit. The quarters had only recently been vacated by a nursery school and day-care center. Scattered about the premises were miniature sinks and chairs (not to mention miniature toilets) and large decals of Mickey Mouse. Out back, a set of jungle gyms rusted on a wide crabgrass lawn, and on nice days key editorial meetings were convened in the sandbox (the writers and editors, smoking up their usual storm, snuffing out their cigarette butts in the sand). The quarters were by no means ideal, but they were busy and bustling and genial. The most striking thing about them was the word processors and the Xerox machine and the telexes and the fax: striking because one remembered that less than half a year ago these same people—or the core group, anyway—had been smuggling individual machines from apartment to apartment, holding their editorial meetings in other apartments, and going to still other apartments to deliver the week's completed galleys to the various printers. Just over a year ago, several of the top editors had been briefly detained by the police and forced through the indignity of strip searches.

Of course, these astonishing transformations were merely ramifications of the most astonishing transformation of all. One afternoon, I was taking a walk with the filmmaker Piotr Bikont when we passed the parliament building. "It's incredible," he said. "We used to spit when we passed by here. This was where the most despicable of the regime's cronies used to gather for their sickening unanimous votes. Passing, we'd swear and snarl under our breath. Now it's like our clubhouse—our social center. We go in there, and coming down every hall is one of our friends. It's as if we *owned* the place."

About three years ago, during a much darker time, Jacek Fedorowicz, Solidarity's cartoonist laureate, in a delirium of wishful thinking, came up with the front page of a fantasy newspaper, featuring all sorts of deliciously impossible headlines. It's amazing how many people kept copies of that cartoon: it was pulled out of drawers everywhere I went. And it's uncanny how prophetic Fedorowicz's jokes



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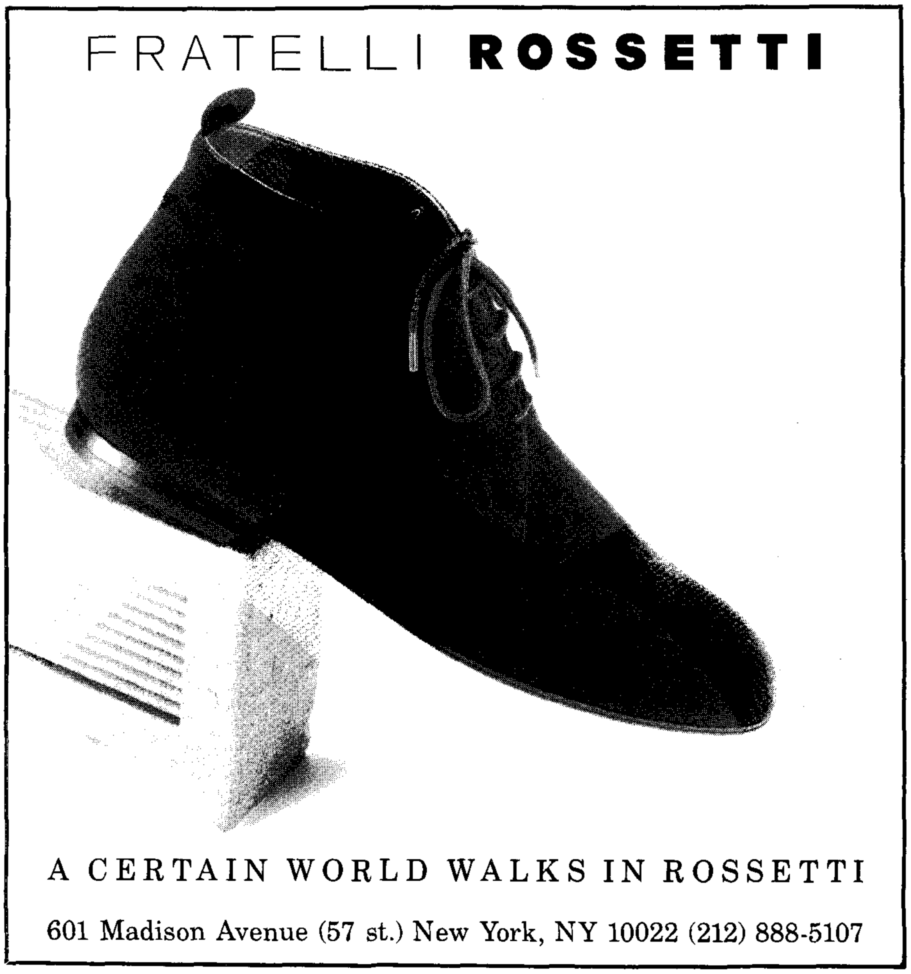

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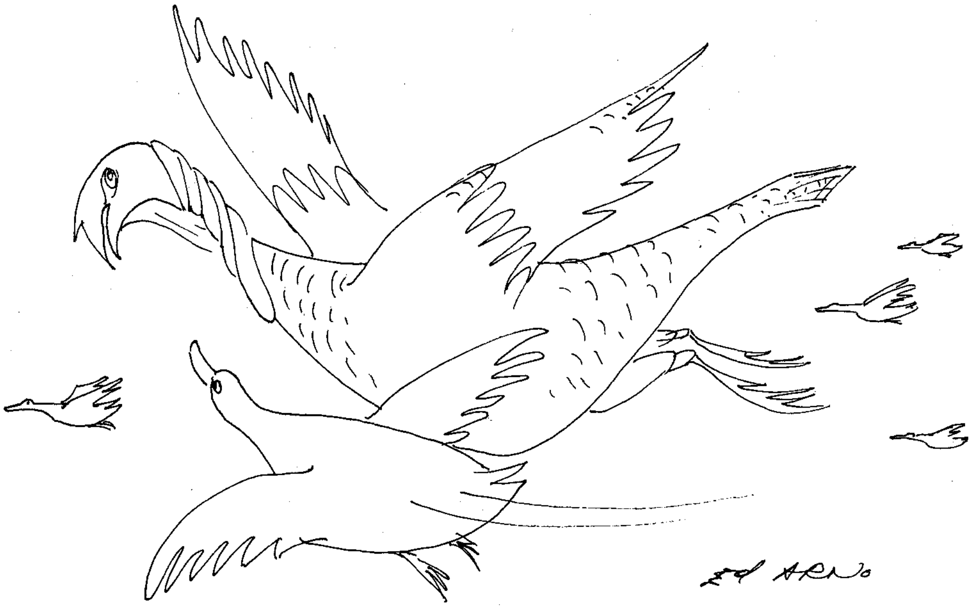

"I've never been South."

• •

proved to be: half of them have already come true, and the other half should appear on front pages any day now. "JACEK KURON CASTIGATES THE MINISTER OF POLICE," one mock headline trumpets. Well, not quite: it's Deputy Kuron's close associate Deputy Jan Litynski who is one of the leading members of the new parliamentary committee charged with investigating instances of police abuse. "ADAM MICHNIK RECEIVES HONORARY DEGREE FROM MOSCOW UNIVERSITY." Again, almost: while the honorary degree itself may be a few months off, Michnik, who was once one of the most sinister of the bêtes noires of the Brezhnev Kremlin, has travelled to the Soviet Union repeatedly in recent weeks. In his capacity as editor-in-chief of *Gazeta*, he has conferred with the editors of *Moscow News*. In his capacity as a leading Solidarity parliamentary deputy, he has made contact with leaders of the progressive rump in the new Soviet legislature. Meanwhile, Michnik has also been travelling elsewhere in the Eastern bloc—to Czechoslovakia, for example, for a series of emotionally charged meetings with such oppositionists as Václav Havel, Jan Urban, Jiri Dienstbier, and Alexander Dubček. The Czechoslovak regime was furious at this blatant incursion, but what could it do—ban the visit of a distinguished legislator from a fraternal neighbor?

One of my own most startling moments on this trip occurred at the headquarters of the Warsaw regional branch of Solidarity, when I came upon another foreign journalist busily tracking the unfolding story—a reporter from the Soviet news agency *Novosti*. Eight years ago, the Soviet journalists one might have encountered in Poland were middle-aged and dour, reliable Party hacks filing predictably bilious dispatches. This fellow was young and intense, and he seemed almost transported by the events he was covering. He conversed enthusiastically with his union hosts, laughed at their jokes, eagerly recorded their pronouncements.

Watching him, I slowly became aware of another shift that had occurred since my last trip—this one a bit subtler. It had to do with a conspicuous silence in Polish political discourse, which, though it had remained constant throughout the past decade, had radically changed in significance during the past year or so. For almost forty-five years now, simple geography has dictated certain imperatives in Poland's political culture, providing an ironclad framework, even if the central geopolitical fact of that framework was seldom referred to directly. "Of course, things would be easier if all this were taking place in Australia," I had been told back in 1980. "Where do you think we're living," the Communists had berated Solidarity back in those days, "*on the moon*?" Back in 1980 and 1981, and even in 1982, people seldom actually said the words "the Soviet Union"—you could just feel the Soviet Union's overshadowing presence in everything they did say. Well, this time, too—except in the case of a near-fanatic on the subject, like Michnik—the Soviet Union hardly ever came up in conversations concerning the limits of allowable political discourse or action in Poland. Only this time all you felt in the absence of the name was the absence of the reality. Occasionally, Poles would consider President Mikhail Gorbachev's plight, his likely longevity or lack thereof, the eventual implications of those facts for Poland's continuing transformation. But otherwise, on a day-to-day basis, as Poles scrambled to reinvent their universe—or, rather, to reconnoitre the universe into which they had suddenly emerged—the Soviet Union seemed almost beside the point. They were on their own—in fact, desperately so. Bronze Copernicus smiled down upon the scene, knowingly, from his pedestal off Nowy Swiat, Warsaw's main boulevard.

GIVEN all these changes, perhaps the most striking thing of all was that most people, most average people, didn't seem the least exhilarated—most people just seemed exhausted. To be sure, part of the problem, as Halina Bortnowska, a lay Catholic activist long affiliated with the steelworkers in Nowa Huta, told me, was the sheer rate of change. "It's like the difference between dog years and human years, the way we're living these days," she said. "It's physically exhausting, and you start witnessing these semi-psychotic reactions. You can no longer expect people to act in their own best interests when they're so disoriented they don't know—or no longer care—what those interests are." At the root of that exhaustion and disorientation, however, has been the startling rate of disintegration in most people's daily economic lives. The standard of living had been steadily declining throughout the eighties, but in recent months the rate of that decline has begun to approach calamitous proportions. For many people, the bottom is falling out.

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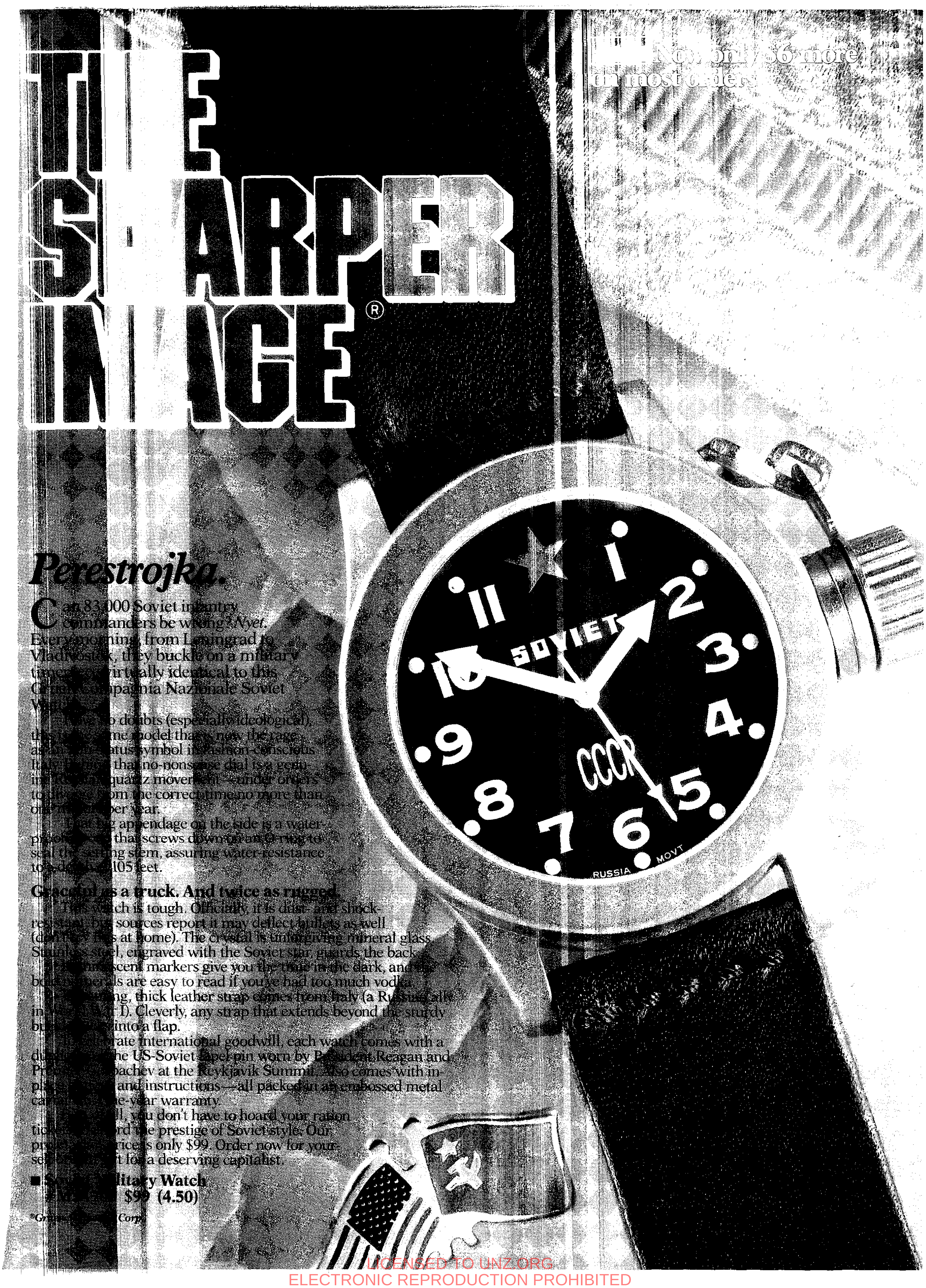

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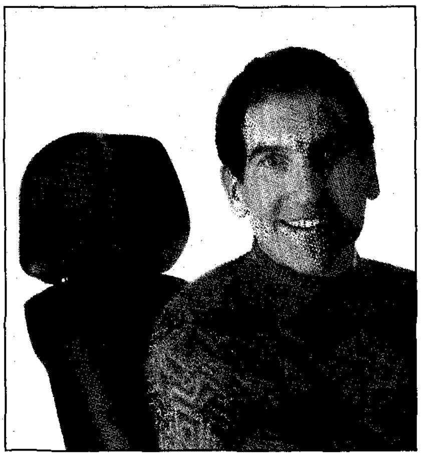

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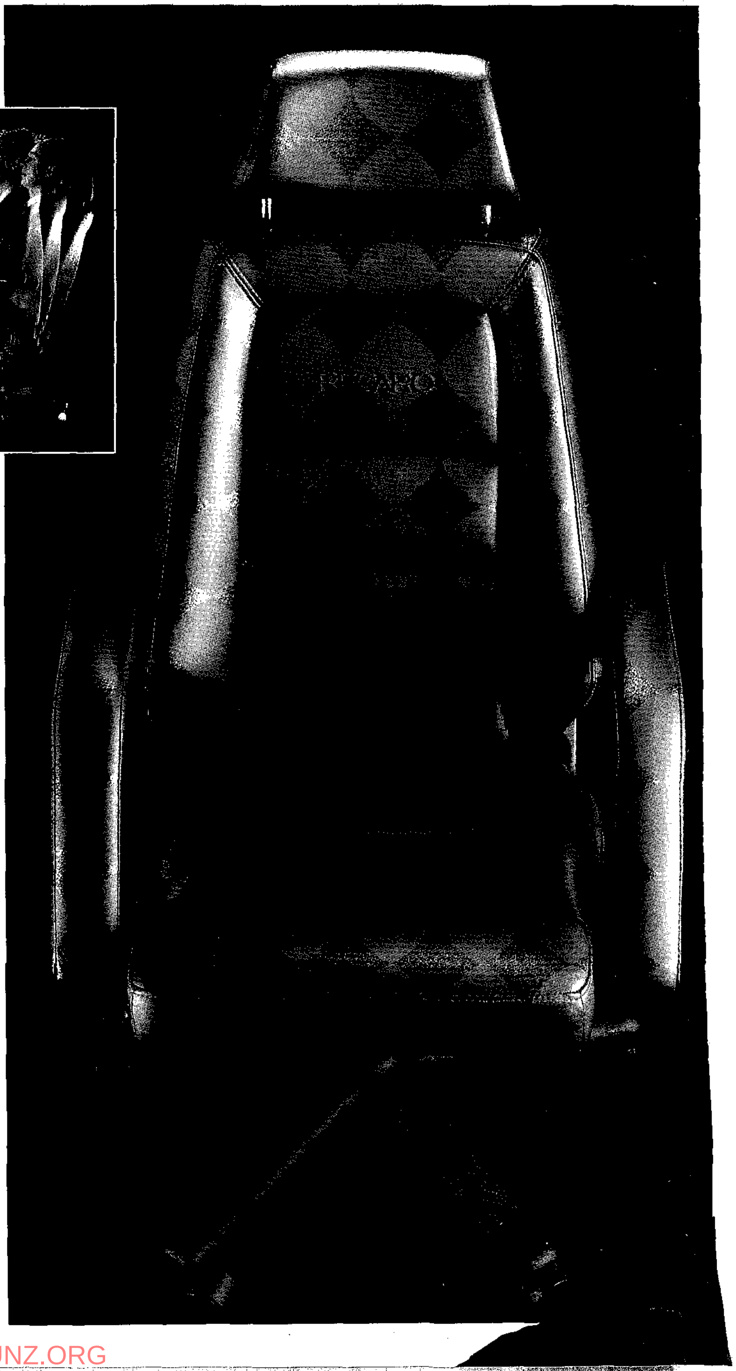

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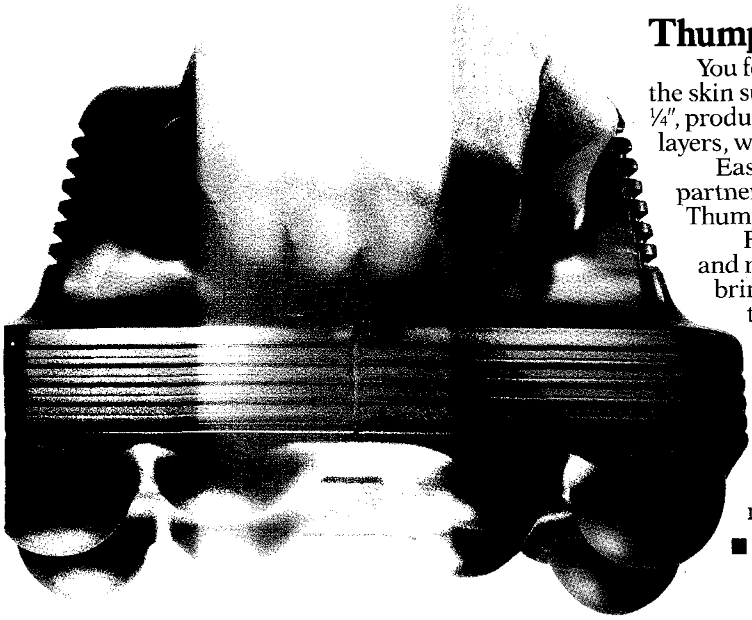

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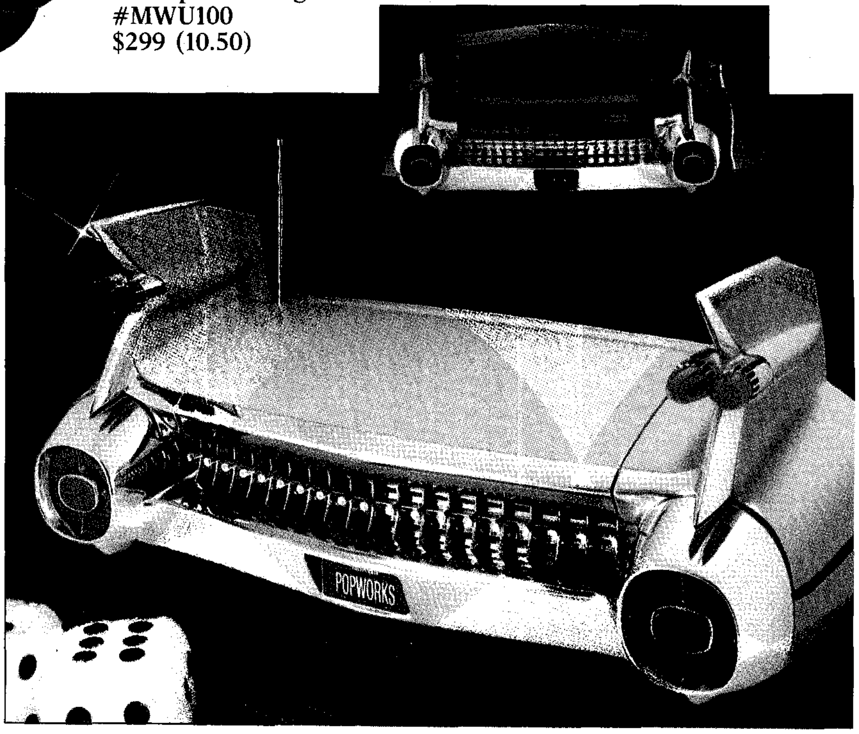

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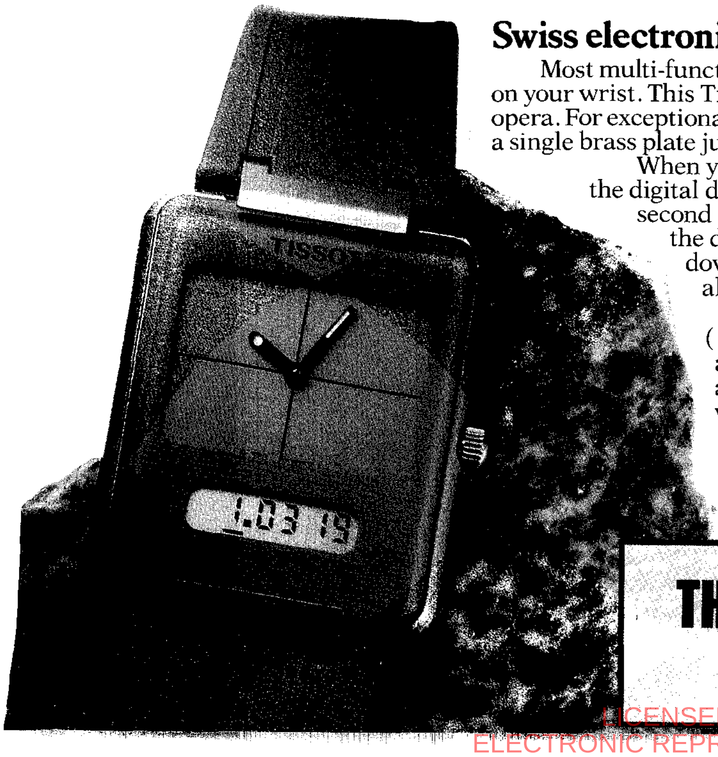

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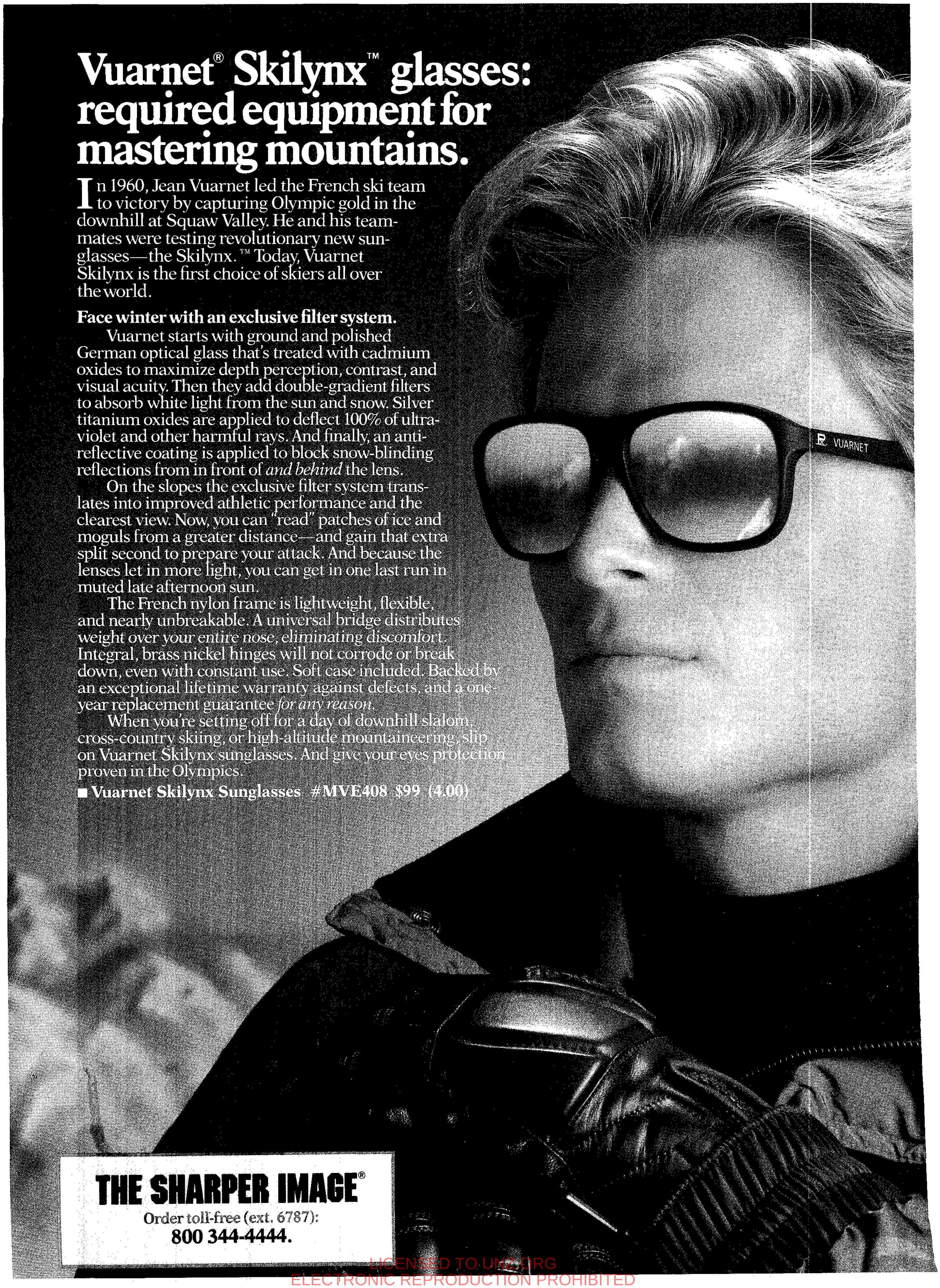

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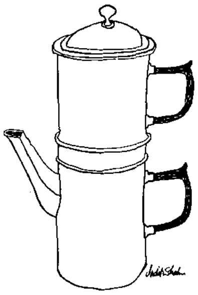
a trillion and a half more zlotys than the market could absorb, and as a result an already troublesome inflation grew ever more alarming. One person I spoke with went away for two years and came back to find that it cost precisely ten times as many zlotys to buy a dollar bill on the black market as it had before she left. The biggest bill currently available is denominated at twenty thousand zlotys—or about two and a half dollars at its true, black-market rate of conversion. The authorities are now talking about issuing a hundred-thousand-zloty note (many people remember a time not long ago when the biggest available note was for five hundred zlotys), but if they're going to bother they'd better hurry: a hundred thousand zlotys won't be worth much of anything for long. Furthermore, it occurred to me that if they do so they might want to put Einstein's face on the bill, because as inflations begin to reach such rates all sorts of mysterious, relativistic conundrums begin to come into play—not the least of which is the fact that as the sheer pace of exchange (the actual circulation of pieces of paper between people) becomes more and more frantic actual productivity begins to grind to a complete halt.

In this context, the shape of the streets in Warsaw these days is revealing. (Poland has become a vast monadology: every instance seems metaphorical of the entire situation; each instance is both a reflection of and a continuing factor in the ongoing collapse.) The roads all around the city are ripped up and gaping, causing huge traffic problems. Some suggest that this is because middle-level apparatchiks are intentionally attempting to upend reforms, to further frazzle everybody's nerves—which may to some extent be true. It's also because of production bottlenecks in things like pipes and concrete. But it's also because (as in the case of the dozens of closed gasoline stations, which in turn produce terrible lines at the few that do remain open) people have simply stopped working, because *they can't afford to:* they can't afford to tie up their hours at jobs where they're paid in precipitously depreciating zlotys; instead, they have to be out scrounging around, making deals, doing things like pooling their zlotys, buying twenty packets of butter, hightailing it over to West Berlin, selling the butter there, and returning with a mere pittance in Deutsche marks—good hard Deutsche marks, a few coins that nevertheless make the whole exercise marginally worthwhile. After all, every day there are more and more items available only for hard currency. The trouble is, hard currencies are incredibly expensive for average Poles. An average pensioner in Poland these days receives less than forty thousand zlotys a month, a nurse or a teacher perhaps twice that. Returning to the situation with Warsaw's city streets, the results can often be quite bizarre: what with the roads all torn up, the main route between two of the principal districts of town (if you're lucky enough to know about it) now wends through a series of back alleys and garbage-truck service roads behind a student dormitory—otherwise you have to go miles and miles out of your way. (Again, a metaphor for the country's entire economy.)



Up till now, people have got by because prices on essential goods were heavily subsidized. (Of course, those subsidies themselves necessitated the government's continuous overprinting of money.) As one of his last gestures as Prime Minister, Rakowski suddenly instituted a scheme to entirely deregulate the prices on some items (notably on certain foodstuffs), the idea being to flush out increased supplies through more attractive prices for the producers. However, the marketization was done with so little preparation and in such an incompetent manner that while prices skyrocketed supplies all but evaporated. (Farmers, in any case, have little incentive to sell their produce for rapidly depreciating zlotys—better simply to hold on and wait for yet higher prices.)

"The market is so unsound that you can't buy what you want, you have to buy what's available," Halina Bortnowska told me. "You can't buy the cheaper product, because it's not there. It's got to the point where an average Polish worker makes in a month what a Western worker makes in an hour, and yet he often can't economize, because the cheaper product is unavailable." Items are regularly disappearing entirely; matches the first

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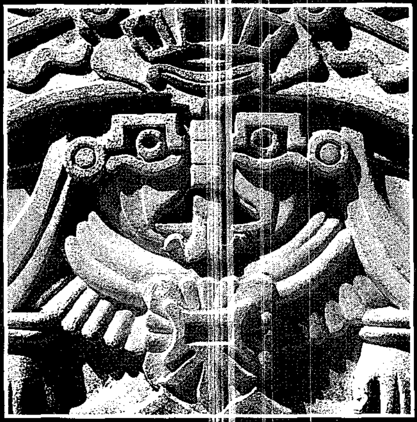
week I was there, washing powder the next—no one knows why.

In sum, I can't remember ever having been in a place where the fabric of the economy seemed so desperately frayed. It's not at all clear why milk shows up at the market on any given morning—and on some mornings it simply doesn't. (For some reason, the town of Lodz has been particularly affected by this breakdown of the most rudimentary aspects of the market, and if there is going to be a food riot soon, as everybody fears, it may well occur there.) In the lines, people no longer look just annoyed—they look scared: with prices soaring by the day, they can no longer imagine how they are going to be able to make ends meet. People scavenging through dumpsters—even well-dressed people—are an increasingly common sight. In the face of this spreading desolation, everybody seems to be either leaving or wishing he could leave. As I stood waiting for a train one afternoon, literally every conversation I overheard on the platform was about how either the person himself or somebody he knew was plotting some fresh way of getting out to the West, of getting the hell out of Poland. The plotting in question no longer involves ways of sneaking past the Polish authorities: as far as they are concerned, the borders have been largely open for some time. Rather, the Iron Curtain has in practice been replaced by what some Poles have taken to calling the Golden Curtain—the extreme reluctance on the part of Western embassies to issue visas of any sort to individuals they suspect might be trying to emigrate for good. Still, some manage. Last year, over twenty-five hundred doctors left—more, in fact, than graduated that year from all the medical schools in the country. I was even told—and nobody seemed the least surprised, or even bothered, by the revelation—that, of the two graphic designers who in 1980 created the famous red *Solidarność* logo, one now lives in Canada and the other in France.

DURING Solidarity's first incarnation, in 1980 and 1981, workers regularly turned up their noses at any imputation of "socialist" allegiance—the word itself had been utterly debased across three and a half decades of abuse by the regime—and yet in practice the union continually displayed profoundly egalitarian ten-

Enchanting beaches



Ancient treasures

Sun worshippers

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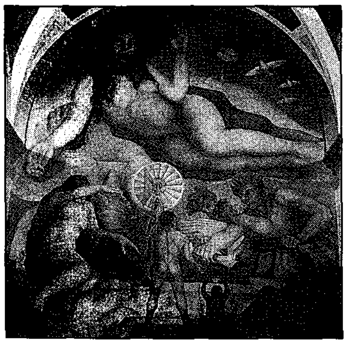
MEXICO RESORTS from A TO Z

This land where the great Aztec, Mayan, and Toltec civilizations once flourished has evolved into a vibrant, modern nation of spellbinding contrasts where ancient treasures compete with modern pleasures. The Spanish conquistadors are long gone and have been replaced by the cosmopolitan art devotees and the ubiquitous sun worshippers. The major dilemma facing visitors is finding enough time to experience the marvels of Mexico City and to make a pilgrimage to some of the world's most enchanting beaches and resorts.



Diego Rivera mural

MEXICO CITY

There are open-air cafés, smart restaurants, and luxurious shops. There are first-rate opera, ballet, and theatre companies. There is one of the most exciting museums found anywhere. In other words, all that you would expect of a truly great city. Perhaps the starting point should be the Zócalo, the historic center of downtown Mexico City. This immense square is home to the National Palace and the Metropolitan Cathedral, Mexico's largest church. The National Palace, formerly occupied by Spanish viceroys, Mexican emperors and presidents, contains some of Diego Rivera's most famous murals.

Nearby is the Templo Mayor (Great Temple), the most sacred site in what was the ceremonial center of the ancient city Tenochtitlán. Destroyed by the Spanish conquistadors, it was uncovered by electrical workers in 1978.

Mexico City is filled with the works of its great muralists Diego Rivera, David Siqueiros, José Orozco, and Rufino Tamayo. The Anahuacalli-Diego Rivera Museum, a building fashioned from black volcanic stone and designed by Rivera, houses his large collection of pre-Columbian art and perhaps the best collection of work from Western Mexico.

In sprawling Chapultepec Park is one of the world's most outstanding museums, the National Museum of Anthropology. This superb building is the home of Mexico's greatest treasures, including the Aztec Sun Stone, the renowned Aztec calendar weighing twenty-four tons.

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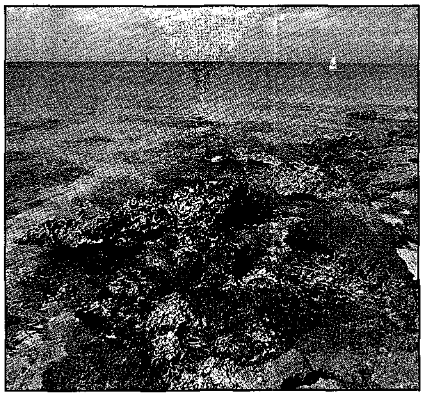
mysterious city of Teotihuacán, with its seventy-five temples, six hundred craft workshops, and the mammoth Pyramids of the Sun and the Moon. The city, one of the largest in the world in the seventh century A.D., was discovered in ruins centuries later by the Aztecs.

Body surfing

CANCUN: The Caribbean

Cancun is one of the most luxurious resorts in all Mexico. Its fine, white sand beaches front the Caribbean on the east and the calm Bay of Women on the north. The Caribbean side is noted for its cool stretches of beaches and its surf, the bay side for its swimming beaches. Since all beaches are public in Mexico, finding one that is to your liking should not be difficult. Scuba diving and snorkeling are very popular in Cancun, particularly along the southern end of the island. Here underwater visibility is up to a hundred feet and the cluster of fish and coral have an almost surreal beauty. A side trip to the ancient Mayan city of Chichén Itzá, containing fascinating ruins and temples, is time well spent.



Cozumel—water sports haven

COZUMEL

A neighboring island to Cancun, Cozumel is one of the five top locations for scuba diving in the world. Palancar Reef, one of the world's largest coral reefs, is filled with exquisite varieties of black, staghorn, and other exotic coral. At Chancanab Lagoon, less than ten miles from the center of Cozumel, an assortment of brightly-colored tropical fish creates a natural aquarium. A series of grottoes beneath the Caribbean, Xel-Ha, is an alluring side trip. The cove is a paradise of colors, filled with a rainbow variety of fish and birds. Like Cancun, Cozumel provides the sun-and-surf sated visitor opportunities for excursions into the past. Worth seeing is Tulúm, one of the few Mayan sites located on the coast. Another is The Castillo which offers spectacular views of the Caribbean.

Palancar Reef

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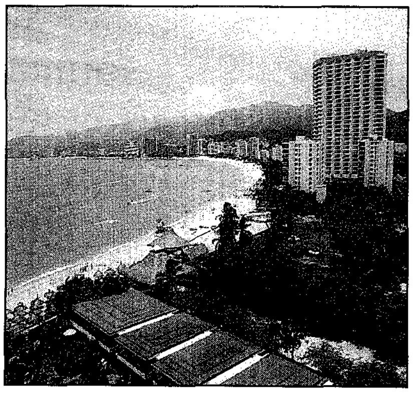
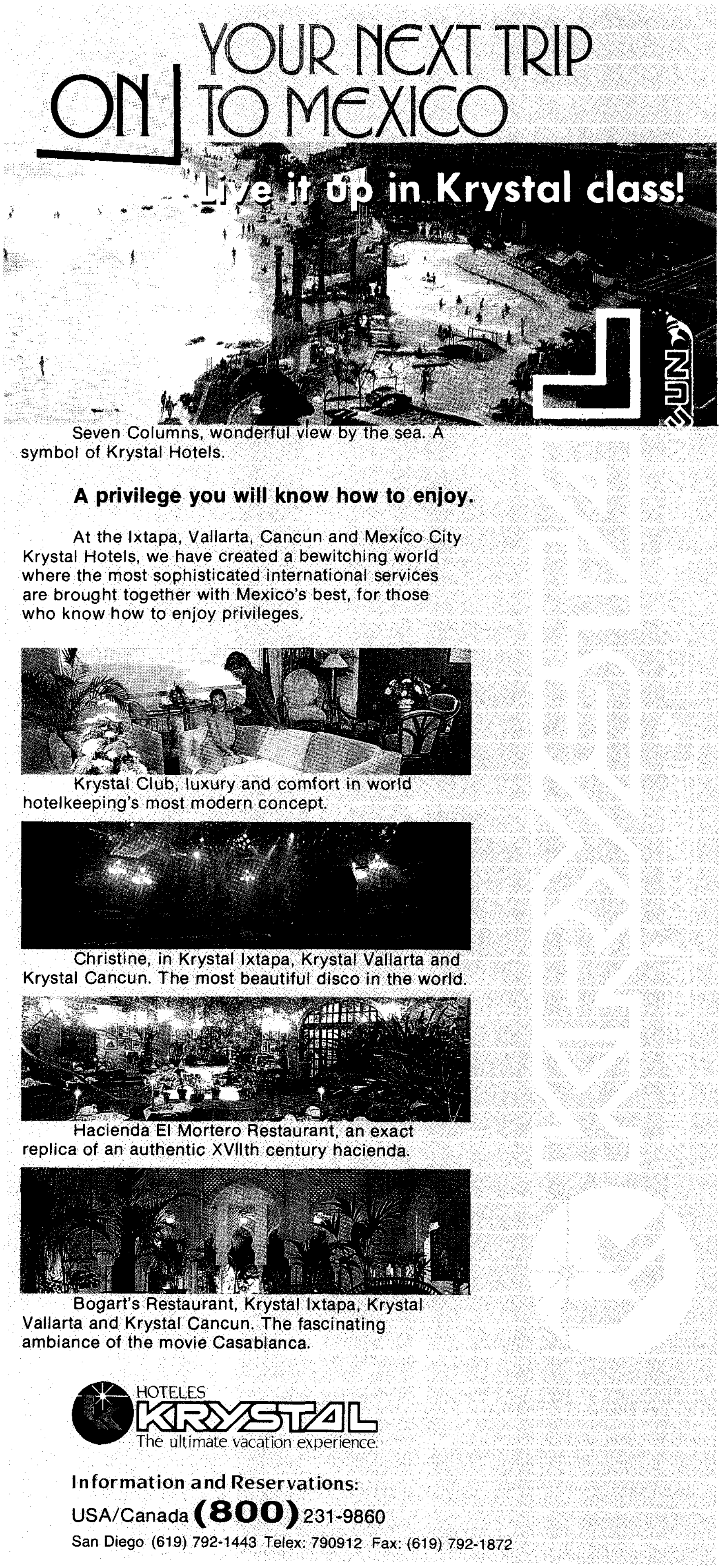


Lively Acapulco



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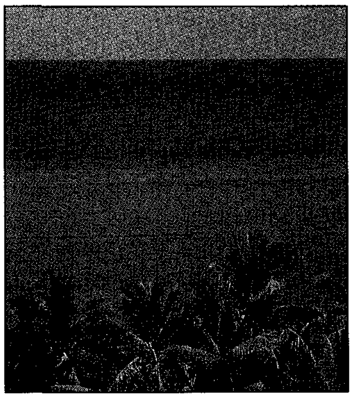
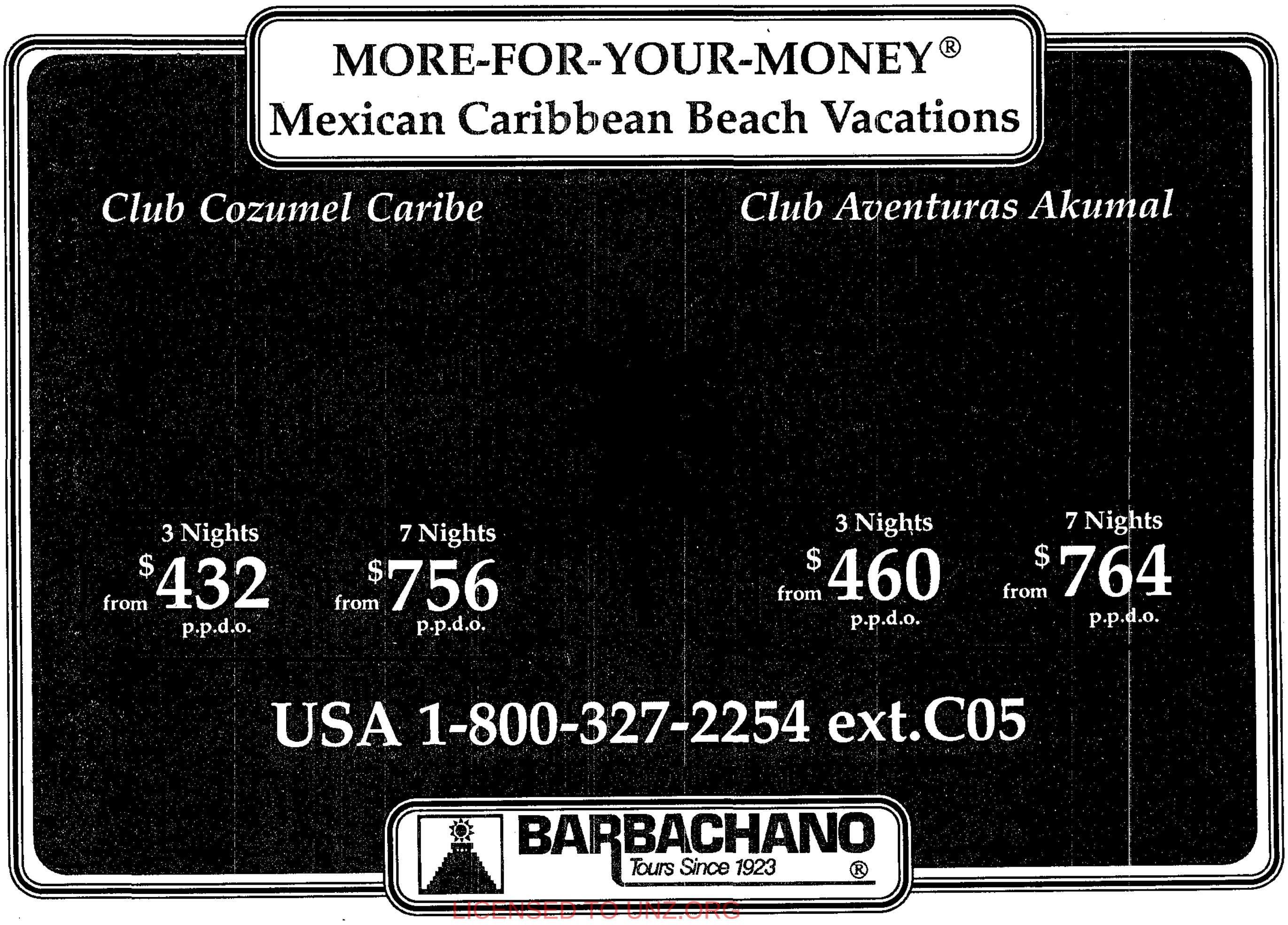
Acapulco Bay, offers tranquil surf and a family atmosphere. Further along the coast, Pie de la Cuesta is well known for its tequila sunsets, and Coyuca Lagoon is a lovely vantage point for bird watching and fishing for catfish and snook. For body surfing, there's nothing quite like Revolcadero, an expansive beach which opens directly into the Pacific. Taxco, easily reached by air from Acapulco, is perhaps the best preserved of Mexico's colonial towns, and is famous for its remarkable silvercrafts.



Beautiful Puerto Vallarta

PUERTO VALLARTA

Set in the hills of the Sierra Madre over the Pacific, Puerto Vallarta retains the charm of a small fishing village and ranks as one of Mexico's finest resorts. Scuba diving, deep sea fishing, and soaking up the sun on some of the world's most majestic beaches are the major pursuits. Donkey polo is a popular local sport and contributes to the resort's special appeal. Each day boat cruises leave for Yelapa, a lush tropical village that reminds one of a Polynesian island. There, you can enjoy horseback riding, hiking to a dramatic waterfall, or viewing the beach scenery at an outdoor restaurant. Other boat destinations include Las Animas Beach, with fishing on route, and Quimixto Beach with a spectacular walk up to breathtaking waterfalls. Mismaloya Beach, the location for the filming of "The Night of the Iguana," is seven miles from Puerto Vallarta. ■



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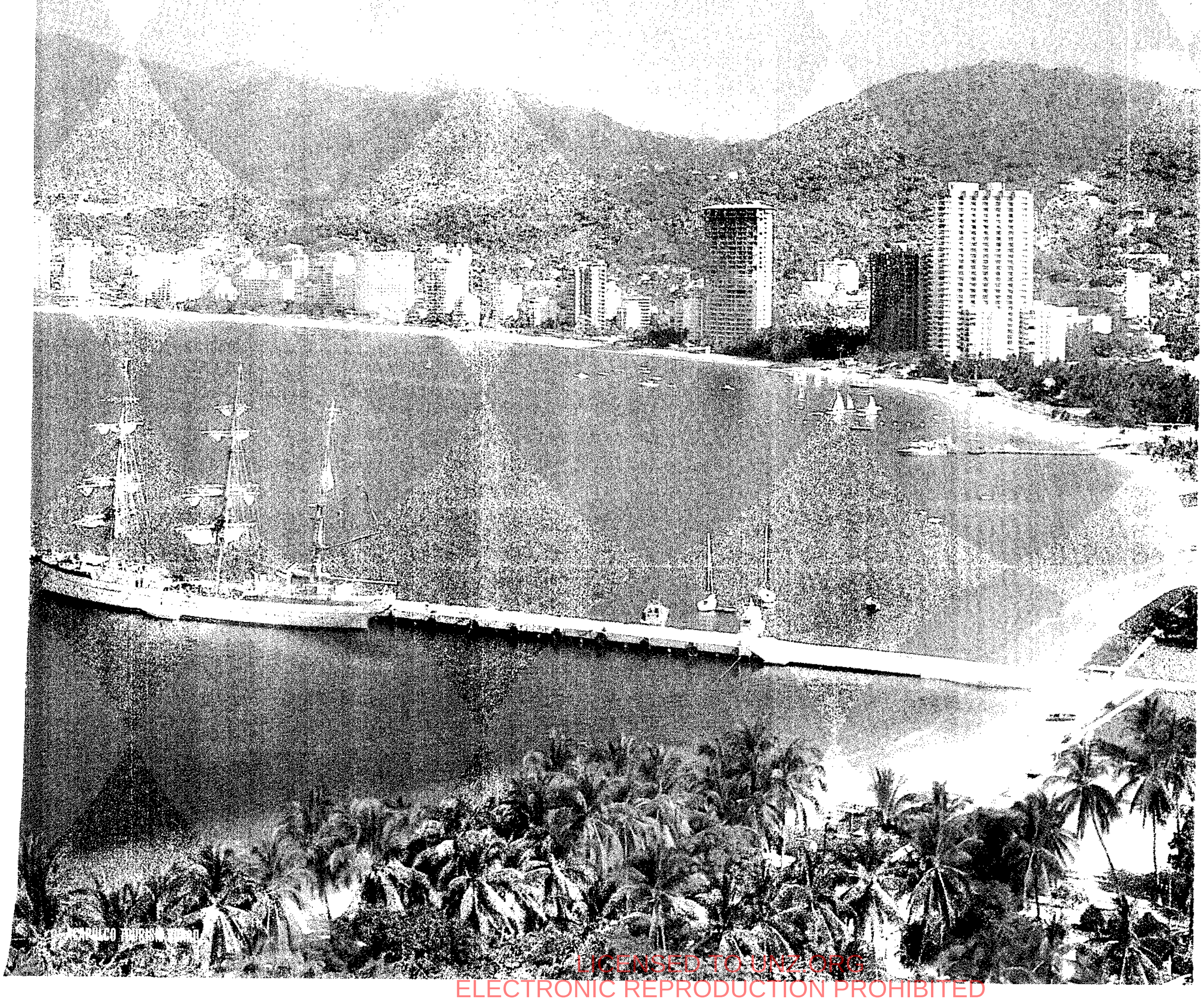

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dencies. Indeed, one of the distinctive features of the oppositionist movement in Poland during the late seventies was that it focussed its energies on fostering a *workers'* movement (as opposed to, say, a movement against censorship or in favor of human rights more broadly conceived, or a movement with a nationalist emphasis). The very name "Solidarity" tapped into a reservoir of socialist traditions, defiantly reclaiming them as the opposition's own, as if to taunt the Communists: "Yes, exactly as you say, but this time *for real*." And if the activists were reluctant to use the term "socialist" they often displayed profoundly socialist tendencies in practice: workers in the bigger, more strategic enterprises would strike on behalf of workers in the smaller ones, such as teachers and nurses; and strike committees would demand across-the-board salary increases (with everyone receiving the same wage increase in zlotys rather than a fixed percentage), so that less well-paid workers would benefit more than their wealthier colleagues. Repeatedly, union leaders would explain, when they were asked, that while they had their obvious problems with Communism they weren't particularly attracted to capitalism, either. They weren't going to all this trouble, the saying went, just to turn the Lenin Shipyard back to the Lenin *family*. As recently as this summer, Lech Walesa was telling Barbara Walters that Poles weren't interested in capitalism, that capitalism had its drawbacks, too, and that they were still hoping to invent some third way. (This was a vintage-1980 formulation.)

It was therefore not the least astonishing of transformations for me on this trip to find Poles—including pre-1980 activists—suddenly in full thrall to a romance with the free market. Henryk Wujec, who is a veteran of *Robotnik*, the leading underground bulletin before 1980, and was long a proponent of innovative worker self-management schemes, acknowledged to me that in the old days the activists, though they were by no means pure egalitarians, had rigorously opposed any significant polarization in wages. "It's difficult for me to talk about, but I guess many of us have undergone a big change," he said. "I used to think that a mixed economy heavily weighted toward self-managing types of enterprise was both desirable and possible. Now I think that's utopian. Or maybe not utopian—if we had enough time, we might even be able to pull it off. But we don't have time. And anyway, I now see, it was never going to be a way of transforming the whole system. Sure, a self-managing enterprise might achieve some improvements in efficiency and productivity, but it would need a long time; and in many cases the enterprises simply need to be shut down completely, and no self-managing committee is ever going to vote to shut itself down. No one anywhere has ever achieved a self-managing economy on a large scale, and in an economic situation as desperate as ours we don't have space to innovate. We have to stick to models that have already been shown to work—and, when you look around the world, for the most part that means free-market models."

Not everyone was participating in the new consensus. One afternoon, Karol Modzelewski, the Wroclaw theorist, recalled the old days for me—"how in Wroclaw, for instance, back in 1981, the autobus drivers one day threatened to strike because they were being offered a bigger pay hike than the washerwomen." He paused. "That was the *état d'âme*, the dominant spirit—an attitude of revindication for *everyone*. It wasn't so much an ideology as an ethos—it wasn't intellectually formulated but, rather, arose spontaneously. Now things are different. The symbol of Solidarity—the myth—survived martial law, so that in 1988 the young workers made their first demand the restoration of the union. But all their other demands have been for themselves—every man for himself, every institution for itself, at the expense of everyone else. That's an effect of the crisis—the shattered hopes, the desperate anxieties about the future. It is very difficult to reassemble a broken hope."

Konstanty Gebert, a leading underground columnist (who only recently came out publicly from behind his famous pseudonym, "Dawid Warszawski"), agreed that the egalitarian spirit had nearly guttered out, and he could almost put a date on its demise. "It was right around 1984 and 1985 that the traditional egalitarian consensus began to break up," Gebert told me. "For several reasons, I think. To begin with, the authorities' economic reforms

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That's what this page is all about: it's a collection of the **BEST OF THE BEST** that I've found this year. Frankly, most of us never dreamed we'd wind up in *The New Yorker*—but in the gobs of small print, I promise you'll find taste treasure after taste treasure. Please try as many as you can right away—and don't worry about getting things in time for Christmas. *In almost every case, these companies can pack up and rush out your order the same day you call—just say the word!*

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On behalf of all the companies—and fine folks—who lovingly make the products described, my sincere thanks for your interest and support!

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Imagine your favorite "bakery" cake, beautifully decorated (right down to the whipped cream rosettes!) —delivered anywhere in America. That's what **DESSERT DIRECT** does—and I'm really impressed with their terrific "instant celebration kit" for birthdays, anniversaries or any occasion. Unique packaging & Next Day Air delivery ensure that every cake arrives just-baked-fresh & with all the frosting and decorations in perfect shape. One forkful and you'll heartily agree these cakes taste every bit as they look! Treat someone you love (or yourself!) to their exquisite 8″ chocolate or vanilla cake (a hefty 2½ lbs.)—an unforgettable gift. It's sent with your personal message, decorations & even a candle in the box! A better (and sweeter!) deal than flowers at just $29.95. Catalog, CC. Desserts Direct, Dept. NY, 78 Mt. Vernon Street, Ridgefield Park, NJ 07660. (800) 442-2537.

STORY'S GOURMET POPCORN-ON-THE-COB is great fun & a delicious treat for folks of all ages! The first time I made it—it takes just a couple of minutes in the microwave—I stood there rapt. Each dry little ear bursts into about 2 quarts of fresh, piping hot, yummy popcorn, ready to munch—straight off the cob if you like! The ears (at least 8) come beautifully packed with husks in a large square glass "Fido" jar that's bound to become a favorite addition to your canister collection. You can also order extra ears. $15.95. Catalog, CC. Story's, Box 13-NY, Wolf Island, MO 63881. (800) 345-8479.

Love smoked salmon? I find the best comes from **FISHERMAN'S FINEST**. Caught in the Bering Sea's sparkling, icy waters off Alaska, their sockeye salmon are chosen for size & superior quality, then cold-smoked for a rich, silky flavor. If you are used to salty deli lox, "chewy" nova—or worse, the imported stuff in a tin— you're in for a true taste sensation! Each perfect, full-side fillet comes handsomely gift-boxed in an airtight gold foil pouch. It keeps without refrigeration. Try their Special Pack, a 1 to 1¼ lb. fillet, $34.95. (And order extras for gifts!). Catalog, CC. Fisherman's Finest, Dept. NY, 3318 N. 26th St., Tacoma, WA 98407. (206) 759-7163.

ROYAL INTERNATIONAL's incredible Sugar Sweet Ruby Red Grapefruits are grown in the Rio Grande Valley, tree-ripened, selected one-by-one, then hand-packed for immediate delivery. These beauties weigh a full pound or more each and are so full of juicy sweetness you'll be proud to give them as gifts as well as enjoy yourself! A quarter bushel (9 to 12 giant grapefruits) is $18.98. Catalog (a wonderful assortment of fruits, sweets & Mexican specialties that really bowled me over!), CC. Royal International, 103 N. I Road, Box 125-NY, San Juan, TX 78589. (800) 331-7811.

SUMMERFIELD FARM has the finest veal I ever tasted. Try it and you'll see why many demanding restaurateurs and chefs use nothing else! Summerfield's succulent, tender free-range, milk-fed veal is hand-raised—and a rare delicacy! I recommend their Holiday Medley: 1½ lbs. scaloppine, 2 thick chops (1¼ lbs.), 1¾ lb. veal steak roast (fork-tender!), 1 lb. stewing veal, & 2 boxes *Glace de Veau* for stocks & sauces. $75.00 Catalog, CC. Dept. NY, HCR #4, Box 195A, Brightwood, VA 22715. (703) 948-3100.

VERMONT COUNTRY MAPLE SPRINKLES is 100% pure maple syrup—dried & chock-full of natural maple goodness and flavor! It pours like sugar, & I love it everywhere instead of sugar: sprinkled on ice cream, fresh fruit, cereal, pancakes, toast, in frothy drinks—even mixed with water to make syrup or a grand instant icing for cookies, muffins and cakes. Order the large 14 oz. canister or 3 handy 2.5 oz. shakers for just $8.50, or send SASE for a free sample. Recipes included. Catalog, CC. Vermont Country Maple Sprinkles, Box 53-NY, Jericho Center, VT 05465. (802) 864-7519.

JASMINE & BREAD makes an extraordinary collection of sauces & condiments, many horseradish-based, that are truly without equal! If you're like me, you'll flip over their horseradish jelly, "Beyond Catsup" (puts the supermarket stuff to shame), Serious BBQ & Dipping Sauce (hickory/horseradish heaven) and many others. Taste 5 different treats in their wonderful Holiday Sampler Gift Pack in a wicker tray. Just $26.00. A terrific gift, too! CC. Jasmine & Bread, Dept. NY, RR #2, Box 256, So. Royalton, VT 05068. (802) 763-7115.

MRS. SOUTHERNBUTTER-RUMCAKE bakes an old-fashioned southern butter rumcake the way I love it! Moist and rich—nearly 3 lbs. of incredibly light, airy pound cake made with blended Puerto Rican rums then topped with a mouth-watering glaze of caramelized Jamaican Rum. Then it's decorated with hand-picked Georgia pecans & nestled in a handsome tin. What a great way to indulge yourself—or make someone's day. $27.95 CC Mrs. Southernbutter-Rumcake, 9016 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 134-NY, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. (800) 477-4702.

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CUMBERLAND GENERAL STORE's giant, 288-page catalog is so much fun, you'll browse through it like a book! It's filled with unusual, hard to find products—things you never knew about or haven't seen in years. There's everything for the country kitchen and table, canning & bottling, spinning wheels, lamps & lanterns, gardening tools, weathervanes, collector dolls, harness, turn-of-the-century bath fixtures, wood stoves, furniture, country foods—even buggies and windmills! I've never seen anything like it! The catalog is just $3 & comes with $3's worth of coupons. Cumberland General Store, Dept. NY, Route 3, Box 81, Crossville, TN 38555. (800) 334-4640.

CRAZY RICHARD'S PEANUT BUTTER—the best peanut butter I have ever tasted. Period. The reason: they add absolutely nothing but premium-grade peanuts freshly-roasted and ground the old-fashioned way on a genuine 1910 mill. Crazy Richard's variety—either chunky or smooth—is totally addictive on toast, as a filling or ice cream topping, on fruit or veggies, in cooking, in dips & sauces—or right from the jar on a fingertip! This is "*the world's finest peanut butter*"! After I tried it in two 1-lb. jars ($8.90), I switched immediately to the 5-lb. tubs ($14.90). Also, be sure to try their divine Chocolate Flavor Peanut Butter (Crazy Richard claims it's an aphrodisiac, too!). Two 12-oz. jars are $9.95. Catalog, CC. Crazy Richard's, Dept. NY, Bellmawr, NJ 08031. (800) 322-YUMM.

Tara & Barbara at **HIGHLAND HILL** bake the best Scottish Shortbread, bar none—and I've sampled them all. Theirs is light and crispy, perfectly sweetened, with a rich buttery taste that guarantees "one" is never enough! They make several different kinds and flavors of shortbreads, but my personal favorite is the Edinburgh Almond. Scored into 12 wedges, it arrives on a traditional "sun circle" wicker gift plate, beautiful & intact—not a pile of crumbs—for just $6.95. Also, ask about their scrumptious Grand Marnier cake & authentic 18th century English dessert breads. Catalog, CC. Highland Hill, RR #1, Box 192-NY, Walpole, NH 03608. (603) 756-3925.

One N.Y. Times food critic says **CROWLEY CHEESE** is his favorite Vermont cheese "far & away," and I agree 100%! Rich, creamy & marvelously robust, their savory handmade cheddars are superb sliced off the wheel—& add real spunk to all your favorite recipes. Try their 2½ lb. wheel of Tangy Sharp Cheddar ($18.25) or a gift assortment of 8-oz. bars: Tangy Sharp, Garlic & Hot Pepper ($13.50). Crowley Cheese, Dept. NY, Healdville, VT 05758. (802) 259-2340.

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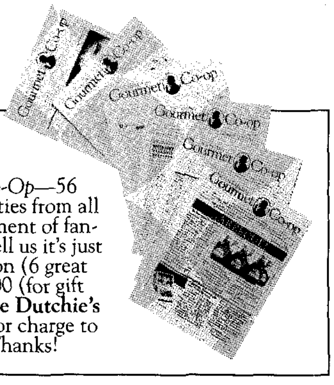
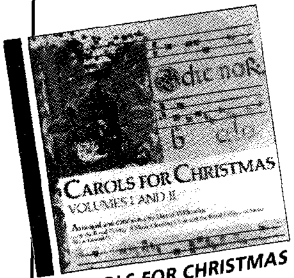


COMPACT CHRISTMAS



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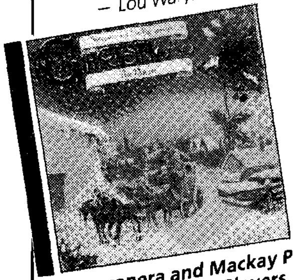

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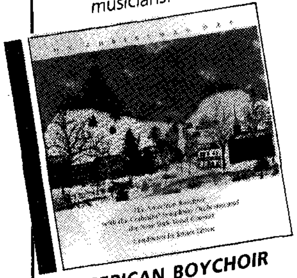

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were having some effect. They were allowing an expansion of private shops as a way of addressing certain kinds of shortages and venting steam, and though the actual economic effect was marginal, the psychological effect was profound. People started asking, 'Why not me?' and, more important, 'If it ever is me, how am I going to feel about being held back by all these egalitarian strictures?' " Many of those new entrepreneurs, as it happened, were Solidarity activists who had been blacklisted at their former workplaces and couldn't find any other work, and many of them did very well. "Second, it was right around then that Solidarity's defeat finally began to be accepted," Gebert said. "The Party's propaganda was working. People began disowning their earlier idealism. And that shades into the third reason, because the market economy now became a substitute basis for opposition to the Party and to Communism. In the case of someone like Kuron, who earlier seemed the very embodiment of the egalitarian ethos, I think it was in part a case of 'I'm their leader, I have to follow them.' "

Even though the egalitarian spirit seemed to subside during the eighties, as late as this past winter it didn't yet appear to have been replaced by any other. During the round-table negotiations, for example, while the side-table conferees on ecology, trade-union matters, and so forth were coming up with specific policy recommendations, the delegates in the economy section floundered. "It was like attending a seminar," one observer recalled for me with dismay. "Their professors trading graphs with our professors, everyone agreeing on the direness of the situation, but no one coming forward with any alternative vision." If that indecisiveness had since changed dramatically—if the model dominating economic discussion in Warsaw these days was suddenly a vigorous version of the free market—this appeared to derive in no small part from the arrival on the scene in Warsaw of Professor Jeffrey Sachs, of Harvard University, and his so-called Sachs Plan. Sachs was known to have something of a reputation in the United States as an authority on Third World debt, and to have often advised Latin-American debtors, as part of a plan of radical economic restructuring, simply to stop paying the banks for a while. It was in this context that Sachs had first come to the attention of some of the top economic planners of the prior regime. They, too, would have liked to figure out some way to stop payments on their monumental debt, if only for the time being. Sachs informed them, however, that since he was a democrat (and not in the habit of advising military dictators) he would not advise any Polish government that lacked the participation of Solidarity. A few weeks later, he got a second call ("Guess what . . ."), and ever since he has been shuttling between Boston and Warsaw (or, more accurately, among Boston and São Paulo and La Paz and Quito and Caracas and Washington and Tokyo and Warsaw), accompanied by a small phalanx of associates, and honing the action plan. (These junkets are being funded by the Stefan Batory Foundation, the Polish operation of George Soros, the remarkable Hungarian-born American financier. Soros has similar philanthropic operations aimed at opening up a space for civil society in Hungary, the Soviet Union, and China.)

Not everyone agreed with the Sachs Plan—not by a long shot—but his proposal (which, in essence, envisioned a radical, virtually immediate "shock" transition from the current muddle into a full-scale market economy, complete with banks, a convertible hard currency at a unified rate, a stock exchange, and a disciplined and balanced state budget, and minus subsidies to dilapidated industries, rationing or price supports for consumer goods, a black market, and so forth) certainly quickened the pulse and clarified the terms of the debate. Kuron and the editorial board at *Gazeta* championed the plan, thereby assuring it a premier place on everyone's agenda. Sachs himself addressed Solidarity's Parliamentary Club for over an hour and galvanized a strong following, though by no means a unanimous one. At that session, he explained how the Bolivian government, following his advice, had managed to arrest a severe hyperinflationary spiral in a single day—*overnight*—and he recalled how a top Bolivian official had commented to him at the time, "If you're going to chop off the tail of a cat, it's better to do it in one fell swoop rather than in a series of small cuts." A few days later, a

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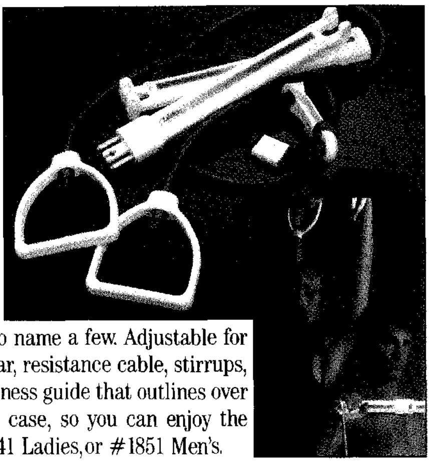

The Lifeline Gym is the most space efficient, time efficient home fitness device on the market today. You can simulate just about any of the exercises done on the expensive machines found in health spas and gymnasiums — the reason is latex. With this unique stretchable latex cable, resistance increases with movement — your muscles are challenged through their full range of motion. These variable resistance exercises provide an excellent workout for a beginner as well as a challenge for a pro. The Lifeline Gym is so successful it is used by members of the Chicago Bears, the U.S. Ice Hockey team, and the UCLA track team to name a few. Adjustable for individual strength levels. The gym includes a lifting bar, resistance cable, stirrups, exercise belt, door attachment and a comprehensive fitness guide that outlines over 25 exercises. Everything packs into a compact carry case, so you can enjoy the benefits of a complete workout anywhere. **$49.95** #1841 Ladies, or #1851 Men's.

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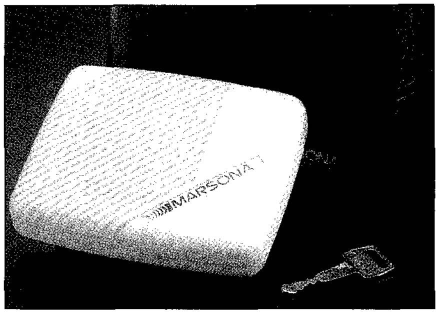

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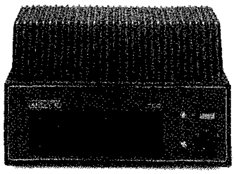
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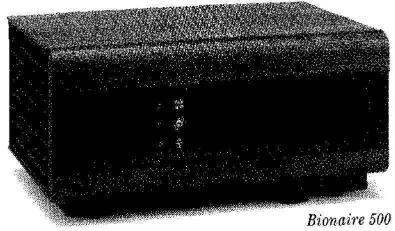
Bionaire 500

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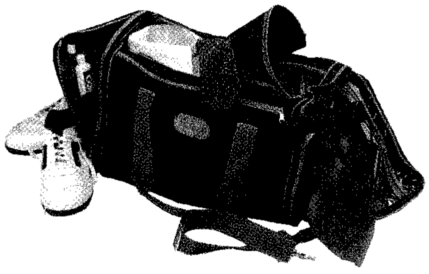

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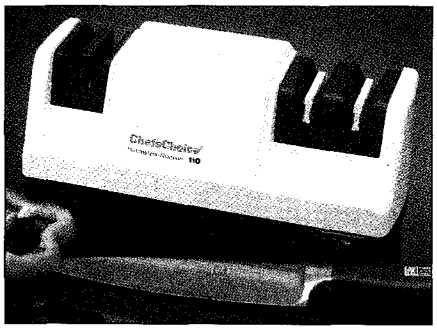

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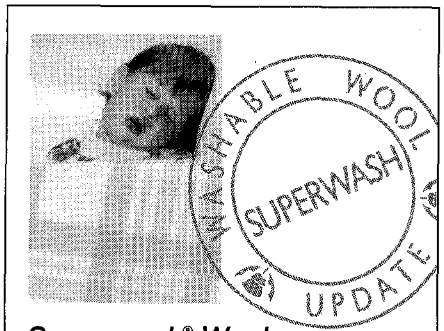

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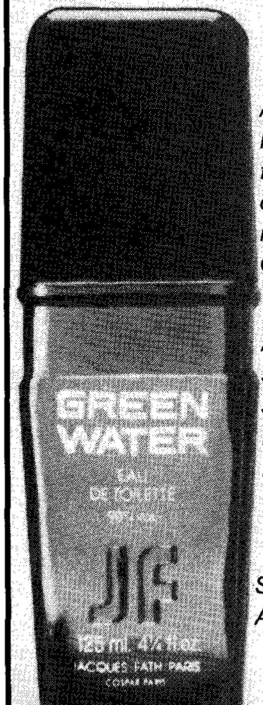

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dubious newspaper commentator quoted the line and added acidly, "Professor Sachs is proposing to cut the tail of the Polish economy off at the neck."

I don't know exactly what I was expecting when I went over to the Europejski Hotel to interview Professor Sachs, but what I got was someone who looked and acted even younger than his age—which was thirty-four. (He was, in fact, something of a wunderkind, having achieved a full professorship at Harvard at the age of twenty-nine.) The overwhelming impression I took from him, however, as he stood in the dim, shabby lobby of the Europejski, flanked by three equally young associates, was of a jolt, a positive *blast*, of can-do American competence and confidence. The effect was particularly striking in contrast to the exhaustion, the prostration (both physical and intellectual), that I had been encountering everywhere else in the city. Sachs was nothing if not sure of himself.

As we took a table in the hotel's café, I asked Sachs whether he worried about a coming polarization of wealth.

"Look, I'm no particular fan of Milton Friedman's or Margaret Thatcher's or Ronald Reagan's version of the free market," he said. "In United States terms, I'd be identified as a liberal Democrat, and the country I admire the most is Sweden. But the point is that whether you were trying to create a Sweden or a Thatcherite England, starting from where Poland is, you'd move in exactly the same direction. And that is because Sweden and England and the United States all have certain basic attributes that have nothing to do with what Poland has right now. They are private economies, where the vast, vast proportion of the economy is in the private sector. There is a free financial system: banking; independent financial organizations; strict recognition of private property; joint-stock companies; a stock exchange; a hard currency convertible at a unified rate. All those attributes are the same no matter whether in the end you're going to provide free day care or private day care. Poland starts from the opposite extreme. Right now, over eighty per cent of production, excluding agriculture, is in the state sector. Poland has no banking system, no credit system. Almost everything that's done requires bureaucratic allocation. I mean, I talk to government people here, and even ones who are sympathetic to the idea of a free market often don't understand even the fundamentals of finance. We were talking with one person we admire over at the central bank—the state bank, the *only* bank—who's a very smart fellow, and I was making some point about the money supply and he was looking bewildered, and then he said, 'Look, Professor Sachs, please understand one thing: I went through eight years of economic training. I never heard the word "money" once.' Up until a few years ago, this was a command economy, everything being exchanged between bureaucratic entities in quantities of physical units, with the monetary process a tiny, tiny appendage to the system."

A waitress came over, we ordered tea, and Sachs went on, "So there is no question here of the distribution of wealth. This system is designed for the *destruction* of wealth; this system categorically, uniformly, and unequivocally destroys wealth. For almost half a century, there has been a systematic attempt here to squelch independent economic activity. People with ideas have been called speculators. People who have made money have seen it completely taxed away. People with ideas have not been able to get capital to invest. People with ideas and some capital have had to convert it at totally unrealistic exchange rates. People who do convert at those unrealistic rates, as required, are then unable to get the one piece they need from the West to make their factories work. There are a thousand such things that stop independent activity from taking place here now. And it's all got to be unleashed. That's the key.

"They live at Latin-American standards in the middle of Europe. They make ten to twenty dollars a month right now. This is unbelievable. This doesn't have to be that way. There's nothing intrinsic in this society that creates that. In fact, on the contrary this is a country of skilled workers, of engineers, of mechanics; this is a country of people that know how to operate factories. This is a country with tremendous intrinsic economic potential. Even after forty-five years, they have the makings of a regular European economy here. Once there's a political settlement and Europe accepts Poland, tacitly or even explicitly, as a full trading partner, there's going to be tremendous potential here. But nothing's going to happen until they stabilize this economy. This place is filled with so many Alice-in-Wonderland economic rules right now that it's no wonder that people make twenty dollars a month.

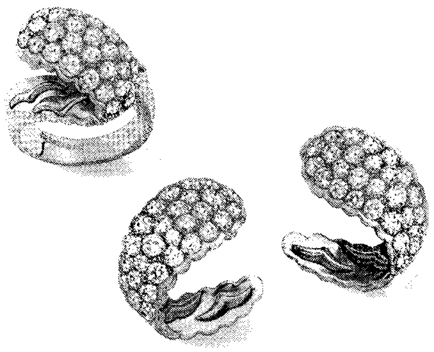
"What they desperately need to do right away is to give full scope to the entrepreneurial spirit. Now, yes, that will create inequalities, because people that have good insights are going to make a lot of money, I hope. In the process, though, those people will raise living standards across the board, even as they raise their own even faster."

Isn't there a danger, though, I asked, that the majority of Poles, rather than becoming as prosperous as other Europeans, will simply be exploited by Europe?

"Gosh, I hope so," Sachs said. "Obviously, I don't mean I hope they'll be exploited. But I do hope they are used for their cheap labor, because the way to make cheap labor expensive is to raise the demand for it. I am very hopeful that Japanese firms will see Poland as a natural launching pad for exports into Western European markets; that Italian, French, and German firms will want to make foreign investments here."

The tea arrived and Sachs took a sip. "The immediate question is how to proceed from here," he said. "And, as to that, there are two basic approaches. My idea is to create the market system as quickly as possible. Let people start to operate. The other idea is to say, 'Well, we understand that we're punishing the private sector brutally, that none of this makes any sense, but let's only change things very gradually so that maybe in ten years we'll have a normal business environment.' That's a crazy idea, frankly.

"Beyond that, they don't really have a choice. On top of everything else, it's not as if they were inheriting a deformed but stable economy; they're inheriting a deformed and grossly unstable economy, which risks giving them one of history's greatest hyperinflations. And when you're facing a hyperinflation, you'd better take measures to stop it, because hyperinflations are totally destructive of society, and are the worst possible thing for the vulnerable groups. And they also make it impossible to improve the situation. If the Poles don't stabilize this economy, they are going to be unable to stabilize the



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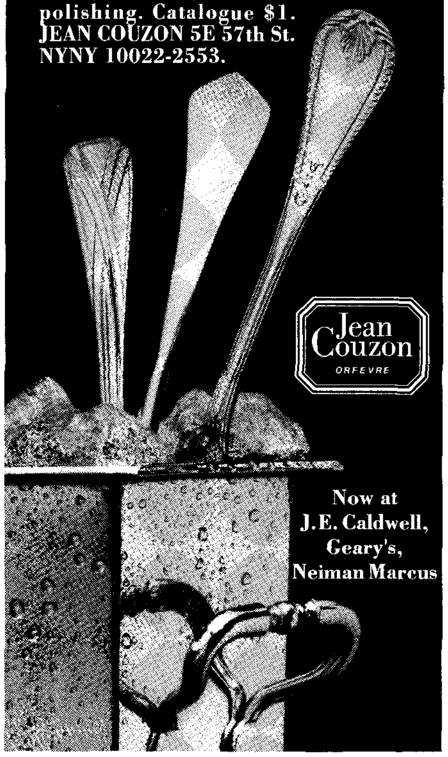
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social and political order, and they're going to be right at the brink of the abyss again. A great deal of what I'm saying is really the nuts and bolts of stabilization. The hyperinflation is caused by the huge governmental deficit: the government printing all this worthless money to subsidize hopelessly outmoded industries or to sustain *artificially low prices on consumer* goods—prices that make it impossible to compete, and hence undercut the production of supplies. All that has got to be cut away, and cut clean. Sure, there will be momentary dislocations; prices will undergo a sharp initial rise. But then they'll stabilize—people will know where they stand. Is it going to be *pleasant?* No. But *the alternative is a* fundamental breakdown. I believe that the hyperinflation can still be headed off—we did it in Bolivia—but if Poland drifts like this for another year it could easily be facing inflation rates of a thousand per cent a year. And then all bets are off in terms of protecting living standards. Then it's just pure, unmitigated disaster.

"Look," Sachs said, putting his teacup down. "When a guy comes into the emergency room and his heart's stopped, you just rip open the sternum and you don't worry about the scars that you leave. The idea is to get the guy's heart beating again. And you make a bloody mess. But you don't have any choice."

"I DON'T mind a horse's cure, provided the horse lives," Halina Bortnowska told me one day. "You know the old story: the horse's diet was almost successful except it died the last day." Sachs's plan was coming in for its share of criticisms, too. "I mean, I tend to favor Karl Popper's piecemeal approach," she continued. "Take a step, look at what happens, correct it, make the next step. I'm scared of doctrinaire solutions, jammed through no matter what."

"This is a poor, weak country," Dr. Zofia Kuratowska, Solidarity's foremost expert on health services and now a leading legislator, told me. "We simply cannot take the shock." Sachs the economist had offered his medical metaphor; here was a doctor providing her diagnosis regarding the state of the country's economy. The two doctors obviously disagreed.

Misgivings about the Sachs Plan tend to take three forms: immediate,

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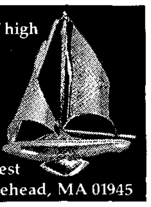
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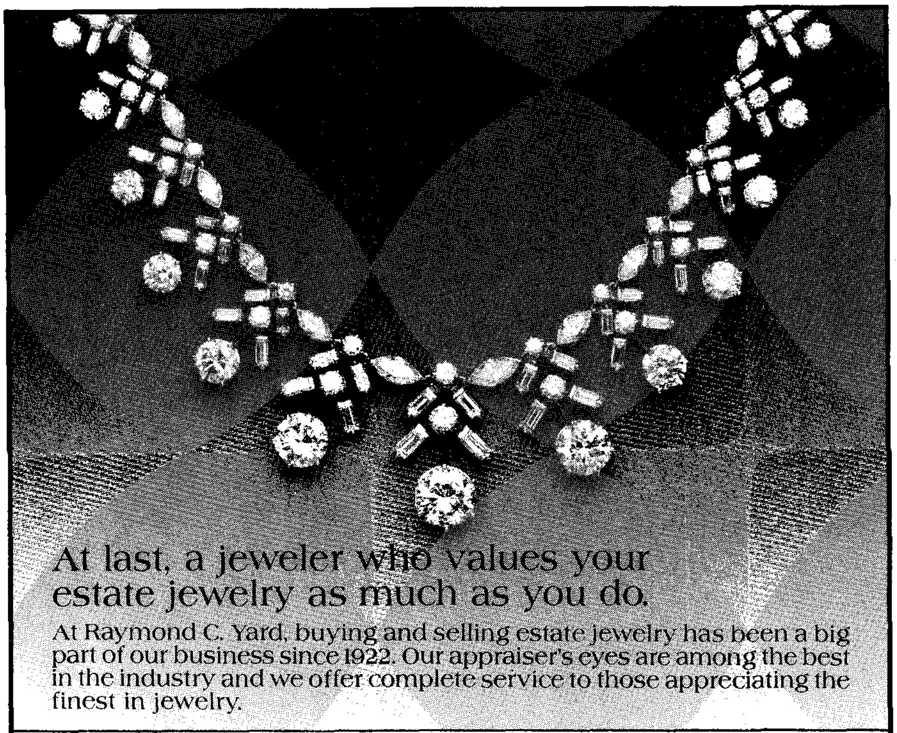
intermediate, and long-term. Those with immediate concerns quarrel with the professor's insistence that the Polish economy could sustain such a drastic rate of change—prices leaping, factories closing, subsidies evaporating. Sachs, of course, has an answer for such concerns: "Almost every Latin-American country that has democratized in the last decade has gone through this same debate—whether to go slowly on reform or to go quickly. And everywhere that this dilemma has been faced the first impulse has been 'Let's do it the "non-painful" way, let's go gradually. As the pressure is rising, let's first meet some of those social demands.' It's natural—it's the most obvious response in the world. And it sounds so good: 'Let's not be harsh.' I'd *love* not to be harsh. I don't love sounding like a tough guy. That's not the point of economics, to make people suffer. The point is to make people better off. The point is, what's the alternative? Everywhere they've tried to go slow, the result has been the same—disastrous inflation."

But Sachs's critics insist that Poland is different in crucial ways. "I would love to see Bolivia," Karol Modzelewski commented to me. "I'm sure it's very lovely, very exotic. I just don't want to see Bolivia *here*. I'm not an economist. But right now economists are all to the fore, and I think that's dangerous, because economists fail to take certain political realities into account. To begin with, you can't forget that the Latin-American programs didn't involve a transformation of the entire system." For all Sachs's protestations to the contrary, an experiment of this type has never been tried in a Communist country. I was offered several variations on this point. For example, Sachs didn't fully comprehend that after forty-five years of Communism Poland utterly lacked the financial traditions and infrastructure—experienced accountants, credit analysts, bankers, even bank tellers—to be able to make a sudden leap into a free market. Furthermore, several economists insisted that Sachs didn't appreciate the extent to which the Polish economy was still dominated by monopolies. If price controls were simply lifted from one day to the next, those monopolies would face no discipline whatsoever, and price gouging could be rampant.

There's no doubt that a sudden transition to an open market would provoke



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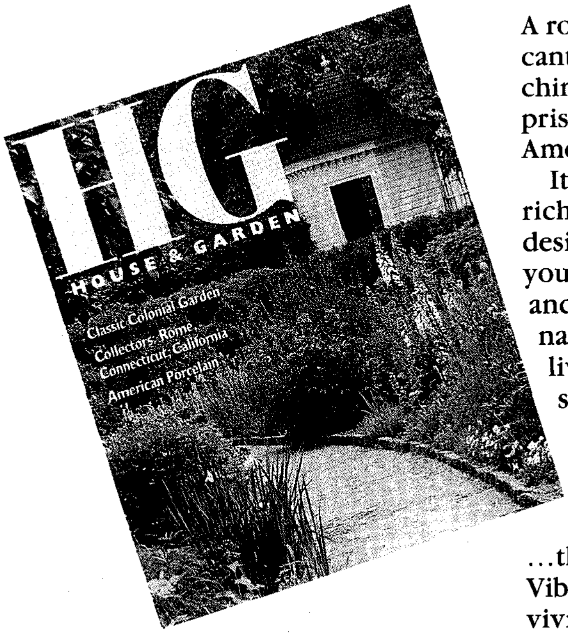

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an initial surge in prices—Sachs himself acknowledges that. One of his most persistent critics, the longtime oppositionist economist Ryszard Bugaj, maintains that the surge, far from stemming hyperinflation, would provoke an even fiercer hyperinflation as social groups clambered desperately to catch up. Sachs, for his part, envisions making a onetime adjustment in wages and pensions, and then somehow holding the line. "Now, what could really go wrong?" Sachs anticipated my question when I spoke with him. "The thing that could really go wrong is that you raise prices and then there's a wage explosion. Strikes, violence, panic, and they end up giving a huge wage increase, which means that the budgetary gains that were just saved by ending the subsidies are eaten away by higher wages, money printing accelerates, and you're once again in that spiral—only worse. That's the Achilles' heel of any stabilization program."

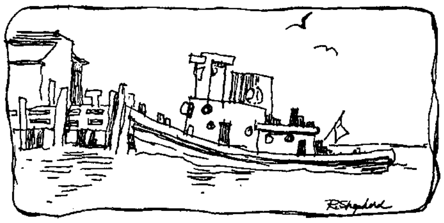
Precisely, Bugaj agreed when I repeated these comments to him. "The advocates of this approach talk about constructing a safety net to cushion the blow and ease the pressure," he said. "How to pay for the safety net? By rearranging priorities—by transferring money from the police and defense budgets, for example. But I think this type of plan could be forced on people only by a safety net of the Chilean type: the military would have to do it. The government can have the Sachs Plan or it can cut back on military and police spending, but it can't do both."

Sachs, of course, disagrees. He maintains that Solidarity's tremendous moral authority would afford it the opportunity to push through reforms of a sort that no prior regime had ever imagined attempting. Solidarity would be able to explain the coming changes to workers, they would listen, they would trust their government, they would be prepared, and they wouldn't take to the streets.

THE question of the survivability of Solidarity's moral authority in the face of major economic changes goes right to the heart of the intermediate concerns that people have about the Sachs Plan—and, for that matter, about all the plans that envision the introduction of market forces into the Polish economy, even at a gradual rate. Sachs, for his part, sees no difficulty for a workers' movement in imposing such changes on workers. He points to the case of Sweden, where, for example, through accords made in 1938 between the unions and the employers, the unions themselves assured that wages would not be allowed to reach levels that would squeeze Swedish competitiveness.

One afternoon, I asked Zbigniew Bujak, the leader of Solidarity's Warsaw regional branch, about the union's capacity for maintaining the allegiance of the workers.

"Here's the dilemma we face," he told me. "Up to now, the overwhelming power of our union was based on the strength of the working class in the big factories." One of the ironies of Polish history is that the Polish Communist Party, for ideological reasons, forced an essentially agricultural nation to undertake a mammoth industrialization program, precisely so that there would be a working class to serve as its ally, and it is this very class that instead became the Party's bitterest enemy and the source of Solidarity's phenomenal strength. "But if our program is realized this class will disappear," Bujak went on. "The dinosaur operations will be shut down. I go to factories now and I compare what these people do to moving huge mountains of sand with their bare hands. It's difficult, crushing labor. I agree that a worker needs his work to live, but *this work, this task, is worthless.* And we've been saying so. We've been telling the workers that all along. What they don't realize is that soon we will say, 'Gentlemen, stop this work—nobody is going to pay you anymore.' Now they nod as if they understood, but when that moment comes who knows how they will react? At that moment, reforms will be taking place against their wishes—reform in the interest of the entire society, Solidarity's true client, will no longer be in their immediate interest." He paused, then said, "We've had tremendous, almost unbelievable success here in Poland the past several months. But I'm aware of the fact that this great, deep success could turn into total disaster in a single day. I must say that never—not even on the eve of the coup in December, 1981—did I feel we were facing such dangers as today."



Even the best-case scenario has Poland facing a huge (if only temporary) surge in unemployment. Whole factories, employing tens of thousands of workers, will lose their subsidies and have to shut down. (Some economists are predicting that as many as thirty per cent of Polish workers stand to lose their current jobs.) In the abstract, the workers seem to favor this. But do they really understand the implications? "They don't have a clue," Jane Dobija, the insightful correspondent for National Public Radio, told me one evening over dinner. "I was at the Huta Warszawa steel mills the other day talking with some workers. I asked them about the free market. Yes, they favored it, absolutely. But, I said, what if that means closing this place down? No problem, they assured me, the state will find us some other work." She paused and took a stab at her salad. "They don't get it."

Some people—Kuron, for one—insist that there will be such need for fresh manpower in the growing light-industrial and service sectors of the new market economy that most of those laid off will quickly find new jobs. Others—Helena Luczywo, of *Gazeta*, for one—are not so sure. It's not easy to retrain a worker who has spent half his life down in a mine. Furthermore, the workers in heavy industry, who were once the cream of the Polish labor force, will face a sudden and potentially traumatic diminution in both their status and their relative pay scale. Everybody is working feverishly to weave a safety net for those who will be laid off—unemployment stipends, retraining packages, health coverage—but the trouble is that stabilization programs the world over, with their rigid insistence on budgetary discipline as the highest priority, enforce fierce austerity cutbacks in exactly such programs. Sachs suggests that Solidarity would be able to recoup some funds by not paying all the interest to the commercial banks, and he is also counting on huge infusions of assistance from the International Monetary Fund and other sources. The economist Marta Woydt pointed out to me, however, that over fifty per cent of the Poles, even before any shock transition, have no savings at all and that, whether or

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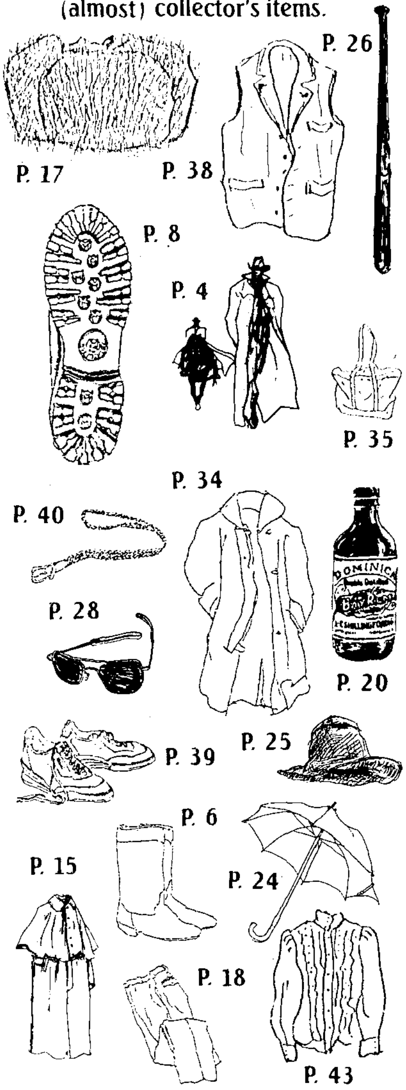

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not those outside funds might be available, it's hard to imagine how a country as poor as Poland is will be able to fashion a safety net anywhere near broad or strong enough.

As it happens, the promulgation of a hard zloty currency at a unified rate of exchange (that is, with no differential between the official rate and the black-market rate)—a reform that is absolutely essential before the other parts of the economic strategy can begin to kick in—will have an immensely complicating effect. Up to now, vast numbers of Poles have survived either by receiving occasional small stipends from friends and relatives in the West (ten or fifteen dollars a month could translate into a small fortune in zlotys) or by going to the West themselves, working in menial jobs for a few weeks, and coming back with the equivalent (once translated back into zlotys) of several months of Polish salary. If it's true that the average Polish salary up to now has been twenty dollars a month, it's also true that, even if one has had to stand in long lines to do so, it has still been possible to buy supplies in Poland at a fraction of their Western cost, thanks to the state subsidies. (Otherwise, obviously, average Poles would all have starved to death a long time ago.) As the subsidies are lifted and the exchange rates are unified, however, not only will prices skyrocket but the informal networks of assistance and self-assistance grounded in the exchange-rate differential will become increasingly ineffectual. Ten or fifteen dollars a month won't be of much help anymore. Entire survival strategies (perverse though they may have been) will be extinguished overnight, and it's not at all clear what will be there to replace them.

There is also the problem of equity. For example, even though all miners used to work equally hard for their common employer (the state), now it is going to be only those miners with the misfortune of working in the low-quality pits, where they were *assigned* to work in the first place, who are going to be facing expulsion from their jobs; miners in the better pits will emerge with their lives intact. Bitter resentments seem inevitable. A similar problem confounds all the various proposals for transferring ownership to the workers themselves via self-management schemes: some workers would thereby get relatively new and efficient plants, while others would be stuck with rotting carcasses.

And then there's the problem of mobility. Poland faces an abysmal housing shortage; in fact, this shortage was one of the main catalysts of the 1988 strikes, and figures for 1989 show that the slump in housing construction has since worsened dramatically. Marta Woydt pointed to a particularly crushing dilemma. "Take a typical town in Silesia, where there might be five mines, all of which should be shut down," she said. "They produce terrible-quality coal, at a continuous loss. The town could well have a population of over a hundred thousand basically living off those mines. Fine, you can shut them down, but it's not as if those people could just pick up and move. There's no place for them to move *to*. Even if there might be work to be had in some of the larger cities, there are no rooms to be had, and certainly none that they can afford."

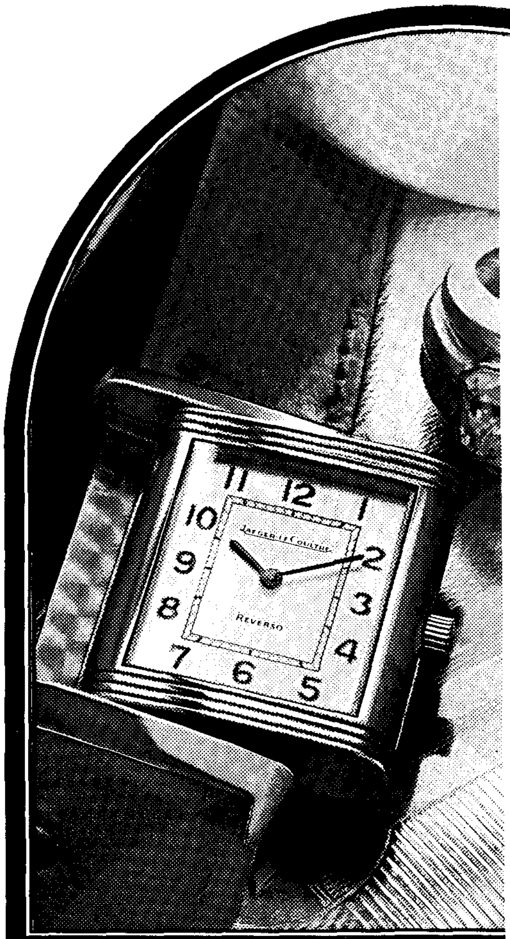
Sachs suggests that with time the free market will naturally generate new housing. But what are such people —and there are likely to be hundreds of thousands of them—supposed to do in the meantime?

All these questions set the stage for another concern: Solidarity faces the danger of being outflanked by a virulent, urgent, demagogic style of populism. In fact, that danger already has a name: Alfred Miodowicz. Miodowicz, who is the head of the O.P.Z.Z., the substitute trade union that the regime launched during martial law in an attempt to siphon support away from Solidarity—and the fellow who debated Walesa on TV last year—was supposed to be the Party's puppet, but he has been behaving increasingly like a genie unbottled. For example, he almost single-handedly upset the conclusion of the round-table negotiations, provoking a tense and embarrassing nearly three-hour delay in the live-televised signing ceremonies, and thereby enraging his Party overlords.

The columnist Konstanty Gebert explained to me one source of Miodowicz's growing independent strength—the internal dynamic of the Communist Party's own transformation. "The Party is beginning to break up, but not so much along ideological lines as along class lines," he told me.

"The higher *nomenklatura* are fairly secure—they can live with Solidarity. They're competent. I mean, although in the last several decades the Party increasingly became a haven for simple opportunists, still, over the years, there was a sort of process of selection, and as they got higher up they tended to choose 'the best of what's left.' And, being competent, those guys are virtually indispensable in the current situation: they're needed to run the country. In any case, they've all been hoarding money, so they'll easily be able to buy into the emerging private economy. In many cases, they've already done so: state enterprises have suddenly been 'bought' by their managers, at ridiculously low prices. So they're O.K. But as you go down into the middle and lower levels of the Party apparatus none of that applies. Those people are incompetent and entirely dispensable, and they mostly don't have any money. Up to now, their privileges have derived from their access, their station, rather than their salaries—the fact, say, that the saleswoman at the meat counter would set aside a fine slab of beef for the minor bureaucrat in exchange for the sort of favor only he could provide. But now that those people stand to lose everything—their economic, political, and social standing—they're terribly insecure, and they'll follow anyone who offers them assurances regarding their future status. Of the Party's two million members, a million eight hundred thousand are O.P.Z.Z. members, and these people may no longer be willing to follow Party discipline—for example, to refrain from sparking strikes just because the Party leaders, who for the time being have thrown in their lot with Solidarity, tell them to. Meanwhile, the O.P.Z.Z. also has several million members in the working class, especially at the larger enterprises. In fact, the O.P.Z.Z. has more members than Solidarity has at this point, because, after all, for most of the past eight years it was the only institution fulfilling certain rudimentary trade-union functions, and it thereby emerged with a certain standing in its own right."

Gebert continued, "These days, Miodowicz's rhetoric is fiercely populist. He's standing for all the sorts of things the Communist Party used to claim it did, even if it never actually did: the absolute supremacy of the working class, the villainy of the rich, and so



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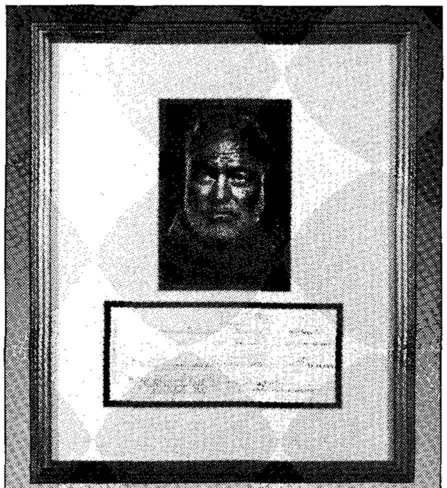

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forth—the sorts of things Solidarity used to claim it stood for as well and no longer does. He has inherited all of Solidarity's populist rhetoric with none of its sense of responsibility. And now things are really beginning to get perverse. He has begun courting a group of angrily disaffected former Solidarity leaders, some of the top people from the 1980-81 days—purists like Andrzej Gwiazda and Anna Walentynowicz, of Gdansk, and Jan Rulewski, of Bydgoszcz, and Marian Jurczyk, of Szczecin, all of whom have felt themselves shunted aside during the current restoration. In varying degrees, they've all been horribly mistreated by Walesa, and they bear him both a personal grudge and an ideological one: they feel that he has abandoned the true religion, the true interests of the workers. For those people to join forces with Miodowicz would certainly make a strange alliance, but one with a certain weird internal logic."

Thus even if Solidarity were to enforce a no-strike pledge for the first several months of its own government's transition to a free market, there already exists an institutional framework capable of channelling any angry, inchoate populist reactions in highly unpredictable directions.

"A certain polarization of wealth is inevitable," Modzelewski, the Wroclaw theorist, said to me. "It's needed as a way of providing entrepreneurial motivation. Fine. It's not a question of allowing it or not. Not allowing it leads the way to Albania or Rumania. But if it should be accomplished too radically or too quickly or too brutally the outcome could easily be a populist explosion, after which we'd also end up in Albania."

IF one assumes that Solidarity's government will manage to push through, either quickly or gradually, a transition to a largely free market, and to stave off an angry populist reaction, there remain other, longer-term challenges to consider. During the last decade, Poland has actually been facing three interrelated crises simultaneously: a political crisis, an economic crisis, and an ecological crisis. Of the three, surprisingly, the political has thus far proved to be the least intractable; but the ecological one may yet prove the toughest. Many proponents of Communist theory have long maintained that "the people" would be con-

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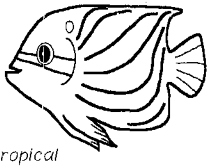

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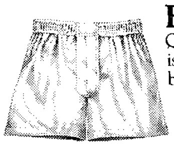

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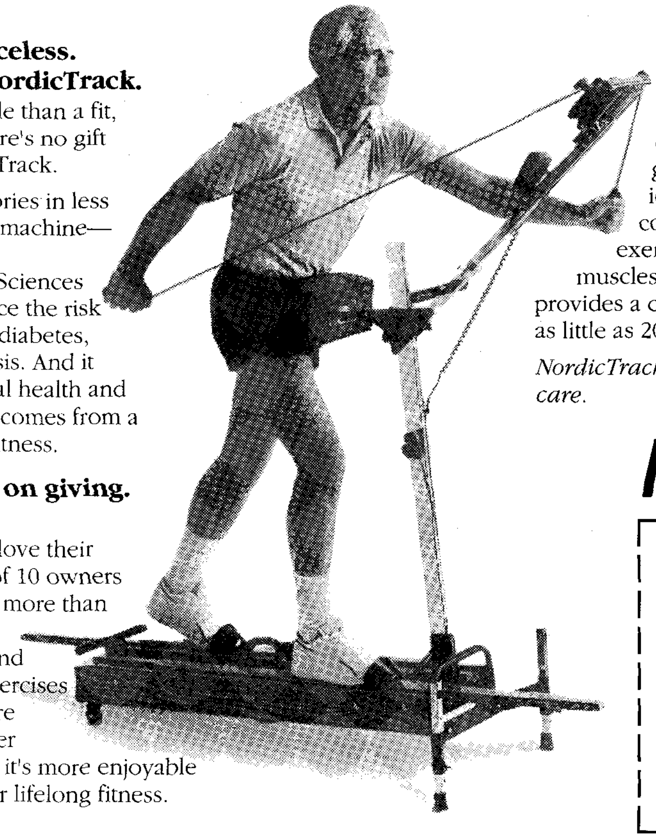
stitutionally incapable of defiling their own environment, but, of all the bankruptcies in Communist theory, that one may by now have proved itself the worst. Central Eastern Europe—and particularly Czechoslovakia and Poland—may now be facing some of the greatest ecological devastation anywhere on the planet.

The Vistula River, Poland's principal waterway, winds lazily through the flat lowlands of the country and through many of its major cities, and for most of its length it is a toxic sewer. In Gdansk Harbor, where the Vistula empties into the Baltic, the eel, flounder, and herring have either left or died off; fish caught in the harbor stink so badly when cooked that they are referred to as "diesel-fish." Krakow, which was once one of the loveliest cities in Europe, survived its Nazi occupation unscathed but will barely survive the nineteen-eighties: during the last few decades, the rains in Krakow have literally melted away the faces and hands of almost all the medieval stone statues and bas-reliefs that once graced the city. The average life expectancy in Poland is about ten years less than that for the rest of Europe—a statistic for which most doctors place the blame squarely on the country's appallingly unhealthful environment.

That is the situation which Solidarity has inherited and into which it will now be unleashing the forces of the open market. Going in, Poland has virtually no legal regulations dealing with the environment, and it will, of course, take time to develop some. More problematic yet, perhaps, is the fact that Poland has no ecological-monitoring infrastructure to speak of—the one deeded the country by the Communists is hopelessly overwhelmed and inefficient—so the parliament doesn't even have any valid figures to work with, let alone any way of enforcing whatever regulations it might eventually develop.

Thousands of fiercely competing enterprises now threaten to rush into this already ravaged environment, each one trying to secure its advantage. Given a choice, especially in the absence of regulations or enforcement, between dumping wastes on the way to greater profits or properly treating them at the expense of those profits, how might such companies be expected to behave? Will local governments, given their excruciatingly overextended budgets, be more likely to invest in soup kitchens for the unemployed or in sewage-treatment plants? Already Poland is beginning to receive all sorts of proposals for foreign joint ventures to establish hotels and resorts, and naturally the foreign entrepreneurs are focussing on the most lovely, unspoiled districts in the country. Poland is a country in desperate need of investment, so it can't afford to be too choosy.

In general—and this is a problem that transcends the environmental sphere—as Poland opens itself up to international investment, it is not going to be able to insist on advanced norms of regulation such as Western Europe has at length established. On the contrary, it will be competing with Third World countries to offer the most inviting conditions for manufacturing, and many of the Western European companies thinking about expanding their operations into Poland will, in fact, be fleeing the wage structures, work rules, contentious unions, and environmental regulations of their



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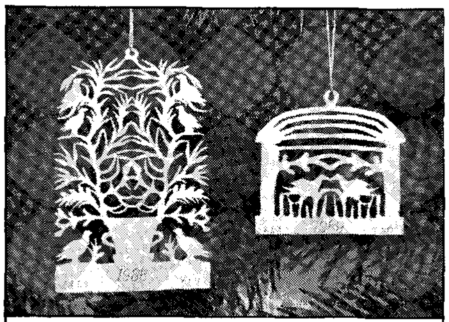
home countries (just as American companies often do when they expand into Mexico).

The most famous foreign claim to have been staked in Poland to date, and one of the most peculiar—the sudden, impromptu decision by the Johnson & Johnson heiress, Barbara Piasecka Johnson, to buy a controlling interest in the Lenin Shipyard, in Gdansk, thereby perhaps saving the yard from closure—illustrates other disconcerting characteristics of the new era Poland is entering. Lech Walesa has touted this sale as one of Solidarity's greatest achievements, and a model for such situations. One of the oddest, most revealing moments in the union's recent history, however, came on August 11th, when the negotiations leading to the formation of the new government appeared to have stalled, and Solidarity's Gdansk district organization therefore called a districtwide one-hour work stoppage, to demand immediate resolution of the impasse. But the workers at the Lenin Shipyard—the flagship of the entire movement—decided not to participate in that strike, "so as not to offend Mrs. Johnson." (In fact, Zbigniew Bujak, in Warsaw, told me that workers at every single factory in the country under any sort of consideration for a foreign buyout will likewise decline to participate in any future strike calls, for similar reasons.)

The option to strike may in any case become increasingly academic in the new Poland. I had brought along a clipping from the *Financial Times* of last May 18th: an interview with Jerzy Piskorz-Nalecki, a Polish ship designer and entrepreneur who had teamed up with an Anglo-Polish company named Durainsul to lease K-2, one of the most important sections of the Lenin Shipyard, for the next five years—a deal that was closed before Mrs. Johnson came along. In the course of the interview Piskorz-Nalecki declared, "There will be no strike trouble in the private yards. We will get the unions out of the yards. The workers may join them, but we may also choose other workers."

I tried that quotation out on several of the Solidarity leaders I spoke with, and none of them seemed particularly worried by it. They had just succeeded in bringing down a Communist dictatorship—what threat could some puny capitalist conceivably pose? "We Poles



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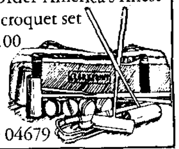

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learned how to fight for our trade-union rights," Frasyniuk, the Solidarity leader in Wroclaw, told me, dismissing the article with a confident laugh. "We've shown we're not afraid of troops, of prison. I don't worry that people will be afraid to join unions in such places." But the ground rules will now be completely different. The work force will be fragmented, and there will no longer be a government to strike against. In a way, the previous situation, despite its troops and prisons, might have been strategically easier: you struck, you held out long enough, and the ministers or the Party secretaries started toppling; you occupied the premises, and they had to think several times before pouring troops in, because such an action could bring the whole country out in support. But will the whole country come out in support of unionists' being expelled from Piskorz-Nalecki's joint venture? With thousands desperately seeking work, will Piskorz-Nalecki have any trouble making good on his threats?

"Especially in the initial stage, Western entrepreneurs will have a big opportunity to carry out such a policy," Zbigniew Bujak responded when I read him the quotation. "But if those entrepreneurs believe that they can do well in the long run by forbidding unions and forcing workers to endure substandard conditions, they're deeply wrong."

I hoped he was right.

"YOU don't get it, do you?" Piotr Bikont, the documentary-film maker, said to me one evening after I had spent half an hour voicing my forebodings—ecology, union busting, exploitation. "Yes, of course, those are all problems," he said. "Real problems. But that's the point—they're the real, normal problems of real, normal countries. You have no idea how long we've been yearning for real, normal problems instead of all the surreal, abnormal problems we've had to cope with in this crazy country for so many years."

"WE may not be able to avoid all those bad aspects of capitalism, but it can't be worse than Communism," a worker in Gdansk was saying. "And our biggest challenge—our entire effort—is devoted to turning this crazy Communist country into a normal European one."

I had gone to Gdansk and out into

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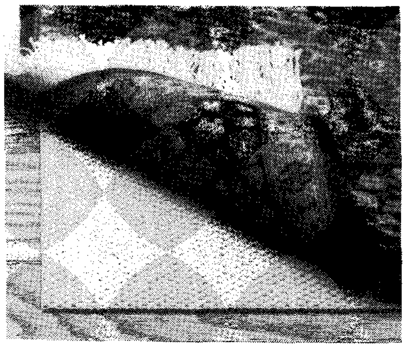

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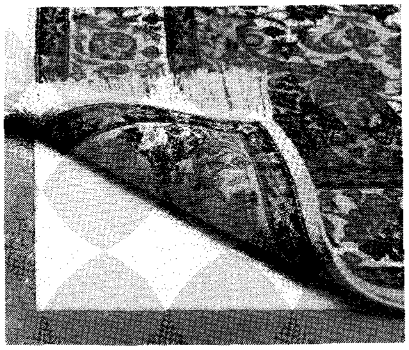

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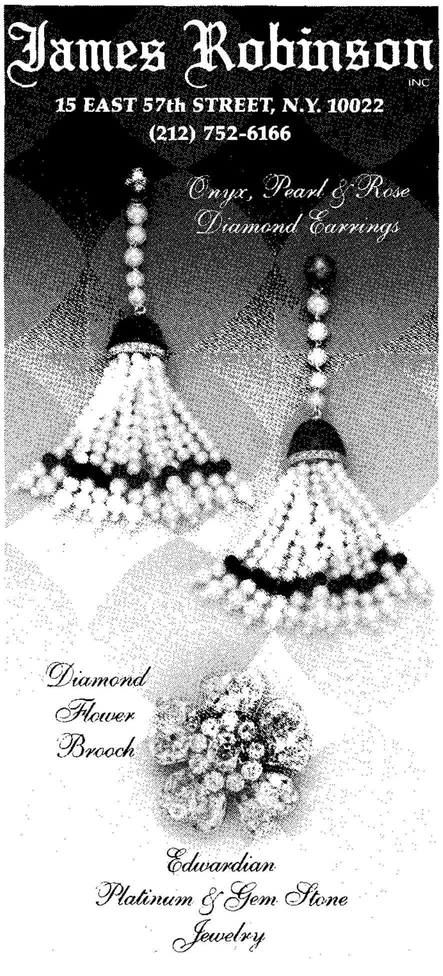
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one of its suburbs to meet with some of the members of the Gdansk Coöperative. Founded in the depths of martial law, in the fall of 1983, by two veteran Solidarity activists from the Lenin Shipyard who had just recently been released from internment, only to find that in the meantime they'd been "wolf-ticketed" (blacklisted from being rehired in the yard or hired by any other state enterprise in the region), the coöperative grossed a modest five million zlotys its first year, forty million the next, a billion in 1988, and this year its gross will crest above two billion zlotys. It is currently fielding over four hundred workers, with branch offices thriving in Rzeszów, Bydgoszcz, Krakow, and Katowice. Virtually all the coöperative's members were fired from their prior jobs for political reasons, and, before joining the coöperative, virtually none of them had any experience with the sort of work they were about to be required to perform.

"Industrial alpinism," Maciej Plazynski, the coöperative's president and co-founder, said in summarizing that work for me. We were sitting in the wood-panelled A-frame attic of a modest but well-furnished three-story building that serves as the coöperative's main office. It was getting late, and we were being joined by a growing number of members; it was clear that the offices also served as a sort of clubhouse and social center for the men. Plazynski went on to explain how he and a friend, suddenly unemployed and unemployable in the fall of 1983, had surveyed the labor scene, looking for a sort of task that paid well and yet allowed a certain amount of independence. "Chimneys," he said. "Industrial chimneys. Smokestacks. Tall cranes. Radio-transmission towers. Church spires. All over the country, there are tall structures in regular need of painting and maintenance. So we just taught ourselves how to perform those tasks—you know, scaffolding, rope and pinion, that sort of thing—and we began hiring ourselves out." Neither of them had had any prior experience in standard alpinism. "It was scary at first, but we got used to it," Plazynski told me. And presently they were joined by other activists who had been similarly stranded—historians, dockworkers, rail workers, physicists. Their specialties expanded: "Anticorrosion work, high construction,

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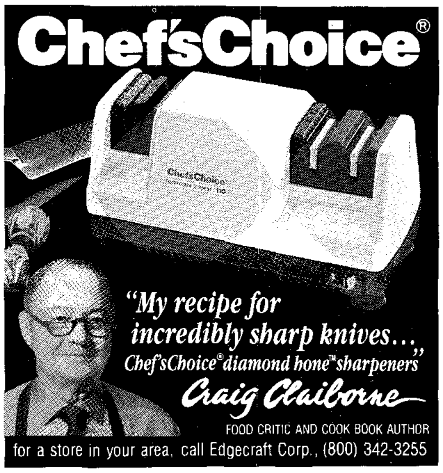

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helicopter montage of electrical-transmission towers." State enterprises that were not allowed to hire them as individuals were allowed to farm out specific, circumscribed tasks to the coöperative as a whole, and eventually it became one of the foremost enterprises in the country with the technical expertise to handle such tasks. Plazynski continued his list: "Generally speaking, any complicated work involving sites difficult to get at. Well digging. Underwater work—we've been doing some of that recently." He paused, and added, "And then, of course, all manner of social activities underground."

The vigilance of the secret police notwithstanding, one of the coöperative's main (unstated) functions was to provide its members with highly flexible work hours at good pay, in order to free them for their various extracurricular activities—running underground printing presses and distribution networks, serving as couriers, organizing clandestine union cells, planning demonstrations.

"And then, of course, whenever strikes kicked up, we simply closed up shop," one of the men now volunteered. "Came down off the scaffoldings, laid down our tools, rushed over to the scenes of the various strikes, and smuggled ourselves in to offer our technical expertise: how to run mimeo machines, operate P.A. systems, develop lines of communication with the outside world, secure the gates, smuggle food past the blockades—that kind of thing." The members of the Gdansk Coöperative had proved to be key players in both the May and the August strikes in the Lenin Shipyard.

"Historical alpinism," another of the men now said about that facet of the coöperative's enterprise.

A jug of Johnnie Walker circulated about the room (by now there were about twenty of us up there in the attic), and gradually our talk shifted to the country's current situation.

"We are pluralists here," one of the men said.

"It's true," another said. "You'll find all kinds of political types here. But we all know and respect one another through our physical work together—we *have* to trust one another—so we hear one another out."

For all the range of political viewpoints, there was a remarkable consensus among these men on the desirability of the earliest and most complete possible transition to a wide-open free market. Occasionally, one or another of them would backslide into a prior egalitarianism, as when one of them said, "I was born in 1958, and I feel so out of it when I'm talking with this new generation today—all they ever think about is money." But for the most part the celebration of the new, capitalist impulse was unrestrained. ("I know," another man said in reply to the comment about the new generation. "*That's* what's so wonderful about those kids—that's our best hope.")

They entertained a certain number of fantasies about the operations of the capitalist system in the West. "Oh, I think you exaggerate," one of them said when I brought up some of my own misgivings. "Under Western capitalism, somehow they always manage to take care of the weakest ones."

"Sure, there's no public-health system in America," another added. "There isn't much of one here, either. But at least in America everybody earns enough to be able to afford to buy private insurance, and that's how it will be here, too."

Their fervor for the open market had begun to condense itself into certain mantralike formulas:

"The active ones will find a way."

"Who says a hundred per cent of the people need an education? A lot of people can get by perfectly well without one."

"Sure there will be some unemployed—but those will mainly be the alcoholics and other sorts of parasites. Anyone who wants to work will be able to."

"Every person will just have to be responsible for himself," one of the men said, with confident finality, and most of the others nodded their agreement.

But wait a second, I said. Wasn't that a complete repudiation of Solidarity's earlier ethic—indeed, of the very term "solidarity"?

"Maybe," the man replied. "But if we ever want to live normal lives in a normal country it will have to be like that."

"Anyway, we talk too much about Solidarity," another fellow interjected.

But what about the earlier egalitarian tendencies in the union, I asked—the across-the-board pay increases, the

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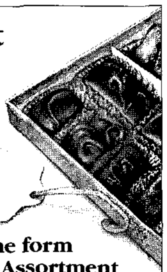

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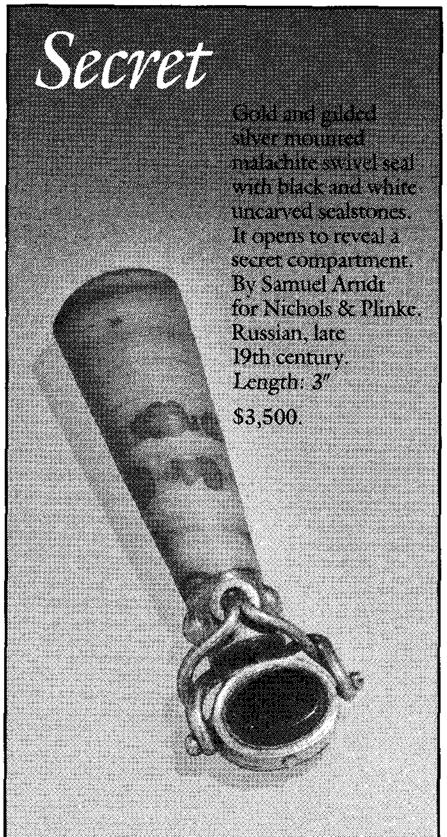
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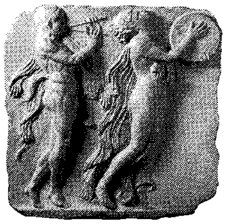

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shipworkers striking on behalf of the nurses, and so forth?

"You're mistaken," one of them said. "The egalitarian demands were never that important."

"No, there *was* a profound egalitarian sentiment in the beginning," another man objected. "I think it was an inheritance from all those years of Communist indoctrination."

"Yeah," another agreed. "Maybe that's one good thing about martial law—that it knocked that out of us and helped to prepare the ground for the acceptance of free-market liberalism."

But wait a second, I said again. For all their celebration of self-interest, time and again they themselves had behaved selflessly during the past several years. Every man might be responsible for himself, but back in May of 1988, and again in August of the same year, they had dropped their work and forsworn their profits in an instant to come out, in solidarity, with a bunch of young strikers much less well off than they themselves. They had manned the barricades, demanding Solidarity. They had chanted, "There can be no freedom without Solidarity."

"But the main point was never the union," one of them said. "It was always the freedom. That's what we were after from the start—the liquidation of this infernal Communist system. And Solidarity was just a vehicle for that."

I pointed out that as Poland now began its conversion to the free market many of the big factories and mines and yards that they had been striking during 1988 would begin to be shut down. All of them there were gainfully employed, but many of those young workers they had been standing with, side by side, in solidarity, during the strikes, were soon going to be unemployed, maybe hungry, maybe homeless. What responsibility were they going to feel toward them? Had they simply been using them as a sort of wedge to gain their own breakthrough? If one day, some months ahead, they should happen upon one of their former fellow-strikers, homeless, begging on the street, how were they going to feel?

"That's a demagogic question," one fellow replied angrily. "It's theoretical, hypothetical, and it's really unfair."

"Look," another said. "Those strikes were political strikes, and various political groups naturally were supporting political allies. We were all trying to push toward a situation of opening. It had nothing to do with selflessness or charity. What we fought for together we fought for in good faith. We achieved that main objective, and then, inevitably, we started again, as if from scratch."

The evening seemed to be subsiding and the conversation began to drift. People discussed future entrepreneurial opportunities. But at a certain moment one of the backsliders returned to the fray, telling a story. A few months earlier, he said, he had wanted to see how things were going in the Gdynia harbor, so he'd taken a job for a few weeks, working for another one of those small independent firms that had started subcontracting specific tasks in various state enterprises. This one wasn't run as a coöperative—it was just a foreman standing in for the owner, overseeing all the day laborers. "What I encountered there was nineteenth-century capitalism in its purest form," he said. "What they were doing was taking apart a concrete dock, and they were doing this by hand—breaking the slabs, loading the carts: thirty people working ten hours to do what a machine could have done in a few hours, only the guy had calculated it all out, and it was cheaper for him to employ these people. This went on for several days, and the owner's foreman would come around every once in a while, look the guys over, and if someone looked weak—and let me tell you, after a few days of that, you had definitely weakened—or else if someone happened to have dropped a slab and somehow injured himself, well, then he'd just fire the guy on the spot. There were plenty of others outside who needed the work, he said. He'd fire the guy, and there were thirty others of us there, and not one of us so much as lifted a finger to come to the fired guy's defense. People were that desperate."

A FEW days after that, I took a plane back to New York, and it was only a few days after that, at long last, that Tadeusz Mazowiecki presented his program and his Cabinet to the parliament for approval. At one point, halfway into his speech, he appeared to take ill, and the session had to be interrupted for nearly an hour. (His doctors subsequently assured reporters

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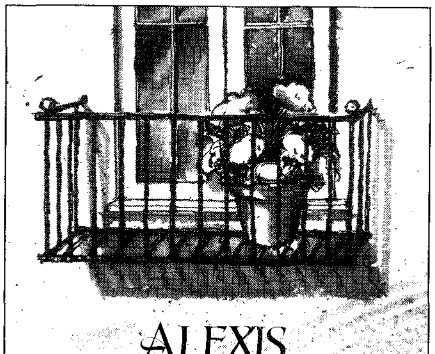

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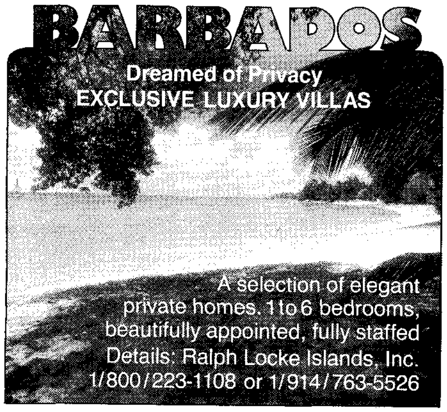

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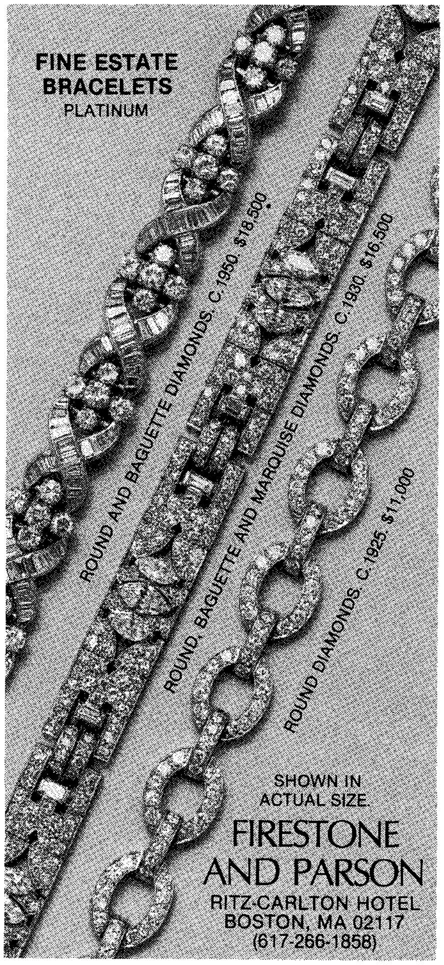
that the attack had simply been one of acute fatigue.) "I am in the same state as the Polish economy," Mazowiecki said, resuming, "but I have got over it. And I hope that the Polish economy will, too."

The economic team Mazowiecki assembled, led by Leszek Balcerowicz—a forty-two-year-old American-educated researcher affiliated with Warsaw's Central School of Planning and Statistics—was heavily weighted toward proponents of a rapid conversion to the free market. ("Poland doesn't need a third way, a Polish way," Mazowiecki said in another speech around this time. "We know what works in the world, and we know what doesn't, and we want what works." Balcerowicz, for his part, noted, "We don't need to rediscover America. We want institutions with proven value.")

Jacek Kuron himself was named to head one of the ministries. (Things hadn't much changed over at Jacek Kuron's apartment, an article in *Gazeta* noted, describing Kuron's first morning at his new job. There was still the standard-issue government vehicle parked outside, with its ever-present driver—only whereas before the guy had been a secret policeman on perpetual stakeout, now he was the ministry chauffeur. The article went on to report that for the first time in anyone's memory, and to everyone's astonishment, Kuron had been spotted, reporting for duty at the ministry, *wearing a tie*.) He was put in charge of the daunting, thankless task of contriving the strongest possible safety net for the suddenly looming transition. In addition, he began making weekly appearances on the evening news, offering fireside-chatlike pep talks to the exhausted populace. Kuron urged his listeners to "launch a nationwide campaign to locate the needy and help them," pledging a third of his own ministerial salary as an example. "Stop looking at what your neighbor is earning and how prices have grown," he counselled another evening. "We have to see how much each of us can produce. There has to be joint participation in the great battle for tomorrow. A Polish economic miracle is possible."

Meanwhile, with truly surprising speed, the other members of the team set themselves to designing the intricate legal framework for the shock transition, largely along lines initially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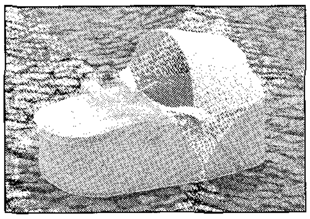

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envisioned by Sachs. One after another, the team members formulated an anti-monopoly bill, a revised tax code, new laws enshrining basic property rights, provisions for creating corporate entities out of public-sector institutions, the groundwork for an expanded, decentralized private banking system, and emergency measures for food stamps and other transitional assistance—all of which they began spiriting through the parliament. Sachs and his associates were intimately involved in advising on and developing the details of the program (Sachs himself lent Kuron his own tie that first day), and they were also intensively lobbying Western institutions—banks, governments, the I.M.F., the World Bank—for the most generous possible package of grants, loans, and debt-repayment postponements. All told, Sachs said to me the other day, the new regime should be able to deploy close to three billion dollars in new funds during the first year of the transition.

So it seemed that the Poles were going to be able to give the experiment their best shot. Still, there was no denying that it was going to be precisely that—an experiment, and one of the most spectacular and spectacularly risky macroeconomic experiments ever undertaken. (Sachs was no longer bothering to insist that this sort of thing happens all the time. "This is very dramatic," he admitted to me. "I've never seen anything like it in any other country. It is simply the boldest and most comprehensive economic reform ever attempted.")

On my final day in Warsaw, Halina Bortnowska had said, "We're not laboratory rats here, and, really, we've had enough of grand experiments. Truly, one mustn't experiment with the lives of people who have only one life to live." At the time, her comment had rung profoundly true to me, and it still does. And yet it is also clearly the case that Poland has now drifted into such uncharted terrain that anything the country does—even including nothing—will constitute an experiment of the grandest proportions.

—LAWRENCE WESCHLER

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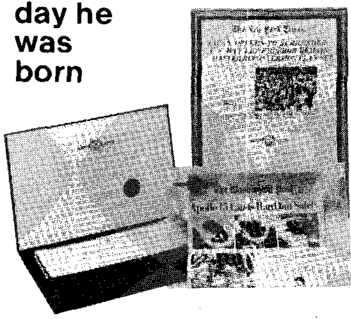

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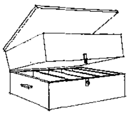

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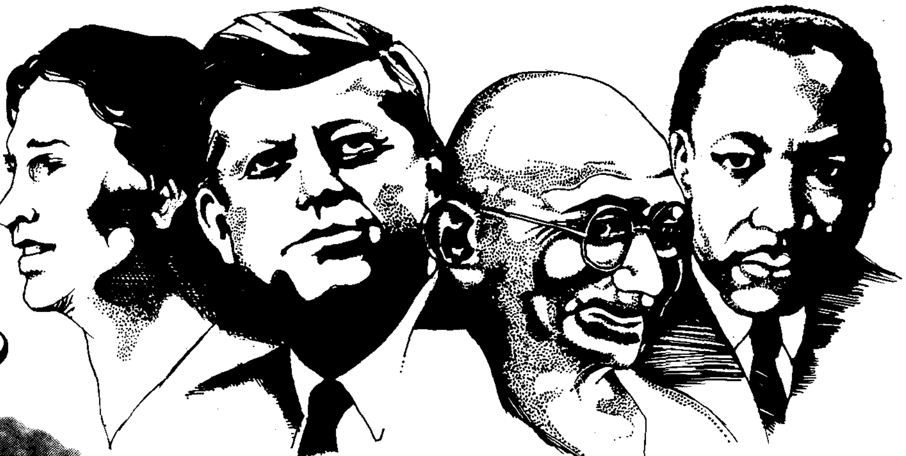

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THE THEATRE

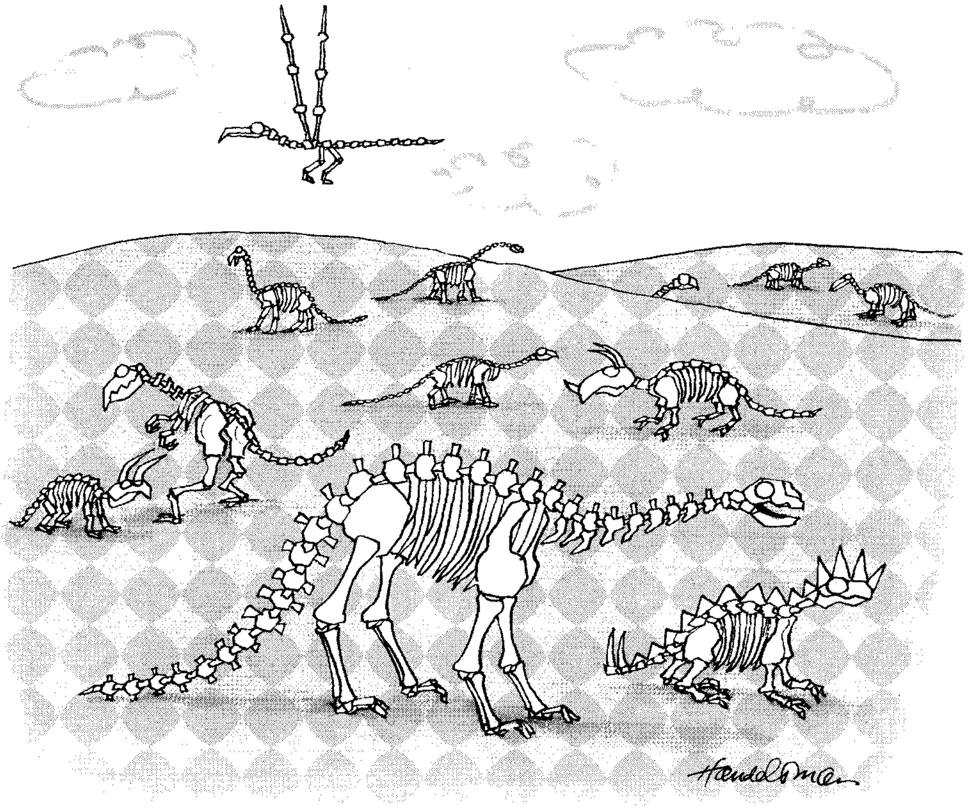
Hail, Caesar!

THE news, in case reassurance is needed, is that Sid Caesar is as funny as he ever was—and who funnier? Although his "Does Anybody Know What I'm Talking About?," late at the John Golden, may not have been "Your Show of Shows" in all its glory, there were enough comic lines and notions to provoke instant laughter. Anything Mr. Caesar touches turns to gold anyway. As a bridegroom in bed for the first time with his bride, he made the line "My leg goes there" sound so inspired that one was tempted to think, Who needs Woody Allen or Neil Simon or Mel Brooks or any other writer from the old bunch? One was wrong.

"Does Anybody Know What I'm Talking About?" started life as a night-club act at the Village Gate (where I missed it). To groom it for Broadway, it acquired Martin Charnin, as director, and a supporting company that could not appease a longing for Imogene Coca and Carl Reiner and Howard Morris, among others, and there were a number of sketches that simply didn't pay off. A particular nuisance was an interminable jape about a bullfight, so cluttered with noisy supporting players, entrances and exits, snatches of *pasa dobles*, songs, cries of "*Olé!*," and whatever, that when our matador entered the audience was too exhausted to welcome him. Distractions, distractions. On the other hand, there was Mr. Caesar as a penny gum machine ceaselessly in motion; as a six-month-old baby commenting on his elders; and at last, next to closing, as a visiting German professor in an airport interview—a sketch so strong and funny and nostalgic that it almost made up for the few mistakes.

According to the program, the elaborate sets and lighting were designed by Neil Peter Jampolis; the costumes were designed by Karen Rosten. Nobody wrote the show.

NOTHING but praise for "Closer Than Ever," an anthology of songs and sketches about this city, by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music)—the team responsible for the delightful "Starting Here Starting Now" some years ago. This show, at the Cherry Lane, is just as good, if not better. Brent Barrett, Sally Mayes, Richard Muenz, and Lynne Wintersteller, the four young singers who make up the company, have impressive credentials and can do whatever acting is required. Under the direction of Mr. Maltby, the minimal action is light and precise, and the company ticks off with considerable style and humor many of our own preoccupations, and occasionally tries to answer our own unanswerable questions ("If I love him, how can he love me not?").



"Here we still are, eh? So much for the gloom-and-doom types who warned against eating all the vegetation."

Of all the sketches, I guess my favorite is about an exercise group in which someone shouts, with great firmness, not to say anger, "Jane is *thin*. Peter is *thin*. Hank was *thin*. The Fondas are all thin people!" It should be mentioned that all these singers are attractive as well as gifted and agreeable, and they thoroughly deserve their luck in having such refreshing and tender and witty songs to sing. "Closer Than Ever" was originally conceived by Steven Scott Smith, for the Williamstown Theatre Festival, and he co-directs with Mr. Maltby. The spare scenery was designed by Philipp Jung and lighted by Natasha Katz; the costumes were designed by Jess Goldstein. The touch is light; everything is in keeping. That there is no amplification enhances one's pleasure, of course, as does the Cherry Lane itself—a perfect home for this charmer.

—EDITH OLIVER

Anti-Nuclear-Family Drama

TOWARD the middle of the first act of David Hare's "The Secret Rapture," at the Ethel Barrymore, two characters have an argument about how to deal with crazy, manipulative people. The heroine, Isobel (Blair Brown), has given a job to her deceased father's second wife, Katherine (Mary Beth Hurt), an unbalanced, destructive young woman with a history of substance abuse and unemployment. Now Katherine is wreaking havoc at the small London studio where Isobel and her lover/partner, Irwin (Michael

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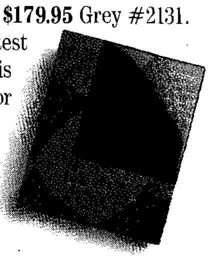

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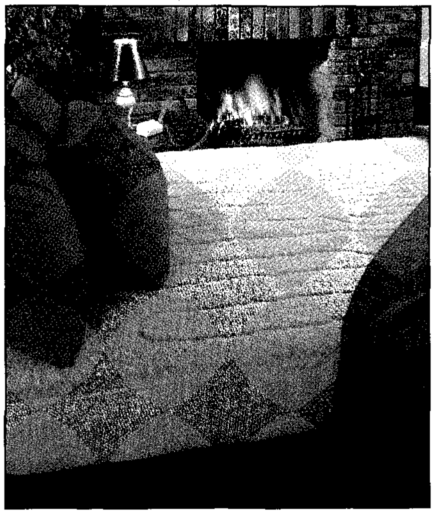

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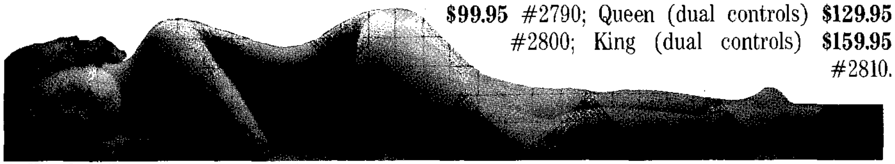

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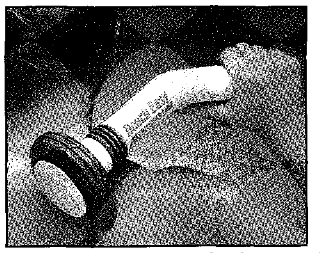

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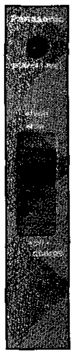

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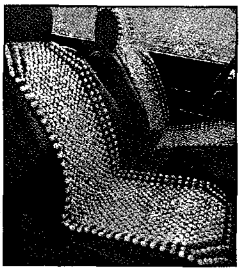

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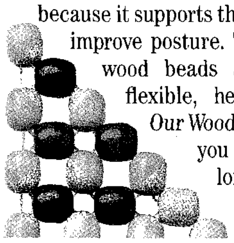

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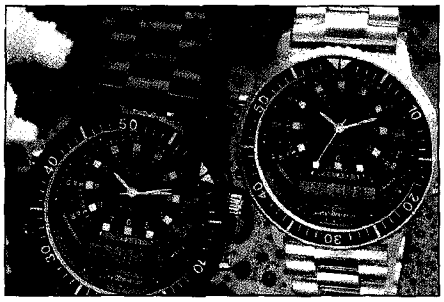

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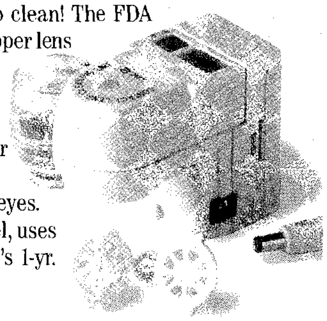

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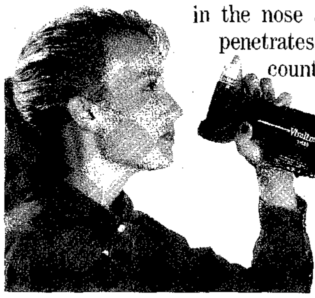

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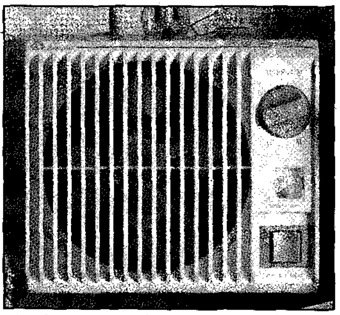

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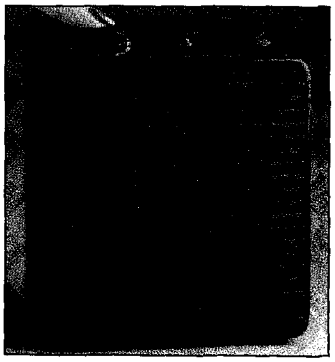

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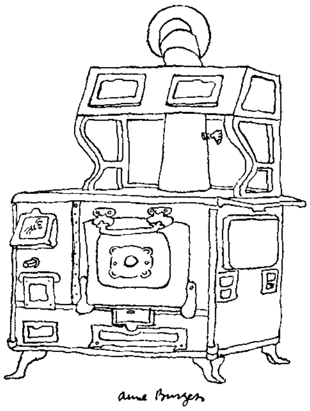
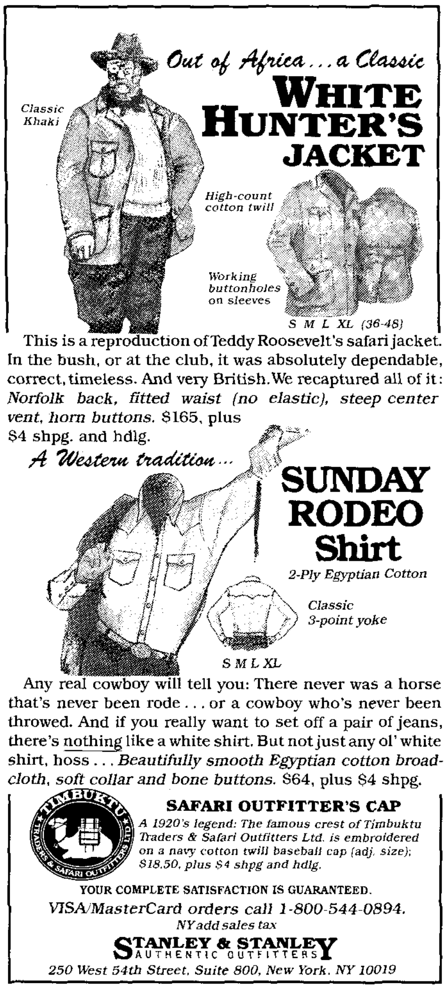
Wincott), design book jackets and record-album covers. Trying to persuade Isobel to throw Katherine out, Irwin quite accurately characterizes a certain kind of neurotic: "chronically dependent . . . on other people's good will," who looks for suckers to take advantage of and then proceeds to behave badly, "always at somebody else's expense." Listening to this description, anyone who has ever had a troublesome relative, friend, or lover (and which of us hasn't?) might identify with the situation in the play and think that Hare is grappling with something real. But the moment passes. The heroine's position ("I can't just abandon her") proves to amount to little more than pious righteousness, and you find yourself thinking, No, my life is more complicated than that—this is baloney.

The central character of "The Secret Rapture," the terminally good Isobel, seems a woman afflicted by a congenital inability to say anything interesting about anyone. She is surrounded by curious enough people: her sister, Marion (Frances Conroy), is a brawling martinet; her brother-in-law, Tom (Stephen Vinovich), is a religious fanatic; her father's widow is an alcoholic dropout who married a man twice her age. But Isobel can't seem to pass judgment on any of them. As a matter of fact, the heroine of "The Secret Rapture" is not all that different from the character that Blair Brown—for whom David Hare created the role of Isobel—portrays in the television sitcom "The Days and Nights of Molly Dodd." Like Molly Dodd, she is the still center of a universe in which crazy, objectionable people orbit about her, and her function, like that of the television character, seems to be to stand around looking hurt or bemused while others systematically let her down.



The play opens with the funeral of Isobel and Marion's father, Robert—a kindly and cultivated man (we are given to understand) who owned and ran a small bookshop near his big country house and participated in antinuclear demonstrations. Robert's death has raised the question of what will become of Katherine, and at first Marion and Tom are content to leave the problem to Isobel. No sooner has Isobel taken Katherine on at the firm and given her a place to stay, however, than sister and brother-in-law decide to get involved, offering to "invest" in the little company. It's not what Isobel wants, but Irwin (Marion and Tom have got round him by promising to double his salary once they are on the board) points out that the firm needs capital. Isobel gives in, and from there on it's just a matter of guessing where Hare will set the scene in which Isobel finally loses the firm.

On the face of it, Hare's theme seems to be family relations; unfortunately, he approaches his subject so complacently as to make a mockery of character and human experience. The people who inhabit his play are more than just caricatures; they're political stereotypes. Marion isn't just a selfish and dictatorial person given to parading her narrow-mindedness and greed; she's a junior minister in Thatcher's Department of the Environment. The good-natured, conciliatory Tom isn't just ineffectual; he's a born-again Christian. What Hare is presenting—disingenuously or not—as a family thrown into disarray by the death of a beloved father is really a blueprint of contemporary society as he views it, with Marion as the blinkered, right-wing figurehead (Miss Conroy is even got up to look like Margaret Thatcher) and Tom as the hypocrite fundamentalist who flies from moral ambiguities, taking refuge in personal salvation. The bribable boyfriend, Irwin, who comes on the scene advertising his dislike of blood sports and jesting about right-wing politicians but winds up cheating on Isobel with Marion's administrative aide (Jennifer Van Dyck), clearly stands for liberals seduced by the go-for-it ethos of supply-side economics, and Katherine for that unstable element of society known as the underclass. We are probably meant to equate the dead father with that vanished breed of truly good person, the old-style intellectual. As for



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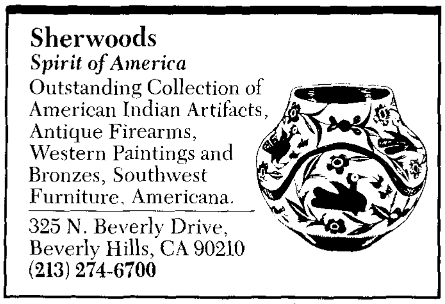
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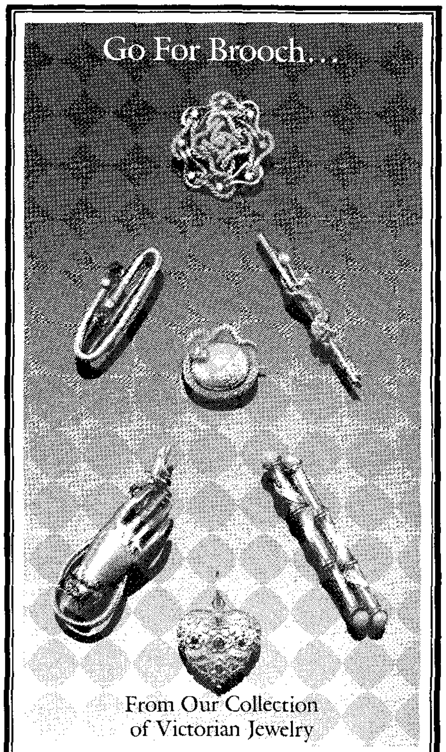
Isobel, she is the martyred do-gooder, left by the Marions, the Toms, and the Irwins to care for the disadvantaged and forsaken, and in the end destroyed by them all.

That Hare wants us to take his little family drama as an allegory of what has happened to political idealism in England and America (socialism in his country, liberalism in ours) is only too clear. In Marion's advice to Isobel on how to deal with Katherine—"You have to pretend . . . keep her calm. String her along . . . lie to her"—he wants his compatriots to hear the voice of Thatcher speaking about those neglected elements in British society "the blacks" and "the unemployed" just as surely as he wants Americans to take Irwin's definition of "growing up" (giving up one's "integrity") to heart. Where all this breaks down is on the level where allegory, no less than drama, is supposed to represent realistic human action and discourse. What happens to Isobel's design firm may or may not constitute an accurate representation of the way in which Thatcher's economic policies have destroyed small businesses, promising them subsidy in the name of job creation and abandoning them when they have proved unlucrative or have failed as a result of unsound management. But Hare hasn't bothered to establish any plausible motivation—personal or financial—for Tom and Marion's decision to buy into the firm. He gives them reasons—it's "to help Katherine through this very difficult time," or because "there's money to be made"—that echo policy statements but make no sense in the context of character and situation as they have been established. Allegory, in order to work, has to be revealing on two levels, and Hare's play, in order to state any more than the obvious (that it's selfish not to care about those we should care about), would have to explain something about why people think and feel and behave as they do. But, just as Hare's is not an interesting analysis of why masochistic people put up with the demanding, destructive, and confrontational dependents that life has dealt them, there is room in his microcosm of British and American politics for no subtlety of thought or motive.

The play's epigraph, from Rebecca West and printed in the program, is about the will to madness: "Only half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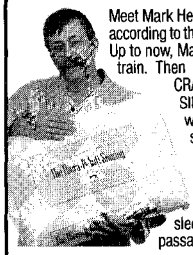
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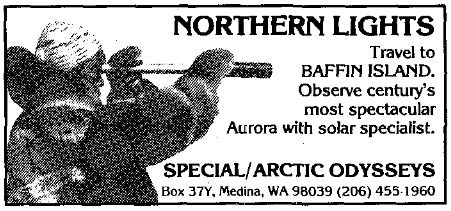
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of us is sane. . . . The other half . . . prefers the disagreeable to the agreeable, loves pain and its darker night despair, and wants to die in a catastrophe that will set back life to its beginnings and leave nothing of our house save its blackened foundations." This is, to be sure, Hare's characteristic theme; at any rate, he seems to have made it his own, by writing roles (like Susan Traherne, the heroine of "Plenty," or the character portrayed by Vanessa Redgrave in his film "Wetherby") that offer an actress a chance to have a real field day playing this or that type of neurotic temperamentally given to negation. In Isobel, he has not offered Miss Brown much of anything to sink her teeth into and, except for one scene—in which she rants like a tyro, advancing and retreating repeatedly in a strange little step and sawing the air with her hand—she does little more than try to appear nice, sane, and beleaguered. When it comes to sounding English, Miss Brown, like the rest of the cast, is only partly successful. Most of them do all right with words like "horrid" and "ghastly"—that is, with the diction of stereotyping—but Hare, though he directed the play himself, seems not to have coached anyone in the inflection of such ordinary locutions as "anything" and "I don't know."

For the rest, the combination of his script and his direction seems to have left most of the company bewildered. Michael Wincott (who, in any case, is far too young for the role of Isobel's lover) is playing the wrong stock figure—Angry Young Man rather than Reprehensible Man of the Eighties—while Miss Conroy gives new meaning to the term "heavy," roaring and shouting all over the stage. Mr. Vinovich, as Tom, attempts a more textured performance (though he moves all over the phonetic map), but, as usual, it's Mary Beth Hurt who steals the show. Miss Van Dyck does what she can with what is essentially no role at all.

There are really only two effects I can see this play having: it could alienate those who entered the theatre agreeing with Hare (either by boring them or by insulting their intelligence), or it could make converts of a sort to an anti-Thatcherite position. If it weren't for Margaret Thatcher, after all, David Hare probably wouldn't have written this smug and obvious play.

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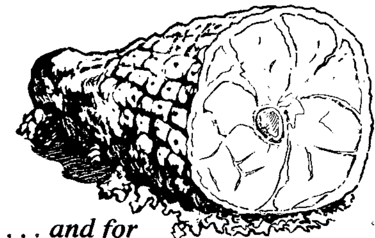

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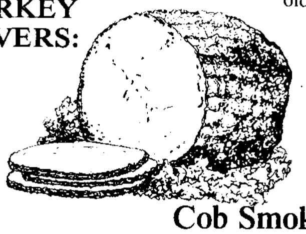

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Requiem for Rossini

ROSSINI died on November 13, 1868. Four days later, Verdi wrote to the publisher Ricordi with a suggestion that Italy's leading composers should collaborate on a Requiem Mass, to be performed in the church of San Petronio, Bologna, on the anniversary. The work, Verdi said, "however good the individual numbers may be, will inevitably lack musical unity; but, though it may be deficient in that respect, it will nevertheless serve to demonstrate how great is the veneration we all feel for the man whose loss is now mourned by the world." After a single performance, the score would be sealed and laid to rest in the archives of the Bologna Liceo, to be disturbed only if some future generation should wish to commemorate Rossini. Verdi's letter was widely published. A committee of three professors at the Milan Conservatory, with Giulio Ricordi as the secretary, drew up a scheme for the piece. They prescribed the tonality, the tempo, the vocal forces, and the duration of the thirteen numbers, and placed the invitations. Verdi was allotted the Libera Me; the other composers were Antonio Buzzolla, Antonio Bazzini, Carlo Pedrotti, Antonio Cagnoni, Federico Ricci, Alessandro Nini, Raimondo Boucheron, Carlo Coccia, Gaetano Gaspari, Pietro Platania, Lauro Rossi, and Teodulo Mabellini. They spanned Italy from Milan, where Boucheron was maestro at the Duomo, to Palermo, where Platania directed the Conservatory. A national offering from a united Italy was intended. Opera composers were invited to take part (the ailing Mercadante declined; Petrella later withdrew), and church-music specialists: Nini was the maestro di cappella of Santa Maria Maggiore in Bergamo, Buzzolla of St. Mark's in Venice, Coccia of San Gaudenzio in Ferrara, and Gaspari of San Petronio itself; Cagnoni had been the maestro at Vigevano Cathedral.

The Requiem for Rossini was composed, but, for a variety of linked reasons, it was not performed. Verdi had suggested that the composers and performers should donate their services and, in addition, "offer their obol" to cover the costs of the undertaking: "I should not like any foreign hand, or any extraneous to the art, no matter how powerful, to proffer aid. In that case I would withdraw from the association at once." Ricordi got up a subscription; a letter of Bazzini's survives, expressing indignation that, having supplied his contribution gratis, and being prepared to come to Bologna at his own expense, he should also be solicited to help underwrite the performance. The Requiem, Verdi had stipulated, should be "an object neither of curiosity nor of speculation." There was no profit in it for Ricordi. (Meanwhile, the publisher was making handsome sums from Rossini's Petite Messe Solennelle, acquired from the composer's widow.) Plans for mustering a chorus of the best voices from the Italian conservatories fell through. Luigi Scalaberni, the impresario of Bologna's Teatro Comunale, where a busy season had been planned, was asked to lend his chorus and orchestra, and he refused. Moreover, Bologna had already put on one collaborative Mass (by local composers) in honor of Rossini, and also the Italian première, followed by four more performances, of the Petite Messe Solennelle. That was not all. Bologna, then as now, was a progressive city, and the Requiem was reactionary. Scalaberni had just presented "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" not in Rossini's version but in a new, modern setting, by the twenty-six-year-old Costantino Dall'Argine, of the same libretto. The 1869 season included Meyerbeer's "Il Profeta," "Gli Ugonotti," and "Roberto il Diavolo," and Scalaberni was planning to introduce Wagner to Italy. ("Lohengrin" arrived in 1871, "Tannhäuser" the following year.) He complained that none of the younger Italian generation—Boito,

"My girlfriend over in Central Planning says if everything stays on track it's definitely Bloomie's and Saks by the mid-nineties!"

Dall'Argine, Franco Faccio, Filippo Marchetti—had been invited to contribute to the Requiem for Rossini, and he had a point. Coccia, the oldest of the chosen composers, was eighty-seven. (A Paisiello pupil, he had turned to church music when Rossini, ten years his junior, eclipsed his early operatic successes.) Four of the others were sixty or more. Only Platania was under fifty. Verdi's proposal, to put on an elderly, conservative, all-Italian Requiem in vanguard Bologna, was plainly not unpolemical. It chimes with his reiterated opposition to the "new music" from the north and his resentment of the Italians who championed it while considering him a back number, a cheap, unworthy composer. Boito's 1863 ode "To Italian Art," declaimed and published after Faccio's "I Profughi Fiamminghi" appeared at La Scala ("Perhaps the man has been born who will restore art in its purity to that altar now defiled like a brothel wall"), still rankled.

So the plan fell through. The Requiem for Rossini languished in the Ricordi vaults, an object of but mild curiosity. In our day, Frank Walker looked at it; David Rosen looked attentively at Verdi's Libera Me movement and published his findings in the *Rivista Italiana di Musicologia*. In 1873, Verdi had retrieved his Libera Me and refashioned it as the finale of the Requiem for Manzoni. (This score was not sealed and laid to rest after its ceremonial first performance, in Milan's San Marco; it was repeated at La Scala, and then Verdi took it on tour to France, England, and Austria.) Buzzolla (the composer of an "Amleto" and of an "Elisabetta di Valois") retrieved his Requiem and Kyrie movement, and it was sung at his funeral, in 1871. Cagnoni's "Quid sum miser" went into his 1888 Requiem. Platania's Sanctus formed part of his Requiem for Victor Emmanuel II. Mabellini's Lux Aeterna became an "Inno a Palestrina." The original Requiem for Rossini was reconstituted only last year: an international team of fourteen young scholars, working under Pierluigi Petrobelli, the director of the Institute of Verdi Studies, in Parma, produced a score edited to the stern criteria of the Verdi Edition, and it was published by Ricordi. The Institute published a book, "Messa per Rossini: La Storia, il Testo, la Musica" (from which much of the information above has been

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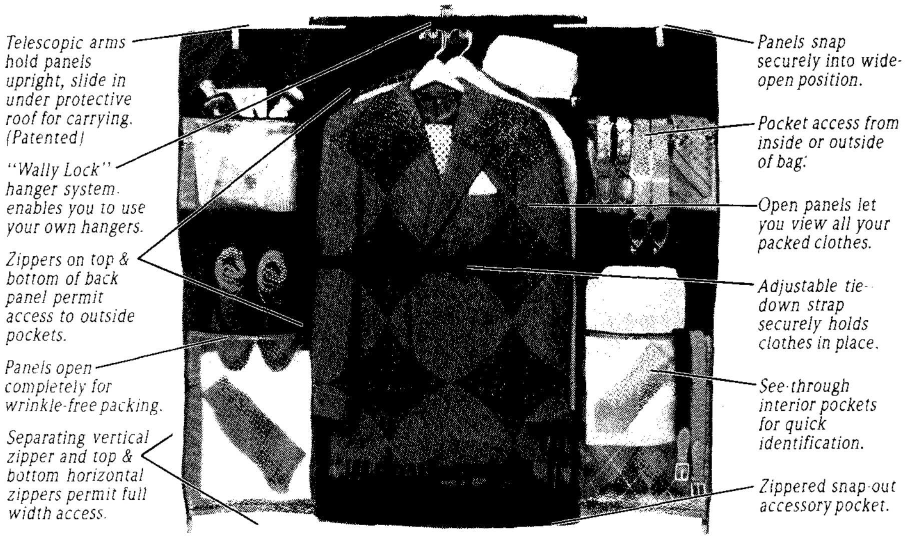
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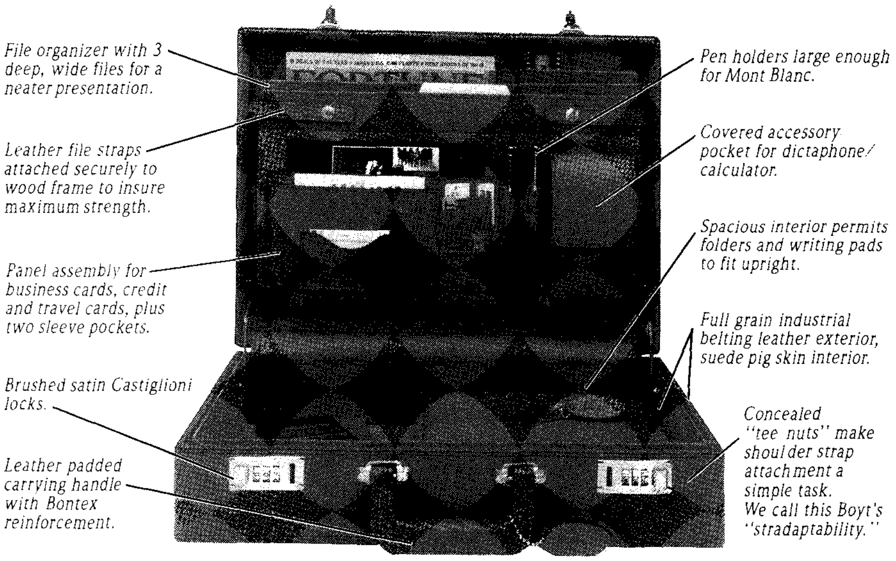
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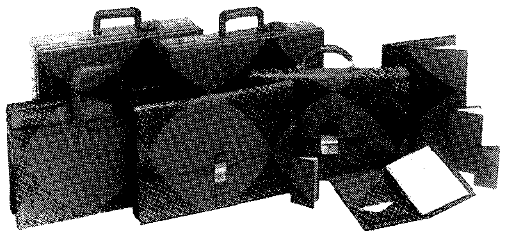

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drawn), and published the Verdi movement in facsimile. And last year the Requiem for Rossini had its first performance—a hundred and twenty years late—in Stuttgart. A few days later, the Requiem was performed in Parma Cathedral, and then in Perugia. Last month, it was given three performances in Avery Fisher Hall, as part of the Philharmonic season. Radio and television carried the performances through two continents, and the Stuttgart performance is also available on record, on the Hänssler label.

I heard the Stuttgart performance on the radio, the Parma and the New York performances live. In Parma, the Requiem for Rossini was a splendid affair, given beneath the Correggio cupola bright-lit by Italian Television, and in church acoustics more resonant than those of Avery Fisher Hall. The surprise was the merits of the music by Verdi's obscure or near-obscure contemporaries. Buzzolla's Requiem and Kyrie makes a strong, grand start. The "Dies irae" of Bazzini reveals unsuspected strength in a composer best known for his salon piece "La Ronde des Lutins." (He was also a teacher of Catalani, Mascagni, and Puccini.) Pedrotti's "Tuba mirum," with baritone solo and six-part chorus, is very dramatic. Nini's "Ingemisco" is a long, showy tenor solo. Boucheron's "Confutatis" is a big, slightly long-winded bass solo, with a sudden moment of effective scoring for four solo cellos. Coccia's "Lacrimosa," for unaccompanied male voices, is a charmer, even if his subsequent Amen fugue (to the tune of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" in C minor) is academic and conventional. Gaspari's Domine Jesu may be close to salon music, but it is resourceful and attractive. Platania, who in his day was dubbed the Italian Beethoven, provides a thorough contrapuntal display in the Sanctus. Rossi's Agnus Dei, a contralto solo with varied strophes and irregular phrase lengths, is a good piece. Mabellini's Lux Aeterna, a trio for tenor, baritone, and bass, is richly and delicately scored, with four concertante violins.

And then, at the close, Verdi's Libera Me suddenly lifts everything to a higher plane of drama, intensity, and sheer musical distinction. (There are startling differences from the familiar movement in the Manzoni Requiem.) But Verdi's contemporaries are not despicable. Unity, no (even if Buzzolla begins his Requiem and Bazzini his "Dies irae" with the same figure), but a shared language, confident and fluent, deployed with accurate classical procedures, and colored by the Rossini of the Stabat Mater—along with, it often seems, a touch of Gounod. (Julian Budden goes on to find a touch of Liszt in the contributions of Cagnoni and Ricci.) Lyrical melodies abound, and some of them—Cagnoni's setting for "Cum vix justus," Ricci's for "Juste Judex ultionis"—are beautiful. None of the composers are ever at a loss for a new idea or a way of keeping an old idea happily in play. Their worst fault is too much fluency, an amiable garrulity. Along the way, they produce some striking anticipations of the familiar Verdi Requiem. (Verdi's second setting of the "Liber scriptus" has a phrase that Pedrotti used.) While there is no evidence that Verdi ever conned his contemporaries' contributions, it seems not unlikely that, as instigator of the project, he did. But perhaps the Rossini Stabat Mater, the inspiration of much in Verdi's Manzoni Requiem, is a common ancestor.

Helmuth Rilling has conducted all the performances so far given. The chorus has been his Gächinger Kantorei, augmented in Germany and Italy by the Prague Philharmonic Choir. Gabriela Beňačkova, Florence Quivar, and James Wagner have been the soprano, alto, and tenor soloists; the baritone and bass soloists have varied. In Stuttgart, the orchestra was the Radio Symphony, in Parma and Perugia the Emilia-Romagna, and in New York the Philharmonic. Mr. Rilling is a choral conductor of well-deserved renown. His main concern is with the singers, choral and solo. One can imagine performances of the Requiem for Rossini conducted by Claudio Abbado or by Riccardo Muti with more precise and polished instrumental participation, but perhaps would not want those conductors to spend time on the piece. I enjoyed all the performances. Mr. Rilling knows the work and displays its merits. His only miscalculation, it seemed to me, was to take Rossi's Agnus Dei too slowly—at an adagio rather than at the indicated andante. The graceful flow of the number became lugubrious. The soloists were ardent. A pedant in me thought they should be being paid reduced fees, since they were not singing all their roles: several of the composers specified simultaneous solo and choral participation, but in the passages where the soloists double the chorus they tended to sit mute and to let the chorus alone do the singing. And it does make a big difference to the sound. (In Handel's oratorio performances, we know, the soloists led the choruses.) In New York—but not in Stuttgart and Parma—the "Recordare" was rendered by the chorus, not by a solo quartet. Fisher Hall's lack of an organ diminished the effect of Platania's Sanctus, and the instrument was missed in some other numbers. (When Fisher and Carnegie Halls are next rebuilt, the architects, I trust, will include space for pipe organs: a concert hall without one is a hall maimed. Janáček's "Taras Bulba," which the Cleveland Orchestra played in Carnegie last month, lost some of its climaxes because there was no organ present, only an electronic substitute.)

Rossini does not lack honor today. The critical edition of his works, published by the Rossini Foundation in Pesaro, his birthplace, continues apace. The annual Pesaro performances of the Rossini Opera Festival, even when they are marred by modishness, reveal the merits of scores once unjustly despised. Recordings and subsequent productions carry his music through the world. The appearance of this collaborative Messa per Rossini—tribute by a band of able compatriots who knew how much they owed to him—was timely.

PESARO's example is being followed. Next year, Catania, Bellini's birthplace, is to present the first performance of "Norma" in a new critical edition. And in September this year Bergamo, Donizetti's birthplace, embarked on a ten-year plan—a joint endeavor of the Comune and Ricordi—to present five of Donizetti's operas in critical editions. (A Complete Works is not contemplated: Donizetti composed about seventy operas.) The Teatro Donizetti in Bergamo is a late-eighteenth-century house, large by European standards (it holds two thousand), which was recently renovated. Since 1948, it has done a Donizetti opera well-nigh annually, and in recent years two,

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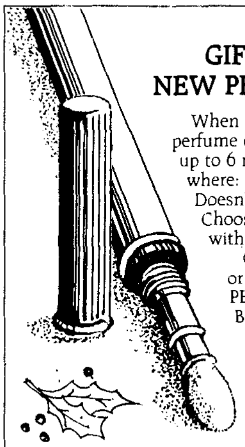

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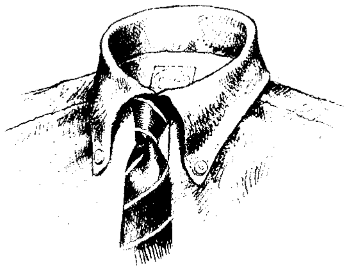

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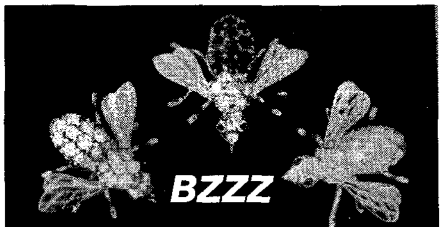

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three, or four (including “Sancia di Castiglia,” “Il Diluvio Universale,” “Fausta,” and “Gemma di Vergy”). This year, “Maria Stuarda,” the work chosen to inaugurate the critical-edition venture, was followed by “Elisabetta al Castello di Kenilworth.” “Maria Stuarda” was a good choice: it is an opera often performed; it has a fairly tangled textual history; and new material has come to light.

In brief: The opera reached a dress rehearsal in Naples in 1834 and was then banned by royal decree. (This is unsurprising: an onstage slanging match between two monarchs—“Unworthy, obscene harlot . . . Vile bastard”—was hardly fit matter for the Royal Opera, and the pious, saintly Queen of Naples was a descendant of Mary Stuart.) The piece was revamped as “Buondelmonte,” set in medieval Florence, and Donizetti composed some new music. The following year, he revised “Maria Stuarda” for La Scala and Maria Malibran, adding an overture and a “Buondelmonte” duet. In 1837, he recommended omitting the duet, as “intrusive and ineffective.” In 1865—after Donizetti's death—“Maria Stuarda” was done in Naples at last. The conductor, Nicola De Giosa, consulted the autograph, but he also reinforced the orchestration, replaced two passages that Donizetti had reused in “La Favorite,” and divided the opera's two acts into three. Modern revivals have been based on the 1865 score or the Malibran version. Both sopranos and mezzos have sung both queens: Montserrat Caballé, Joan Sutherland, Beverly Sills, Janet Baker, and Sarah Walker have undertaken the title role; Grace Hoffman, Shirley Verrett, Anna Reynolds, Eileen Farrell, and Marisa Galvany have been Elizabeths. Editors regretted the disappearance of the autograph. In fact it had been overlooked rather than lost: in 1924, it appeared in a Sotheby's sale catalogue and was soon acquired by Rudolph Nydahl's Foundation for the Furthering of Musical Culture, in Stockholm. (The autographs of Rossini's “Scala di Seta” and of Bizet's “Djamileh” are there, too.) The critical edition has been prepared by Anders Wiklund, the curator of the foundation, and Gabriele Dotto and Roger Parker. Some of its findings had already informed the “Maria Stuarda” that David Lawton conducted for Summer Opera Theatre, in Washington, in July.

In Bergamo, all was not plain sailing. The Mary and the Elizabeth originally billed, Maria Chiara and Martine Dupuy, both pulled out. I arrived at the theatre to find a “Première Postponed” notice on the portal—but was invited to attend, instead, the dress rehearsal that night (in effect a full performance, to a full house). Fernanda Costa, the young soprano who sang Maria, is accomplished. She flung out the famous “Vil bastarda” passage with impetuous passion; for once, it lived up to its reputation. In the long final sequence, which is the glory of the opera—confession duet, *preghiera* (Mary's voice radiant above the chorus), and aria-finale—she was moving. But she was ill advised to close every number with unwritten and unstylish *acuti*. Maria Luisa Nave, the Elizabeth, vocally indisposed, paced herself carefully and had dramatic presence. Pietro Ballo, the Leicester, simply sang—not badly, but not expressively. Aldo Ceccato conducted the Rai Milan Orchestra with verve. Giovanni Agostinucci's scenes and Andrea Viotti's richly detailed Elizabethan costumes were handsome. Gabriele Lavia's direction mingled well-judged, musically sensitive formality with some silliness. Donizetti's seventeen-year-old librettist, Giuseppe Bardari, prescribed a “running” entrance for his heroine, and the music suggests that Mary should hasten on eagerly. Mr. Lavia had her trot across the stage from wing to wing, thrice, hitching up her skirts. And—like some other “Maria Stuarda” producers—he could not resist adding a cheap and chippy chopper to the noble close.

I have long had mixed feelings about the opera. Only the final scenes sustain Donizetti's highest level, but they are inspired—Mary becomes a woman touched by grace, transfigured—and one forgets the more conventional, less exalted music earlier. The Bergamo production acquired strength from the restoration of the original two-act structure: Act I swept from Elizabeth scenes to Mary scenes and on to a climax in the confrontation. The scoring was newly transparent. But the intrusive duet was retained.

—ANDREW PORTER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bombs

IN "Dad," Jack Lemmon plays a quiet dreamer who supported his wife and kids by working faithfully at the blue-collar job he hated in an L.A. Lockheed plant. Now seventy-eight and retired, with a bald pate and the white fringe of a circus clown, he's dominated by his wife (Olympia Dukakis); she does everything for him, enfeebling him. Dad is so repressed he seems senile; he barely walks or talks. But when his wife has a heart attack and is hospitalized, his Wall Street investment-banker son (Ted Danson) arrives, moves in with him, and stirs him to action: the helpless old coot comes alive. Up to this point, about twenty minutes in, the movie, which was adapted from the William Wharton novel, and written and directed by Gary David Goldberg (the "creator" of the TV series "Family Ties"), has a quiet dramatic logic. But the only suspense is: How is this film going to be prolonged? The answer is: By one damn episode after another. It's a short TV series jammed together.

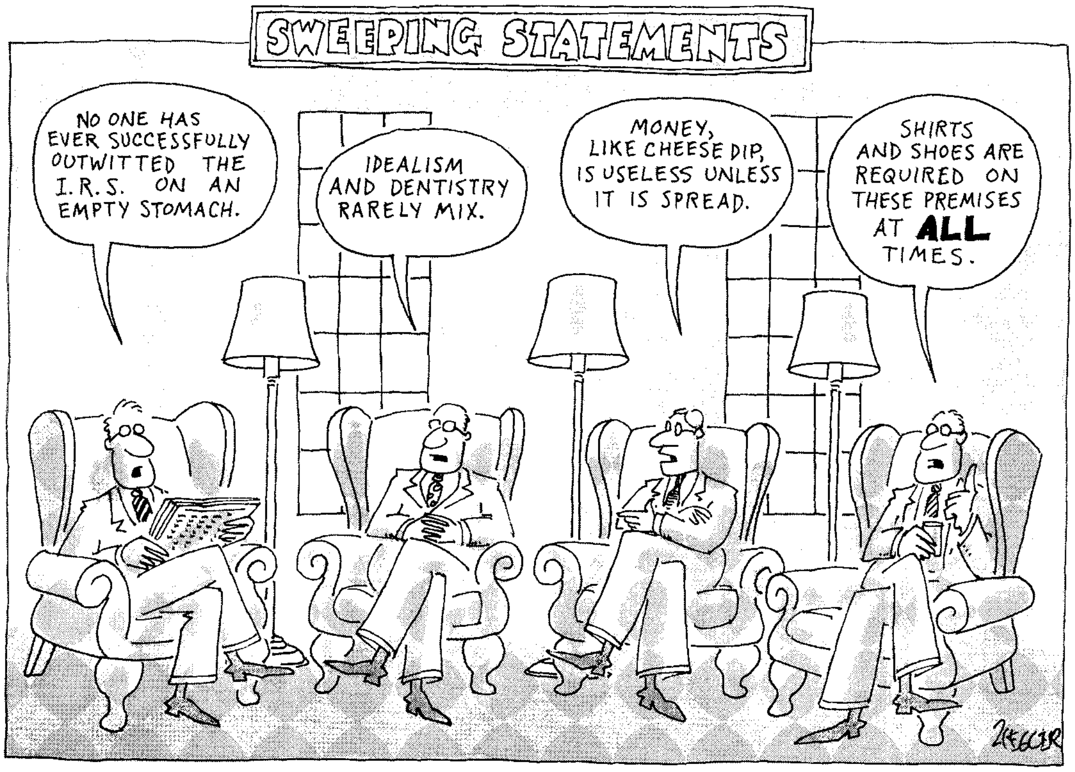
First, the tough, acerbic wife is discharged from the hospital and is upset to find that Dad has become active and independent. Then it's Dad who has to be hospitalized, and there's a section devoted to doctors' megalomania and incompetence, and how their blundering causes Dad to go into a comatose state. But the son won't give in to the hospital's bureaucratic policies; he picks his father up in his arms and carries him out of the place. Soon after, the son puts Dad in the care of a black doctor (Zakes Mokae), who has a new treatment for him, and it's discovered that for decades Dad has had a secret fantasy life—an idyll of living on a farm, where Mom is warm and supportive. Revived, Dad begins to integrate this other, joyous life with his ordinary existence: he wears gaudy tropical prints, and socializes with the neighbors. (One of the movie's many peculiarities is that the images of Dad's dream farm suggest a nostalgia for an imaginary earlier America; they don't jibe with his loud new clothes and his wanting to step out.)

Dad is a generic nice guy. He never gets to express any anger at bossy Mom or show any awareness that she's infantilizing him. He's above hostile feelings; presumably, in his head he switches over to the farm. What really sinks the movie is that when his fantasy life breaks through, it, too, is generic. The two halves of his split personality don't add up to anything baffling or crisscrossed. For all Lemmon's comic lightness and dexterity, there's not much he can do in a scene where Dad is lying in a hospital bed, frightened, and says to his middle-aged son, "We've never hugged." The son says, "Want to give it a try?" and Dad says, "I do." Still, Lemmon is so insufferably nice and boyish and obliging that you feel he deserves the puling lines that Goldberg gives him.

Lemmon's conception of professionalism is to disappear into a role; so when a character has no character he doesn't bring it anything—or anything fresh. At the start, Lemmon has vanished so completely into the role of the feeble old fellow that you almost blink your eyes. But when Dad enters his joyous phase he has a familiar Jack Lemmon personality: he's self-pitying, and asks to be loved for his perkiness and his corny sense of humor. Ted Danson shares in the vacuousness. Even the gifted Kathy Baker, who plays Dad's daughter, is just about stumped, although, as her husband, Kevin Spacey (who two TV seasons back played the gorgeously demented Mel Profitt on "Wiseguy") does manage a little wry, observant humor.

Making his first movie, Goldberg has attempted to open his sitcom sensibility to real life; he's filled "Dad" with therapeutic lore about old age and hospital care, as if moviemaking were a form of community service. It's the most impersonal personal movie I've ever seen. What comes through is that Goldberg wants to link the father and the son in a near-mystical reconciliation. (Basically, it excludes the wife and the daughter.) This is a son-gives-life-to-his-father story, and it seems deeply self-serving. (It's as if the son were trying to prove he could be a better mother-wife to Dad than old Mom is.)

A few months ago, the *Times* reported that Goldberg had sixty million dollars "drifting" into his bank account from the syndication of "Family Ties," a show that began when a TV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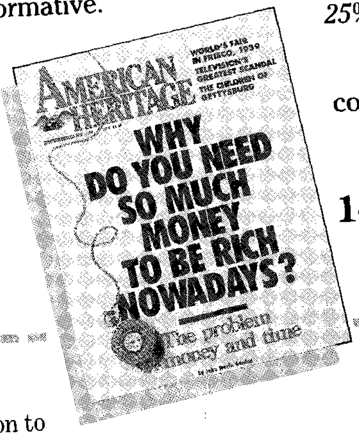

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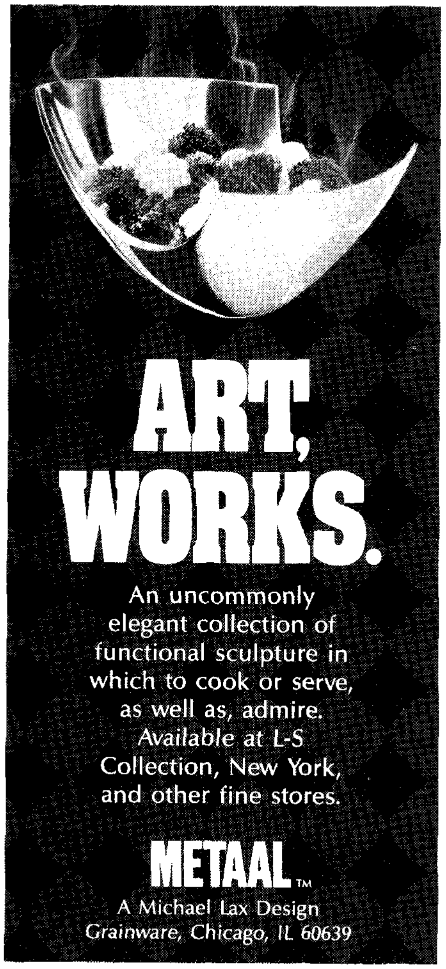
executive “suggested that Mr. Goldberg write a series based on his own life.” Goldberg has also said that he bought the rights to the novel “Dad,” in 1983, because “the guy in the book was so like my father,” and that it was only after five years and fifty drafts that he felt his script did justice to his father (a postal worker, who died in 1986). He may have done more than justice to himself. In the movie, Danson, the Wall Street smoothie, simply gives up the appurtenances of wealth and power to go live with his father in his (too expensive-looking) tract house. Yes, this movie is about a good-man father. But he’s a simple, passive character. The active good man—the hero and role model—is the son who rescues the father he loves.

The movie keeps going through permutations until, finally, the hero’s devotion to Dad helps him reach out to his own (estranged, college-age) son, played by Ethan Hawke. The film’s big emotional moment—it yanks tears very discreetly—comes when Danson, with a catch in his voice, says to Hawke, “I’m your father.” After that, it’s O.K. for old Dad to pass on; he’s ready to go, because Danson is lying right next to him on his bed, holding him, protecting him from fear. This is a saga: three (television) generations.

In Roland Joffé’s “Fat Man and Little Boy,” Paul Newman is miscast as General Leslie R. Groves, a part that Brian Dennehy played with spectacular verve in the TV docudrama “Day One,” which was run earlier this year. Newman is, for one of the few times in his career, left in the shadows. Actually, the whole movie is rather indistinct. Joffé and his co-screenwriter, Bruce Robinson, have taken an inherently dramatic subject and got lost in it; the script is a shambles. Viewers of “Day One” could see how General Groves and J. Robert Oppenheimer (David Strathairn) used each other, and how, once the Manhattan Project was started, it developed its own momentum, so that dropping the atomic bombs on Japan was the culmination of all that effort and expense. Viewers could see that the Project was both a scientific triumph and a moral descent. Directed by Joseph Sargent, from a script by David W. Rintels,the TV film had genuine complexity and a drive that carried you along all the way to the horror of the flash and the mushroom cloud. “Fat Man and Little Boy” seems to diminish both Groves and Oppenheimer (Dwight Schultz); at times, you may feel you detect a lofty contempt in its bald presentation of their motives. What you can’t detect is any new interpretative skills that add to the other versions of the material (which include the 1947 M-G-M film “The Beginning or the End” and the 1982 seven-hour TV series “Oppenheimer,” starring Sam Waterston). Newman’s Groves is gruff and deceitful; the performance seems held in, yet it’s too smooth to be matched by Schultz—he isn’t a forceful enough actor to suggest Oppenheimer’s Joan of Arc presence, which kept the collection of scientists together. In this version, Oppenheimer is just an arrogant, ivory-tower idealist, and the Machiavellian Groves seems to pick him for his weakness.

Asked by a nurse (Laura Dern) to dance for her, a young physicist (John Cusack) does a nifty little number. (The composite character Cusack plays seems designed to show that junior scientists can be regular guys who play baseball, and that Oppenheimer was idolized by the juniors—which makes his being a false hero all the more reprehensible.) Natasha Richardson brings her lovely intensity to a scene as Oppenheimer’s old, Communist flame, and Bonnie Bedelia is provocative as the worldly Mrs. Oppenheimer. The re-creation of the expanding Los Alamos complex circa 1943 is convincing. But when it comes to dramatizing the fateful decisions Joffé just isn’t there. He drags in dubious claims (such as that the mentally ill were used in plutonium experiments), and has characters deliver priggish-sounding speeches to get across moral points. These English moviemakers may have a target (disarmament?), but their aim is all over the place. Even the title, which must be meant to refer to Groves and Oppenheimer as well as to the two bombs dropped on Japan, doesn’t score.

“The Bear,” based on James Oliver Curwood’s 1916 novel “The Grizzly King,” is a French-made version of the romantic-wilderness pulp that Hollywood turned out in the silent era. A whimpering orphaned bear cub is the most vocal character; two strong, silent hunters and their dog handler are the only human beings in sight. The director, Jean-Jacques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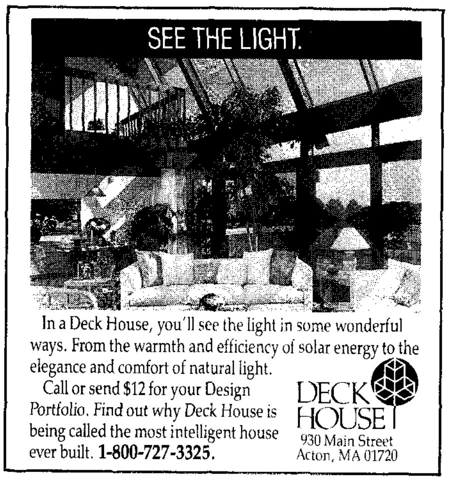
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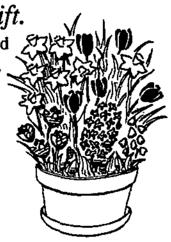

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Annaud, and the screenwriter, Gérard Brach, use only six hundred and fifty-seven words of dialogue, and those are in English. The setting is supposed to be British Columbia in 1885, but the movie doesn't feel American. It isn't meant to. Annaud brings the genre a new bloodiness and a primitive, lyrical pathos that are intended to universalize the picture and make it timeless. (The market for it is also expected to be universal and timeless.) When Annaud and Brach collaborated on "Quest for Fire," Brach explained that the film transcended "languages and nationalities and speaks to the deepest human experience." This one is supposed to speak to the deepest animal experience as well, and show us what animals have in common with us. The story is told—more or less—from what the movie makers regard as the bears' point of view. The hunters see the light, are humbled, and put down their guns. And so the movie, with its anti-hunting message, is bound to have its adherents.

Early on, the lonely, frightened cub tries to attach himself to a huge male Kodiak bear (nine feet two and weighing two thousand pounds), who has been shot in the shoulder and growls, rebuffing the infant. The plucky cub's feelings are hurt, but he ignores the threat, and follows the big bear, pleading for acceptance; he comes close enough to clean the wound with his tongue, and soon the two are kissing and licking. They have "bonded"; the music swells (our hearts are supposed to be swelling, too), and the film—a whopping piece of anthropomorphism—gets rolling. (In interviews, Annaud talks about "making a film that would be honest to animal nature.") Sometimes, as when the cub dreams of enormous frogs, or when he eats psychedelic mushrooms, groggily collapses, and has visions of mushrooms turning into butterflies, Annaud seems to be trying to fuse a live-action form of the Disney storytelling in "Bambi" with Czech animation and Jim Henson's animatronic puppetry. All three are used, and you can't be sure exactly what you're looking at; the real (trained) animals frequently look like Teddy bears. When there's a spectacular shot of the tiny bear and the giant bear standing up simultaneously and looking out over the mountains, you may be charmed and amused, or you may not be sure how to react, because you've been listening to too many baby-

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bear moans and coos, and looking at too many suspiciously endearing baby-bear expressions. And you've been drowning in a Philippe Sarde score that's like Broadway show tunes turned into baby-bear lullabies. (Suggestions of songs like "Lover, Come Back to Me" keep starting up.)

The footage was shot in the national parks of the Austrian Tyrol and Northern Italy (with a closing view of the top edge of the Canadian Northwest Territories), and the cinematographer, Philippe Rousselot, has given the images the soft light of the Romantic nature artists. What it all comes down to is a nature fake—trained animals and mechanical copies of animals placed in landscapes that faintly suggest the paintings of Caspar David Friedrich. At times, I felt as if I were watching hippie Muppets toddle about in Friedrich's visionary crags and ravines.

This seems harmless. Why does the movie make me feel angry and disgusted? I think it's the "primal" sell in Annaud's storytelling, which has the big bear avenging himself on the hunters by clawing their tethered horses, and also protecting himself by fighting off their pack of ten Doberman pinschers (and destroying a harmless pet Airedale). This is mixed together with the sweetness of the cub's snuggling with the big bear. The picture is a combination of raw pulp and gooey kitsch. It's saying that we shouldn't kill bears, because they're so much like us—after it fakes the evidence that they are. And suppose they were different in every conceivable way—should we then gun them down?

Clearly, Annaud put an immense amount of effort into trying to get the animals to act out the parts of the story that couldn't be faked, yet nothing—literally nothing—really feels right. Not the birdcalls under the titles or the honeybees that dive at the cub or the rockslide that kills his mother, or his sniffles. The moments that work best use the little bear for a fairy-tale image (like the scene of him trying to catch the reflection of the moon which he sees in a puddle) or use him as a comedian. At his funniest, he chases a frog and goes hopping and galumphing along like a life-size Winnie-the-Pooh, but even this is spoiled by a musical accompaniment that keeps pointing up how toylike he is.

When the story grows more violent—when the Dobermans track the big bear, who climbs ever higher into the mountains, with the cub following, until the cub can't hang on to the steep rocks and the big bear comes back down to rescue him—what we see is only a rough approximation of what the story line tells us we're seeing. We don't want it to be a closer approximation: we wouldn't want to see the Dobermans actually being torn apart. But we can't help being aware that Annaud and Brach devised the plan for a gory, sentimental myth and then fell back on sleight-of-hand cutting that never quite covers up the gaps. The human grunts and groans of the cornered big bear and the cub's constant crying out in terror are usually as close to telling the story as the film gets. The movie doesn't exist except for its dubbed sound effects. When a puma stalks the cub, the little one seems to be saying, "Oh, oh, whatever should I do?" It all sounds like a prank by Buck Henry, the screenwriter for "The Day of the Dolphin," who supplied the voices of the baby dolphins—they prattled plaintively, in English. —PAULINE KAEL

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Ada* (*Okla.*) *News*]

LULA—Teena Danette McAnally-Young, Ada, and Roger "Philip" Henry, Lula, were married June 17 at the C.E. "Chat" Henry Ranch, Lula. The Rev. B. J. Dalton officiated the 2 p.m. ceremony.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Coy O'Neal Young Sr., Ada; and Mr. and Mrs. Alvin James McAnally, Belton, Texas.

Parents of the bridegroom are the late Mr. and Mrs. C.E. "Chat" Henry, Lula.

Serving as the altar were two hitching posts. At each end were antique wagon wheels topped with miniature bales of hay. All were covered with wild ivy.

The hitching post and wagon wheel on the bride's side were flanked by a bale of hay which held a saddle handed down to the bride by her father, Coy O. Young. Around the horn of the saddle hung the bride's calf rope and piggin'-string.

The bridegroom's hitching post and wagon wheel were also flanked by a hay bale. It held a saddle passed down by Chat Henry, the bridegroom's father. The saddle horn held his calf rope and piggin'-string as well.

Pre-recorded country and western music, controlled by Staci Pruitt, Ada, set the mood of the occasion.

The bride's grandmother, Lillie Cossey, Waldron, Ark., as well as her mother and stepmother, were escorted to their seats as the song "Mama He's Crazy" played. . . .

Given in marriage by both fathers, the bride rode her horse down the aisle to her bridegroom who waited at the hitching posts astride his horse. . . .

All guests were seated on hay bales.

Water, water everywhere... by digging wells in Mali

The *American Friends Service Committee (AFSC)* is helping Mali nomads convert to rice and vegetable farming *without rainwater.* It seems impossible on the edge of the Sahara desert, but Quakers like a challenge and the nomads are succeeding.

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AFSC works with seven Tamashek communities; 28 wells have been dug and 10 more are needed. Each well provides water to drink and grow vegetables and start rice nurseries during the long dry season. The rice plants are then ready to be set in paddies come the annual flood.

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Each 20-foot well dug by hand costs $1,500, and 10 are urgently needed. Could you dig one well for the Mali nomads, or dig down a foot or two by contributing? Or maybe you'll donate a donkey costing $66 on the local market. Please help *AFSC* and the nomads work wonders with water in Mali, and do it today.

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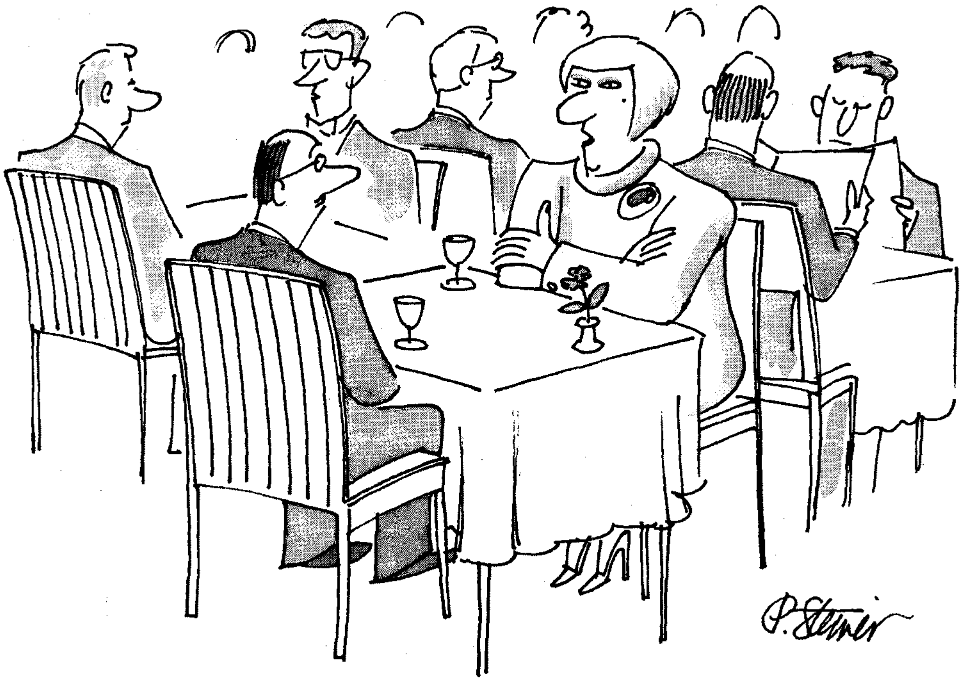
PHOTOGRAPHY

White and Black

WHEN photography is about love, the picture usually crops up in someone's wallet, or perhaps on a desk top, but rarely on a museum's walls. Yet love is at the core of the two most resonant photography exhibitions of the year—Minor White's and Robert Mapplethorpe's. White lived much longer than Mapplethorpe, and White's work has been in the public eye for almost half a century, yet only now, with this new exhibition, can we see so many of the photographs that show his heart on their sleeves. While the Mapplethorpe exhibition, "The Perfect Moment," has caused enormous debate, "Minor White: The Eye That Shapes" has barely been noticed. The Mapplethorpe show carries a warning that it contains strong material, a reference to the sexual explicitness that has made Mapplethorpe's photography so controversial. The White exhibition should warn visitors that they might be bored. But there's something instructive to be found in it anyway.

In one respect, "The Eye That Shapes" is no different from other projects dedicated to White's work: it's filled with eye-glazers. White—who has been acclaimed as one of America's most important photographers, and who was undoubtedly an influential teacher, writer, and editor—started out as a botany major, and his beginnings show. In picture after picture, he kept zooming in on nature, all too often arriving at results as scintillating as laboratory slides. These photographs have the same anesthetized and out-of-context quality as cross-sections. (A few of them look like stills of fluids in lit-up lava lamps when the goop is swirling.) In White's other work, too, context is often ruptured to the point where it's hard to know what you're looking at, and the mystification seems suspiciously like an easy way of announcing "Art."

Most people associate White's photography with austerity. Typical White nature scenes look as squeaky clean as Ansel Adams' landscapes. You don't see empty Tab cans on any rocks he photographed. Snow always looks clean and crisp, not grimy and slushy. He did photograph graffiti, but on walls, not knifed into trees. The very asceticism of so many of his well-known photographs contrasts starkly with the standard definition of modern living: that we are ruled by fashion, artifice, instant gratification—the vanities. In the context of that embarrassing description of our collective personality, White's photographs of stones and pebbles on unpolluted beaches, of whiter-than-white icicles could provide an oasis for the eyes. They do the trick for some. But White's work never released any magic for me. It's hard to care about images if there's nothing in them to suggest that their maker saw deeper or more than others have seen: we don't need Minor White to help us appreciate the fact that snow crystals have patterns. However, White is a crucial figure when it comes to another kind of pattern—a pattern of response to the arts when they seem to threaten some societal notion of what's proper. Because White's photography has a long history of being received as perfectly respectable, it's difficult to imagine its being slammed as "dirty." But in fact, as the current exhibition demonstrates, this respectability is the result of careful decisions that White made about his photographs to keep them from frightening the horses.



"Is this business or pleasure?"

The spectacle we witnessed this summer surrounding Mapplethorpe's photographs involved the very responses that White tried so hard to avoid—shock, disgust, hate. Despite a taste for the occult, White was a conventional man, who obeyed the conventions of his time, and one of them was that if you were unfortunate enough to love your own sex—which he did—you controlled that information, and certainly didn't advertise it in your work. Almost from the start, White held back those pictures of his that gave too much away about his personal life. His solution to the split between what supposedly belongs in public and what supposedly belongs in private was to develop an alternate, acceptable pictorial language that he thought could express what he wanted to express in ways that wouldn't offend. Abstraction played a large part in his attempt to make images that "passed" but that also communicated, as did his use of sequences. This interest in abstraction and sequences went beyond the need to disguise imagery, but if ever there was a photographer who made pictures that need to be "read between the lines" it is White.

He wasn't flush with alternatives. Here was a guy who in the forties and fifties began to try to make a name for himself in American photography. He

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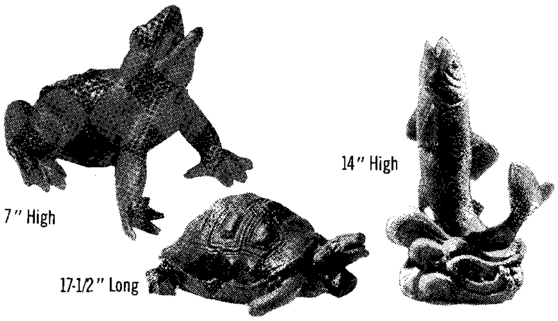

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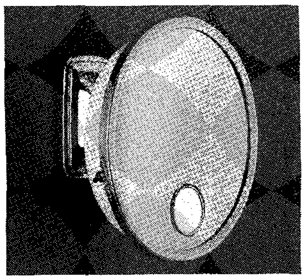

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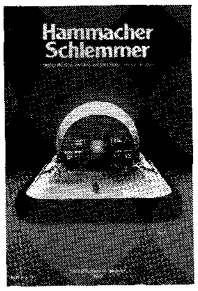

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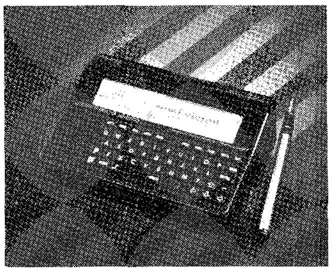

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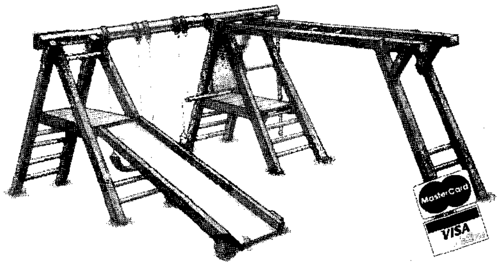

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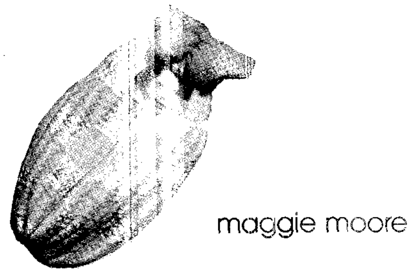

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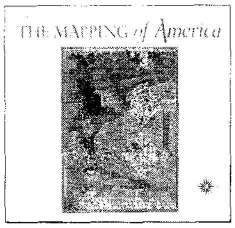

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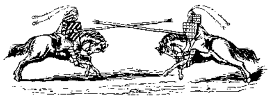

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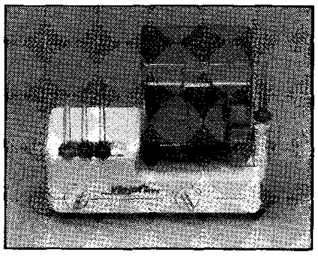

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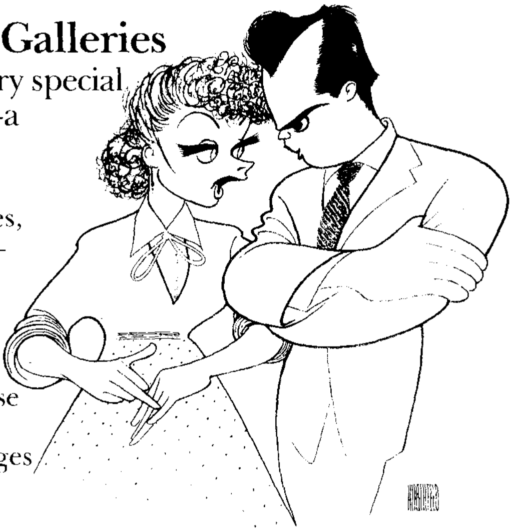
wasn't a Beat, he wasn't a bohemian, he wasn't rich, he wasn't worldly. This wasn't Paris in the twenties. This was a culture that was phobic about differences. It's no coincidence that Edward Steichen's 1955 show "The Family of Man" was such a crowd-pleaser. Steichen's exhibition fit the mood of postwar America. It echoed the era's obsession with the nuclear family. Its sentimental theme of the world's disparate people as one big family was a sweet idea, but it swallowed up realities, trying to wish away the fact of cultural and economic difference by showing that everyone everywhere still laughed, cried, and had babies. Although White wasn't included in Steichen's blockbuster, he was by then a part of the inner family of the photography community. It hadn't taken him very long to find his way in.

Right after he was discharged from the Army, in 1945, with a Bronze Star, White headed for New York, where he aimed straight for the top—the most important duo in photography—Beaumont Newhall, the curator of photography at the Museum of Modern Art, and his wife, Nancy, a major force in the field in her own right. They were receptive; at once, White got a job at the museum, making copy prints of works in its collection, and through the Newhalls he met many of the figures in photography who were, or would become, the powers in the medium, among them Ansel Adams, Edward Steichen, and Edward Weston, whose gorgeous landscapes and nudes had an everlasting influence on White.

On his own, White met Alfred Stieglitz. The self-taught White had come to New York to learn more, and what better person to seek out than the man who had been claiming, for half a century, to have the answers to what photography was all about? If there was one area in which White had no conflict, it was his attraction to people with answers. The way White remembered it, much of the conversation during their first meeting—in Stieglitz's legendary gallery—sounds like your usual modern-art chat:

> Sitting on the radiator in the little back room of An American Place six months after World War II, we talked about how *to make* photographs, spoke about the *Equivalent*. Stieglitz said something or other about photography that makes visible the invisible, and something else about true things being able to talk to each



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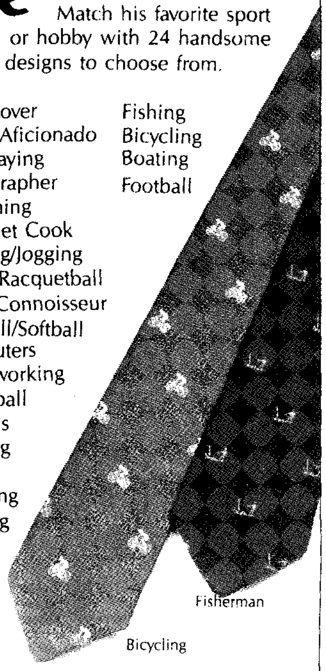

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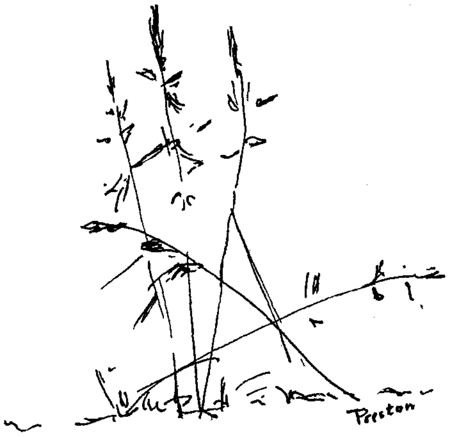
other. His talk itself was a kind of equivalent; that is, his words were not related to the sense he was making.

Their professional talk, as professional talk often does, turned personal. White's version of the story ends with Stieglitz asking a question and also giving an answer: "Have you ever been in love? . . . Then you can photograph." That dot dot dot we have to fill in for ourselves.

This version of White's version of his talk with Stieglitz comes from "A Living Remembrance"—the homage to White that made up a 1984 issue of *Aperture*. In another account of that conversation, White says yes, he has been in love, but he doesn't volunteer any details. It's easy to imagine him protecting himself by not revealing with whom. The walls around the subject of homosexuality were so fortress-like that most people would have hidden behind them in order not to be branded, let alone not to make a bad career move—even in the company of a bohemian like Stieglitz, whose own life wasn't exactly a shining example of commitment to hearth and home. With all Stieglitz's talk about Equivalents, White probably decided to let it be assumed that his experience was equivalent to Stieglitz's.

It is obvious why White often referred to that encounter with Stieglitz as crucial to his life. To be told that an emotion that has caused so much guilt—the guilt permeates White's writing—is at the heart of one's ability to create is not a tip likely to be forgotten. On top of that, Stieglitz offered White a systematic approach to photography. As is clear from all the other systems White eventually followed—Zen, the teachings of Gurdjieff, Catholicism, Ansel Adams' zone system, the I Ching, and astrology, to name his major guideposts—he was system-happy. Even before the two men met, Stieglitz's series of symbolic photographs, called Equivalents, had impressed White, and, indeed, was one of the reasons he had sought out the older photographer. The concept behind these Equivalents—that metaphor, since it goes further than the literal, is the most creative form of expression—wasn't just aesthetically useful to White; it was a godsend in terms of White's problems with subject matter. It was the notion of Equivalents that gave him a way to photograph his various difficult subjects. For beyond the forbidden one, there was the impossible one—faith. Many painters have taken on the spiritual as a theme, but White is one of the few photographers to have tried to make prints of the ineffable. He once explained that if he kept going he would "give proof that this instrument can carry out the work of God." Here, too, Stieglitz's Equivalents were a model. To some, they were evidence of the Almighty—an assessment that Stieglitz didn't contradict. "I'm most curious to see what the 'Clouds' will do to you . . ." he wrote to Hart Crane. "Several people feel I have photographed God. Maybe."

THE year after White met Stieglitz, something happened that must have confirmed White's fear of being direct in his imagery. An exhibition of his work was cancelled on grounds of taste. He had shot a sequence titled "Amputations," to be shown at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, in San Francisco. According to Peter Bunnell, who curated "The Eye That Shapes" and wrote the accompanying book—which I have relied on for most of my biographical information about the photographer—there were two problems that White had to confront. A text he had written to go along with the pictures was attacked for being too long and of poor quality. And, more significant, White's focus on the human cost of war seems to have provoked the accusation that "Amputations" was unpatriotic. Some of the images from the sequence are included in "The Eye That Shapes." One of them, "Double Navel," a detail of a rock that has the same contours as a human torso, comes in close on the gashes, holes, and scoria of a rock's surface, and the analogy White was making with the wounds of war is hard to miss. The sequence also offers examples of the way White exploited the talent of trees for symbolizing tortuousness. Still, from the perspective of today it is almost unbelievable that anyone could have confused White's poetic attempt to get at the horrors of war with a lack of patriotism. No wonder honesty about other subjects, ones that were even more explosive, seemed like career suicide to so many people then.



"The Eye That Shapes" is the result of a career spent avoiding calling a spade a spade, and the show includes a narrative photograph that suggests the spade that was taboo. In this photograph, as usual, White told his story with codes, and so some detective work is necessary. (Bunnell is the Sherlock Holmes who uncovered the clues in it.) Made in 1950, and titled "Market Street, San Francisco," this picture features a sailor and a woman in semi-embrace at the corner of a busy street. One of her arms reaches behind them, her fingers pointing like arrows to a traffic light that spells out "STOP." Just beyond, you can make out the word "Camera" above a store.

Camera STOP? You don't have to stretch metaphor very far to get what's being illustrated: the social and pictorial rules about sex that White was confronting. In "Market Street," White used an acceptable couple—a man and a woman—to suggest the bind he was in. The bind itself appears in public for the first time in "The Eye That Shapes." Displayed next to this very forties image of a sailor and his girl is "Ernest Stones and Robert Bright" (1949). In this simple photograph, it is two young men who are in semi-embrace. They're indoors, not out on the street, where they might be seen by others, but they're nevertheless very presentable—both of them in white shirts and ties, both with regular-Joe crewcuts. There's nothing else in the picture, just the two men. There's no subtext of signs; nothing's interfering with their intimacy. Because of what we're used to seeing, or not seeing, this calm portrait of men loving each other with all their buttons buttoned is a jolt—actually a double jolt, because it's by White, whose work has always seemed so empty of human interaction.

"The Eye That Shapes" is not the

first time White's homosexuality has been acknowledged, but it is the first opportunity we've had to see the photographs on exhibit that once seemed so much like dynamite they were kept out of public sight. These images are Bunnell's big scoop, and they are very welcome for the way they humanize White. There has always been something unconvincing about his work's opacity; no one seems at home behind many of the pictures. By unveiling previously unexhibited work, Bunnell gives us the raw material that lay beneath some of the shapes that caught White's eye. Bunnell's show and book demonstrate how White recast imagery so that it could go safely out into the world.

Among the photographs that White shelved are male nudes. A few of these images could have been made by George Platt Lynes, given their theatrical use of light and shadow to highlight men's bodies in arty, cheesecake poses. And then there are models who could slip right into Calvin Klein's ad campaign for underwear, except that White's models are lower on beefcake and no one is wearing those come-and-get-it briefs. But "The Eye That Shapes" also includes nudes that are personal. White made these in the late forties, and they belong to a sequence titled "The Temptation of Saint Anthony Is Mirrors." The body of his model, Tom Murphy, has a grace that satisfied White's ambition to make sensitive pictures. Even in shots where White added touches of the kind a bad art director brings to commercial photography—such as a rose placed near Murphy's penis, an arrangement with all the subtlety of a boulder—this sequence has a fleshy reality, and two of the shots are actually unpretentious. When White resisted the frills—when there is no self-conscious lighting, no coy hiding of (or decorating) the genitals—what a difference! These photographs give us a chance to see what White was capable of without all the shticky overlay.

When I first saw the exhibition at the Modern last spring, this different side of White made it seem as though someone else's pictures had been shoehorned into his. Yet, despite the fact that the unknown photographs looked like aliens, the installation of the exhibition made it clear that they were very much a planned part of the

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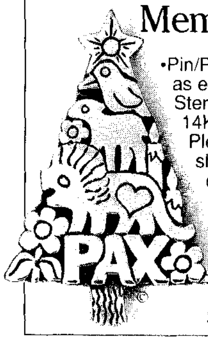

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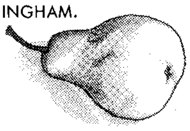

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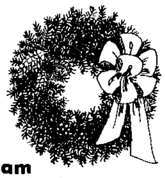

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event. Every decision about how to hang them appeared to be the result of careful, serious thought—too much thought. The sequence of images on the walls almost exactly paralleled the sequencing in the accompanying book—an unusual correspondence, since even though most curators start out with a plan, they add, drop, and move works around until all the art seems comfortable in the allotted space. Here there was no sense of spontaneity. I wonder how much of this rigidity was due to the fact that White's image was being changed—and with a kind of photography rare at the Modern, whose walls, like those of most art institutions, have been basically genital-free. That same art decorum which inhibited White has kept most figurative art from getting too detailed or graphic (and, of course, the ruling modern style, abstraction, solved the problem of the need for a fig leaf). In addition, at the Modern, as at almost all other museums, homosexuality has not been a deliberate theme, however understated. Peter Bunnell was breaking ground, and his desire to serve White's work yet preserve his reputation surely dictated some of his moves.

The White show will travel around the country for almost the next two years. Its contents will not vary much from stop to stop, and the plan is to install it as closely as possible to the way it was displayed at the Modern (and the way the photographs are ordered in the book). It's not that Bunnell pulls punches when it comes to White's unknown work: he sets up the show by clumping together, near the beginning, enough nudes to cue visitors that they are going to see a White they've never seen before. And Bunnell's text is very open about White's homosexuality. The problem is more a matter of too much editorializing. In his effort to reveal correspondences among certain photographs, Bunnell separates others that would have been better kept together. Splitting apart the "Temptation of Saint Anthony Is Mirrors" photographs is particularly odd, since they were made as a sequence. The way Bunnell spots these pictures around, they are as unnerving as a flasher popping out from behind a tree. Inserted between two abstract photographs that look like peeling walls, an image of the unpeeled Murphy is startling; when it's considered with the other pictures in the sequence the surprise dulls. Bun-

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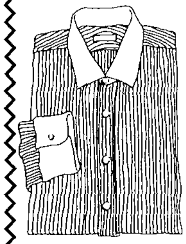

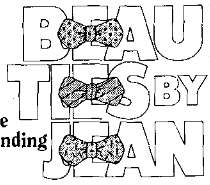

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nell's arrangement reflects the split that divided White's work into public and private imagery, but as a result the "Saint Anthony" pictures haven't really surfaced. Bunnell's half-showing them is tantamount to asking you to come into the closet with them rather than bringing them out.

A side effect of this peekaboo installation is the intensification of an already charged atmosphere. Bunnell clearly wants us to catch every sexual metaphor. His juxtapositions spell out (and perhaps induce) the resemblances between, say, Murphy's member and an icicle. But even without this curatorial help, one can grasp how White developed his own system of Equivalents. He wasn't subtle. He treated rocks as stand-ins for people, producing some images that give new meaning to the term "nature lovers." Using geology as a substitute for anatomy, White employed closeups and cropping to express what he couldn't show directly. Once you get the point that a stone's cracks and orifices are references to the entrances and exits that come with a body, no stone remains unturned into a potential double meaning.

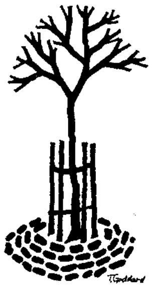
Rarely did White's use of Equivalents avoid gimmickry. Whether the allusion is to the body or to the Bible, metaphor failed to enrich his photography. His Biblical references are utterly unconvincing. A photograph called "Burning Bush," made the year he met Stieglitz, is typical of White in its apocalyptic mood and its flashy use of light and shadow. In this picture, a starburst of light brightens up a scraggly tree and a couple of bushes. It has the look of a special effect in a low-budget movie.

White's pursuit of the spiritual took him in more esoteric directions as well. For example, he titled a photograph after the most famous Zen koan, "The sound of one hand clapping." The subject, an Oriental-looking bowl, is as good an answer as any for a riddle that's not supposed to have an answer, but it really doesn't do much to encourage a Zen attitude. Zen is about attention, and this dull-gray object against a darker-gray background doesn't invite attention for long. A seascape titled "Shore Acres, Oregon" does draw attention, but not for the reason White intended. Above the Sturm und Drang of crashing waves, a lone bird picturesquely draws the eyes skyward; a streak of pure-white light divides the heavens from the ruckus of the sea. The whole shebang is clearly meant to inspire awe, but the bird is so small and is photographed at such an ambiguous angle that initially it's hard to tell whether it's a gull or only a splotch of grime on the print.

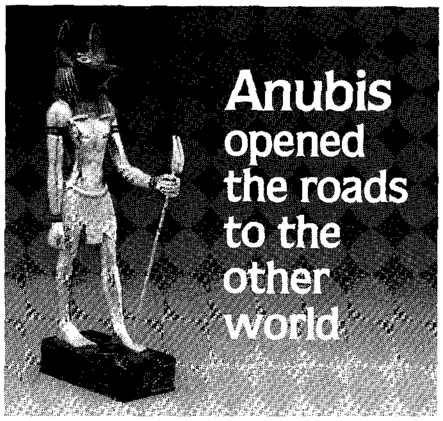
THERE'S very little warmth or humor in the bulk of White's work. What there is mostly is pointing. The exhibition includes a small selection of color photographs. The color injects a little oomph into the images, but it also underlines White's superficial grasp of design. He was hooked on colors that went together or matched: a red faucet handle, say, must have caught his eye because it was on a barrel with a red patch. His propensity for interior-decorating an image led him to take photographs of landscapes that look arranged, rather than found by his camera. His street pictures have some life—he was obviously trying to connect with city energy—but he stiffened the action instead of snapping it, the way a Bill Klein or a Garry Winogrand did. In their photographs, all the different elements cook together; in White's, the potential hubbub of a street picture has been strained out, so that you can't miss what he wants you to focus on. He spoon-feeds the viewer. *He* makes all the discoveries, and the viewer's job is to respond to what he found, rather than to join him in a process of discovery. Whether the photographs are pointing to nature, pointing to colors, pointing to sex, pointing to God, or pointing to art, they're didactic. One way to avoid pedagogy is to be human, to show doubt by acknowledging that life brings more questions than answers. But to do that requires an honest look at oneself—exactly what White felt he couldn't afford in his public pictures. This fear of exposure is painfully clear in the letters of his that are reprinted in Bunnell's book.

What is striking in these letters is the mysterious absence of any mention of love or romance—that whole department. These letters were written to the people he felt closest to, and they're full of his ideas about work, photography, and spiritual matters. Yet there's only one person, Isabel Kane Bradley, in whom he confides any emotions or experiences having to do with his homosexuality. For more about White's personal life, one has to go to his poems and to his private journal, which carries the name "Memorable Fancies." (Some of this material is included in the book.) In "Memorable Fancies," White attempted to get to the bottom of what made him tick, of what made him ashamed: his entries reveal that he was trying to understand the relationship between his personality and the stigma of homosexuality. A comment he wrote on March 10, 1960, reads, "I have often said that for anyone who likes self pity—homosexuality is a grand source . . . I recall from [my work in] Sequence 13 the statement 'By a law of yourself you are condemned to live in fear of those that will love you.' What LAW? What and why Law?"

Too bad White didn't harness this ability to dig below the surface when he was actually making photographs. At "The Eye That Shapes" you can see the effect of imposed rules and formulas on an artist's work. You can see how silly a subject can get if it can't be expressed directly. You can watch what happens as life is edited out. And in the book you can read how White advised others to stick to propriety. A letter written in 1962 to an unidentified photographer who had sent his sexually revelatory work to White indicates just how slavish he was to a recipe of what should and shouldn't go into art. "These prints outline for me a rather tragic story of a man's life," White wrote. "Your photographs are still mirrors of yourself. In other words your images are raw, the emotions naked. To present these to others they need appropriate clothes. These are private images not public ones."



White recognized that the other photographer had created images that were "very real" and very affecting, yet White was telling him to cover up the elements that conveyed such meaning. White's insistence that the photographer dress up his story to enable it to pass as a reflection of Mankind was presented in the name of the standard notion that art should be universalized —the concept that makes White's own photography so hollow. Despite all his talk of mirrors, he didn't seem to understand that there can be no such thing as common experience if



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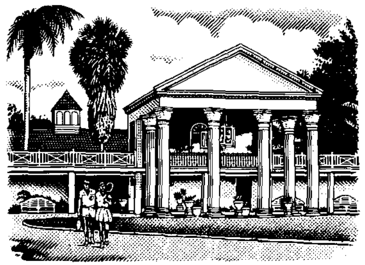

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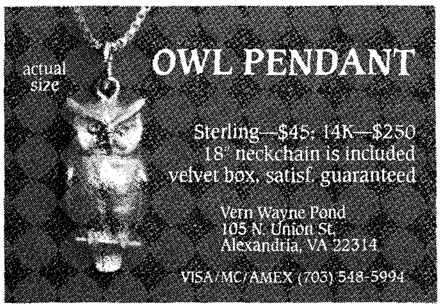

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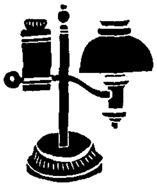
there are no specific selves to reflect it.

Looking at much of White's photography is like listening to a sermon from someone who is unable to communicate to you because he doesn't acknowledge what life is really like. White's diaries and his letters to Bradley suggest that he knew about the struggle to have faith, to find intimacy, to accept himself, and to be accepted by others, but you cannot tell it from the bulk of his work. He squeezed conflict from his art, leaving it mechanical. Bunnell's substructure in "The Eye That Shapes" reinforces the sermonizing quality that so many of White's pictures have. Pompous titles introduced each section at the Modern—"Possession," "Observation," and "Revelation"—and the final portion of the show gave us a dose of White's preachiest photographs of crosses, cross-forms, and beams of light.



White's isn't the only faith on view in "The Eye That Shapes." Bunnell's faith in White is almost palpable in this carefully plotted production. I wasn't at the lecture Bunnell gave at the Modern in conjunction with the opening of the show, but I heard a tape of it later. In it you can hear his emotion and his devotion to White. His intention is obviously to provide such a wide overview of White's biography and the development of his pictorial vocabulary that the viewer can come away with an understanding of the man and a method of reading White's codes and substitutional devices. He succeeds—and, as a result, viewers can understand more easily what went wrong.

White is not unusual in having two bodies of work—the pictures he showed to the world and those he didn't. But although the hidden pictures have been referred to as private imagery, they were actually treated as secret imagery—and there's a big difference between privacy and secrecy. Privacy is a choice; it's about living your life the way you want to. Secrecy is usually a form of protection, but the safety it affords has the same relationship to freedom as being locked in an isolation chamber. Many of White's photographs show what it's like to be inside that room. They're like messages sent by someone trapped, who has to disguise or code what is being transmitted so that it gets through; once you break White's codes, you simply apply them where appropriate. The rest of the time you're seeing standard pictures within standardized genres, be they religion, landscape, architecture, or abstraction. Often the results are perfectly fine, but "fine" doesn't have much to do with being moved or captured by pictures.

It can't be assumed that if White had been able to express himself more openly he would have been a more imaginative photographer. Even with those early nudes, some preconceived notion of artistic presentation—of lighting or pose or prop—tends to drain the images of life. But those are the photographs of a young artist looking for a style, a way to give his pictures his own stamp; their self-consciousness is typical of a beginner's work. Who knows what he could have done if he hadn't been so deeply involved with developing covert and acceptable ways to communicate his experience?

There are early pictures by White—especially the intimate ones of people—that have a real pictorial "voice." "*Ernest Stones and Robert Bright*" is a gem, made all the more precious because you know that these two men couldn't show their feelings for each other out in the world. And the "Saint Anthony Is Mirrors" sequence is rich enough to hint at the possibility that if White had directly approached what he was struggling with in his life he might have produced vital work. These photographs expose the source of White's conflict between his religious beliefs and his desires. You can't unravel the two subjects in these images; they are knotted together here the way they were in White's mind. It is the tension one feels between them that gives the photographs force. When there is no figure in his spiritual work, the pictures lose passion and become hokey and stripped flat; the voice gets lost. The photograph that sums it all up is a self-portrait he made in 1957. It's completely abstract, a white surface with black streaks. You can't have a more blatant image than this of a missing person—or an emptier use of abstraction.

White wasn't the kind of artist who did great work either despite or because of taboos. We like to remember those individuals who broke through the social and moral codes of their day, or who found ingenious ways around

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them. However, there aren't many with Genet's sense of nothing to lose, or with Proust's scope. What about those who are crippled, rather than inspired, by repression? Isn't it likely that White's defensive reflexes put so many brakes on his imagination that his picture-making froze?

TODAY, the images that White had to keep locked up cause no outrage. When his exhibition was at the Museum of Modern Art last spring, it drew some coverage but not much excitement. Although it will be seen in many distinguished institutions, it will not go to Washington. The show was packed in crates all summer, because it wasn't scheduled for an appearance until September, when it opened at the Oregon Art Institute, in Portland. When the Corcoran Gallery, in Washington, cancelled Robert Mapplethorpe's show, it filled the space with a show that had been scheduled for the fall, but actually White would have been a cleverer solution. In the White exhibition the Corcoran would have got the same basic subjects that are represented in the Mapplethorpe show—nature, portraits, and male nudes—plus some extras, such as landscapes and street pictures. It would not have received any photographs comparable in shock value to Mapplethorpe's sex pictures, yet it would still have had homosexuality as a theme, so no one could have accused it of being homophobic. There are other touchy issues that the Corcoran could have avoided by using White as Mapplethorpe's understudy, such as who's footing the bill. Although government money helps keep the doors of almost every art institution in America open, the White show itself comes courtesy of Merrill Lynch & Company. Backed by big business, the White package can't be accused of using taxpayers' money to support monkey business.

White's career is the well-behaved precursor of Mapplethorpe's. White is not so loaded, because he fits a stereotype that many people are comfortable with—the homosexual artist who feels rotten about his sexuality and agrees not to thrust it in people's faces. White did what Mapplethorpe wouldn't do: he censored himself. Mapplethorpe left the censoring to others, and the Corcoran obliged. It would have none of Mapplethorpe's show rather than some

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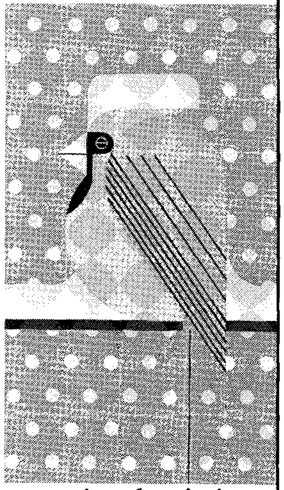

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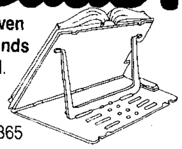

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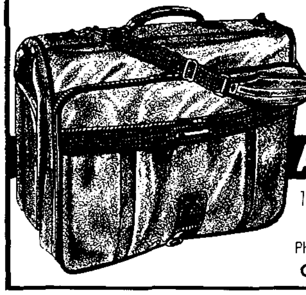
of it, the Corcoran announced, explaining that it did not want to have to censor parts of it. But no one had asked it to. It claimed that it wanted to keep the heat off the National Endowment for the Arts for giving a grant to the University of Pennsylvania's Institute of Contemporary Art, the institution that originated "The Perfect Moment." With help like that, the N.E.A. doesn't need enemies—nor do any of the institutions that have shown Mapplethorpe's work and could be tagged as irresponsible because of the Corcoran's action.

Just like White, Mapplethorpe was ambitious, but he was not a follower of systems. He worked with what he saw around him and took cues from his own responses. You could write his biography on the basis of his photographs, without needing any secondary material, so many of the people he was involved with are right there in the pictures. And you can follow Mapplethorpe's sexual history through his work. There are early cutouts from pornography magazines. Then there are the portraits of Patti Smith, the S & M pictures, Sam Wagstaff, the men who followed—the story of his life. Like White, Mapplethorpe, a Catholic, often made work that included the iconography of the Cross. Unlike White, Mapplethorpe leaped on the sex taboo in art as though it were the last frontier to explore. Instead of circling around homosexuality, Mapplethorpe made it an unavoidable subject for anyone looking at or talking about his pictures. Instead of being afraid that homosexuality would ruin his career, Mapplethorpe used it to forward his reputation. Instead of photographing rocks to suggest sex, Mapplethorpe made pictures of men having sex. But that does not mean that Mapplethorpe wasn't initially as freaked out as the next man about being a homosexual. He, too, had to deal with the question "What am I?" Much of the time, he used his work to try to answer that question. His self-portraits are an inventory of identities: himself as a woman, as a gangster, as a devilish imp, as a gentleman, as a toughie, as nothing special.

He was a photographer who took advantage of all the taboos and mysteries surrounding sex and homosexuality. They were his keys to doing something that would be noticed. Of course, the subject matter of his photographs wasn't new; what was different was that he was presenting explicit images that he wanted to show aboveground, not underground. The content of his most controversial work has an informational usefulness, too. These pictures provide views of sexual activities that are a puzzle to many people. He makes up for the sex education most of us didn't get. Because he broke through the usual secrecy that surrounds homosexuality, homosexuality became the frame through which his photographs are seen. But many of his pictures—including many that are sexual—have nothing in them that makes them inherently about homosexuality. A man with his penis hanging out of his fly—which is what we see in Mapplethorpe's wryest image of all—is a joke on the way everything that has to do with sex is supposed to be zipped up. Many of his "naughty" photographs are like this one, in which Mapplethorpe was having fun shocking. Others are displays of his virtuosity with form. What better way to get people to look at your ability to compose photographs that are technically and formally sophisticated than to show off with a shape—a penis, a bottom, a nipple, a belly button—that you know has box-office draw? So many photographers who care about composition forget about our boredom, or maybe don't respect it; they give us formally clever pictures, and we yawn. Mapplethorpe wanted to grab our attention, and he did, with that which had grabbed his own attention.

On the subject of sex, it's as though Mapplethorpe had picked up a shovel, not a camera, and dug up what was buried. His most infamous imagery—the all-male S & M pictures—has angered many, including homosexuals who believe that these dark scenarios weaken the argument that homosexuality is as healthy as heterosexuality (and who remind us that sadism and masochism are not unknown in the heterosexual world). But Mapplethorpe wasn't following any party line; he wasn't into messages. Nor was he a moralizer. And he clearly wasn't trying to be ingratiating. He took the photographs because he and the men who engaged in these blendings of punishment and pleasure had seen and experienced something they felt should be made visible. These photographs are different from other works that have S & M as a subject, many of which glamorize what goes on, or titillate. Mapplethorpe's S & M imagery is unvarnished. It's the real thing—so real that some people call it dangerous and outrageous material, not art. The pictures are inarguably upsetting; but upsetting is no reason for banishment. The shouts of "Scandal!" are aimed in the wrong direction. If there's a crime, it is that the individuals in his pictures are driven to see themselves as people who need to be punished in the context of sex, or to have so much anger about sex that they have to thrash others. When these images first appeared, ten years ago, there were those who couldn't believe what they were seeing. And then, as the years went on, Mapplethorpe's portraits, flowers, and nudes took front stage, and the S & M pictures were integrated into the history of his work—always there as a kind of invisible influence on the way people read his other imagery.

Although Mapplethorpe made very few S & M images, they would have to be included in any serious retrospective of his photography, as would examples of his non-S & M sexual imagery. Of all his subjects, sex is the one that most clearly reveals his intuition and his cleverness. In fact, only a small proportion of his work is on this topic, but this is where his contribution to photography stands out. His boldness, his cropping, and his frequent wit make other people's photographs of similar subject matter seem diluted or somehow off-base. The rest of Mapplethorpe's photography is not all so original. His stylization can appear forced. And even among the controversial photographs there are affected examples—such as "Joe" (1978), a man in head-to-toe rubber—that are just silly; the image is all outfit with nowhere to go. Mapplethorpe did best with simplicity. He was street smart, and when he used his canniness he hit his target. No other photographer has shown a black head and a white head up against each other with more effect: Mapplethorpe's image is tight with both tension and harmony. No other photographer has given us a kiss between two men which has made the word "queer" seem so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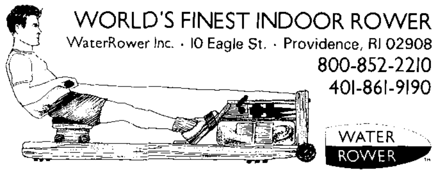
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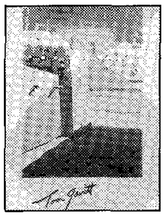

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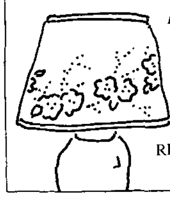

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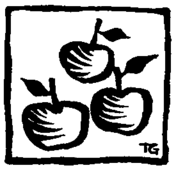
Mapplethorpe's flowers can have a riveting beauty that derives from a sense of their short life. Some are at such a peak you want to smell them. A lot of painters and photographers have worked with flowers, and often these pictures are said to be sexual. Mapplethorpe's flowers can certainly be erotic, as Georgia O'Keeffe's can, but that's due to the nature of flowers. Mapplethorpe certainly didn't need to use flowers as vehicles of sexual allusion, because he worked with sex directly. Besides, when his flower photographs are at their best it is because he saw some quality—prickliness, say, or purity—that he had to catch before it passed. But Mapplethorpe also treated flowers cursorily or used them as a prop. In those instances, his flowers are forgettable. His last flowers are not forgettable. It is as though all the life and color that were being drained from him were being sucked into the petals, the stems, and even the backgrounds that he used.



As for his portraits, some of them hit and some miss. It's not that any of them are flops—they're all elegant—but the ones that are less imbued with his personal interest can be like head shots off the eight-by-ten-glossies rack. Not the stark portrait of Doris Saatchi, all enigmatic and floaty, with the strict contrasts between white and black which are his signature. Mapplethorpe's portrait of de Kooning is strong also; in fact, it is wrenching. The begging in de Kooning's eyes turns the image into the opposite of a commemoration of greatness. The photograph is a portrait of dependency and loneliness, and it makes de Kooning's overalls seem more like a kid's bib than like a painter's dress. De Kooning obviously touched Mapplethorpe. When Mapplethorpe wasn't moved or interested in a person, his portraits became merely workmanlike, a way to make a buck, too stock Steichen. His nudes also vary in quality. Like White, he could be derivative of Weston, but he extended what Weston did, creating some nudes that have no counterpart in their sense of physical intimacy and their luscious depiction of the texture of skin. When Mapplethorpe let himself be tempted by too broad a theatricality, the pictures get gift-boxy. He was strongest when he exerted his minimal aesthetic, and when he was at his most provocative.

"The Perfect Moment," which was curated by Janet Kardon, offers a sensible cross-section of Mapplethorpe's work. The images that are said to have caused the blowup in Washington belong to three portfolios of prints cleverly titled "X," "Y," and "Z." As the exhibition travels, the portfolios (which also include flowers, portraits, and texts) are always installed in a Mapplethorpe-designed slanting cabinet at counter height. They are avoidable; by just looking at what's on the walls, one could go through the show without seeing them. But to miss this tougher aspect of his work is to miss what gives Robert Mapplethorpe his place in photographic history.

That place is becoming clearer and clearer after a summer and a fall in which Robert Mapplethorpe, the Corcoran, and its director, Christina Orr-Cahall, had almost daily attention in the papers. There's irony in Mapplethorpe's becoming such a political cause célèbre. He may have been political in terms of whom to talk to at a dinner party, but he didn't give a hoot about real politics. Still, real politics found him when his work was about to appear in the capital. The reason he's controversial now is that he touched on all those territorial questions about the body which are once again such a vivid part of American politics. But whereas it's life—the life of the fetus—that is at the core of the abortion debate, it's the spectre of death that is hanging over Mapplethorpe's pictures. Mapplethorpe didn't disappear into a hole when he became ill and his illness was diagnosed as AIDS. He didn't blame himself; he was a logical man. He didn't consider his condition God's punishment. He understood it for what it was—a virus, not a sign that he had sinned. He had no shame about having AIDS. This, in combination with his reputation as a homosexual who photographed homosexuals, made him a magnet for the media. Some articles even benefitted from the panache of an accompanying Mapplethorpe self-portrait, done after his AIDS started showing. He took several such pictures of himself. In one that has now become famous, because it has been reproduced so often, he's holding a cane hat has a skull knob and looking s straight in the eye. These self-portraits enabled everybody to witness him getting thinner, the sockets of his yes getting more dramatic, his skin hanging, his exhaustion visible. In ddition, paparazzi constantly snapped him when he went out; they had a market for pictures of Robert Mapplehorpe with AIDS.

The brew of Mapplethorpe's artistic history, his personal openness, and hen his openness about his medical condition has made him an icon of the age of AIDS—a rival to Rock Hudson as the most famous person to have had he disease. The press coverage of the Corcoran's cancellation made it clear ust how glued together Mapplethorpe and AIDS have become. Practically every time his name was mentioned, AIDS was mentioned too, as his I.D. This isn't surprising. Reporters so often have to hold back on the word "AIDS" when people with AIDS have died that it seems writers can't string ogether the words "Robert Mapplehorpe, the photographer, who died of AIDS" often enough. There are those who use his AIDS in obviously manipulative ways. For example, in the public debates that have gone on—and on—about the Corcoran's cancellation, the information that Mapplehorpe died of AIDS is also always available, perhaps more often than his correct name. He's been referred to as Mapplewood, Mappleton, and Mapplesex, these "slips" usually coming from politicians excoriating his photography as part of their platform of decency and taxpayers' rights. (One supposes that their inability to retain the correct name of the man who made the so-called dirty pictures is a symbol of their righteousness.)

In fact, AIDS has a lot to do with what has happened lately with Mapplethorpe's work. In 1988, when it became widely known that he had AIDS, the Mapplethorpe business boomed; there was a rush to buy prints he had personally overseen and signed, and there was a flurry of retrospectives. After he died, the boom intensified, but we also got to see how his having had AIDS could be used to fuel an assault against his photography. The outcome of the Corcoran's cancellation of Mapplethorpe's show has been a debate in which his photographs have been treated by some as though they were a virus that curators have to be careful

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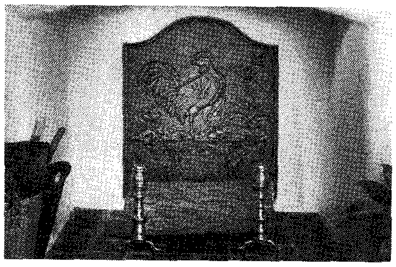

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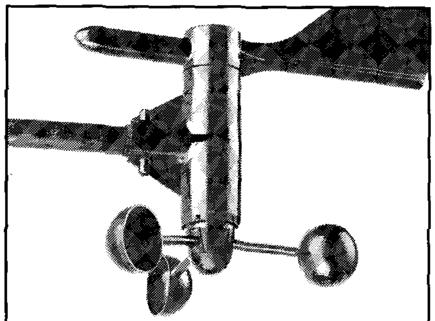

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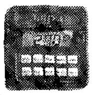

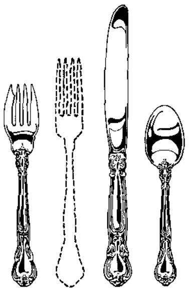

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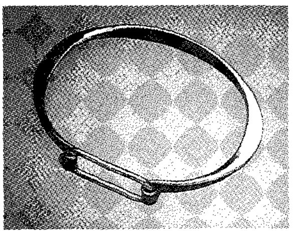

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about exposing the public to. The stigma that his death carries has made his image and his work much more vulnerable to misrepresentation and projection. Now the physical sickness that the man endured is being used to confirm ideas that the work itself is sick.

THE woman who brought Mapplethorpe back from the dead, Christina Orr-Cahall, is not immune to the criticism that she, too, approached Mapplethorpe's work as if it were contaminated. Who, other than someone very anxious, cancels a show so late in the schedule that the invitations have already been mailed out? Granted, there were rumblings and grumblings on the Hill. Granted, Orr-Cahall appears to have been uninformed about Mapplethorpe's work—a rather unusual position, to say the least, for someone in the art profession. (Mapplethorpe's been famous for a decade, and "The Perfect Moment" had already been in two museums.) Still, above and beyond Orr-Cahall's faux or real ignorance about the content of the show, she simply didn't give the pictures proper professional regard. Everything about her process before, during, and since the cancellation has had the aroma of panic, and, more serious, could suggest museological misconduct. For example, Orr-Cahall made the decision to cancel the show on the basis of photocopies of Mapplethorpe's pictures, which, according to the *Washington Post*, she had dispatched three scouts to Philadelphia to obtain. Apparently, it was on the basis of her descriptions of these photocopies that the Corcoran board confirmed her decision—at a thinly attended special meeting for which no agenda had been announced. (I rarely wish I were a fly, but to have been one on the wall on this occasion would be worth putting up with a lifetime of leftovers.) Whatever was said at this meeting, what resulted was a substitute show—and some important questions. For example: How could the Corcoran's director have allowed her museum to respond to political rather than cultural imperatives? How could she have allowed an artist's work to be rejected on the basis of photocopies, when so much of this photography's message depends on the feeling and scale of the actual prints?

When it turned out that the Corco-

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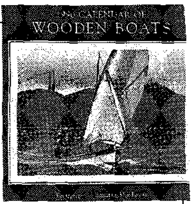

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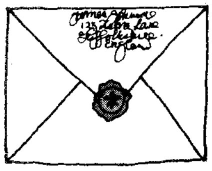
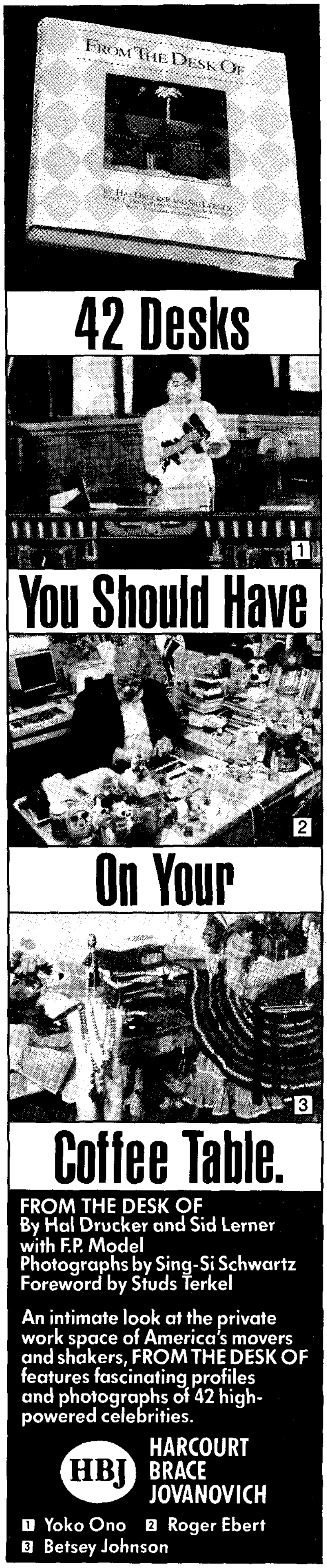
ran's cancellation had alarmed many people in the arts, among them artists and dealers who said they would not participate in future exhibitions at that institution, the museum was forced to issue a statement of regret. But the tenor of its statement was rather sad proof that the institution's leader really doesn't understand what the problem is. It was hopelessly political in the bureaucratic sense—a transparent P.R. move—and it didn't work: "By withdrawing from the Mapplethorpe exhibition, we, the board of trustees and the director, have inadvertently offended many members of the arts community, which we deeply regret." If only they weren't so worried about offending people, the higher-ups at the Corcoran would be able to see the issues with more clarity. It is nice that Orr-Cahall personally passed on the Corcoran's regrets by calling, say, Donald Lipski and Annette Lemieux, two artists whom they were counting on for upcoming exhibits, but what about Mapplethorpe's family, who have had to live through all the Mapplethorpe-bashing that resulted from the Corcoran's implicit agreement that his photographs are something to fear? To this day, the Corcoran has not written to or called those responsible for the Mapplethorpe estate, which owns the majority of the pictures in the exhibition. Usually a prime lender is treated with kid gloves. Here it's as though the Mapplethorpe estate were getting the rubber-glove treatment—avoidance. When the Corcoran pulled out, it did so through the press. When Orr-Cahall "apologized," it wasn't to anyone who had anything directly to do with Mapplethorpe or his work—it wasn't to the people he chose to be the caretakers of his pictures after he was gone. Meanwhile, Jane Livingston, the curator who was responsible for bringing "The Perfect Moment" to the Corcoran, has resigned. The gallery has lost ten per cent of its membership. What a mess. But it has exorcised so much.



From the beginning, the latest drama over N.E.A. funding was reminiscent of one of Mapplethorpe's sadomasochistic scenes. A few members of the House and a few senators were holding the whip, and the two institutions that received N.E.A. money to support Mapplethorpe's show and that of the other artist, Andres Serrano, who has been accused of photographic evildoing were said to have committed crimes for which they must suffer. (Although Serrano's picture, "Piss Christ," is utterly innocuous, the sound of its title alone could distress people and be used as a tool by the same group who tried to shut down Martin Scorsese's "The Last Temptation of Christ." Over the last few months, when Serrano's photograph has been labelled "blasphemous" his defenders have explained that the artist's intention was to call attention to the vulgarization and the commercialization of sacred imagery, but this does not seem to have impressed any of those who feel the work belongs in an incinerator, whether or not they've seen any of it.) While the punishment that had been suggested—no more money for five years—was voted down in the House, what was voted in isn't much better. Now the Endowment has to notify Congress thirty days prior to the giving of any grant money to either place, the Institute of Contemporary Art at the University of Pennsylvania, and the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art in Winston-Salem. In other words, these institutions are being treated like criminals on probation. They're not on their knees, or in chains, or hanging, the way some of Mapplethorpe's men are, but they, too, are victims of notions of sin that not everyone accepts. In addition, forty-five thousand dollars was chopped from the N.E.A.'s allotment—the amount of money given out for Mapplethorpe and Serrano. These two decisions alone are alarming, because they uphold the notion that the institutions involved have done something wrong.

This is not a climate in which politicians are careful about how they slander artists. About a picture in which a little girl has her dress hiked up and no underwear on, Senator Helms told a *Times* reporter, "I'm embarrassed to even talk to you about this. I'm embarrassed to talk to my wife." Here, Helms was pushing yet another false image of Mapplethorpe—that he exploited children. I spoke to one of the subjects who has been cited as a victim of Mapplethorpe's abuse—Jesse McBride. His mother and Mapplethorpe were close friends. In Mapplethorpe's photo-



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graph, McBride is naked and he has leaped onto the back of a chair. "I must have been four or five then," he said (he's eighteen now). "I remember jumping around and laughing. I'm not as free-minded now. In those days, I'd just take off my clothes and start jumping on the chair. It was fun—Robert snapping away, and my mom laughing. When I got older, up to when I was twelve, I was embarrassed by the picture. I turned it toward the wall when my friends came over. I didn't want them to see my private parts. I didn't mind the adults' seeing me naked, but when you're that age you're easily embarrassed by friends. Now when I look at the photograph I think it's a really beautiful picture. I think back to when I was so young and innocent. I look particularly angelic." As Pat Steir, a painter, pointed out to me, this image echoes almost exactly a 1506 drawing of a young boy by Dürer, which he made as a study for his painting "Madonna with the Greenfinch."

STADIUM
PARKING

Still, some people accept as truth the fabrication that Mapplethorpe exploited or abused children. After the staff of the Washington Project for the Arts stepped in and took over Mapplethorpe's show in Washington, they received many letters. Congratulations were almost unanimous, but a few people wanted to go on record as being offended. A man from Kansas wrote the following letter to the staff: "I heard on the radio today that you have opened an 'Art' exhibit that depicts the exploitation of children. One that exposes male and children's female genitalia. That's disgusting! I also understand that this 'artist' is/was a homosextual [sic] and depicts other works with men in strange positions and environments. An exhibit of this sort would never be shown here in Kansas because we do not believe that our tax dollars should support such blatant, disgusting material. If Washington is supposed to lead the country in being an example, I'll stay in Kansas. I intend to notify my Reps and Senators that this is appalling to us here in the plains. Shame on you!" Taxes, dollars: that's the hook being used to get into the N.E.A.'s pocket. It has been said that taxpayers shouldn't have to support work that is offensive to community standards. But nobody yet has defined which taxpayers, or who or what is meant by "community."

In fact, the community that wants to see Mapplethorpe's work is enormous. Viewers come in numbers that make his shows blockbusters. The Whitney reported that his retrospective there in 1988 was one of the most highly attended events in its history. And the record crowds that have attended "The Perfect Moment" at each of its first four stops are not unusual for his work. After the Mapplethorpe show left Washington, the next venue was the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford. Andrea Miller-Keller, its curator of contemporary art, told me that there has been some community distress over the notion that the museum is exhibiting the work of a man who exploited children, and the afternoon I was there, on opening day, demonstrators carrying anti-abortion signs were gathered outside the museum. Nevertheless, the Mapplethorpe exhibition has had the most successful first week in the history of the Wadsworth. And Mapplethorpe's catalogue and book sales indicate a readership that's much broader than the usual art-book market. One assumes that all the people who are seeking out his work are taxpayers, too. Detractors are bound to argue that the huge audience that Mapplethorpe attracts is merely responding to his notoriety. Actually, ever since his pictures first appeared he has had devoted viewers. Nowadays it's fair to assume that some people go to view his work because of the publicity, but it says something that they want to see it for themselves—that they aren't scared of what will happen to them if they look at these supposedly contaminated images. And it says something, too, that there have been no more than three or four complaints from viewers at each of the American museums where Mapplethorpe's most graphic imagery has been included. Even so, his photography is said to be inappropriate for public expenditure and public consumption.

Can we, the public, handle direct images of sex? That, not taxes, is the real question. (If we're really going to be in control of our tax money, let each of us be given a checklist on the I.R.S. form each year showing all the items our taxes are to be spent on, so that we can indicate exactly how we want our money to be used. On the Stealth bomber? Aid to the Contras?) As for whether or not Mapplethorpe's graphic imagery belongs in a public institution, perhaps the best answer is to describe what goes on when it's shown. At the Wadsworth, in the gallery where the S & M pictures were on view, I saw a long line of people waiting to see what was in the cabinet. Around that display there was a hush, not a riot. The night the Mapplethorpe exhibition opened at the Washington Project was another good example of reality versus projection when it comes to the way people respond to Mapplethorpe's work. It was an evening that was obviously at high pitch, because of all that had gone on about the exhibition in Washington. There was the busyness of reporters scribbling, taping, filming, and swarming which one finds at phenomenal events; here, too, those on assignment depended on the impressions of eyewitnesses. The event had the feeling more of an ethnological-research project than of an art opening. Cameras focussed on people viewing the photographs, and studied their reactions as if they were a tribe confronting artifacts from another world. Surprise! No one fainted at the sight of a black or white penis. Many viewers looked as if they'd seen one before.

Some commentators who are concerned about the impact of Mapplethorpe's most explicit photography feel that viewers have to be protected because we don't know what we're going to see when we walk into a museum. But people who go to museums or galleries don't run into art by mistake. Sometimes we know about the work and sometimes we don't, but when we don't we go because we want to look at what someone has decided was important enough to put on the walls. Then, there is the question "But what about the children?" One answer came from Barbara Jakobson, a collector and an active member of the art community. She said, "Young children shouldn't be wandering around museums. At most shows they don't have a good time anyway, and their unhappiness ruins the experience for everyone else." (Her theory sounds as if it would be popular with certain children. I remember how when I was about nine I waited for my mother to get through a Henry Moore exhibit. I almost strangled myself in the hole of one of his mother-and-child pieces, I was so bored.) Jakobson's dry humor is a relief in the midst of all the piety. Still, the question of whether or not children should be exposed to material that they may not have the capacity to understand and that might confuse or frighten them does need to be addressed. Children deserve the same serious consideration here as in relation to any comparable medium, be it the movies, television, or comic books. There's the strategy museums have employed for years with Mapplethorpe's work: a placard informing viewers that some of the material is sexually explicit. Although this idea of warning people may be useful in controversial situations—for adults as well as children—ultimately, ratings for art are a sad solution. It's not just that if ratings are applied to art they are even more likely to be used absurdly and hypocritically than they are with movies. It's that to think about art in these terms is not to know what art is.

AT the beginning of this year, when all the corks popped to celebrate photography's hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary, it looked as though the spotlight would be on the medium because of the role it had played in the past. Instead, what is happening with photography in the present has grabbed all the attention. And it makes sense that it was photography that launched the latest attempt to define proper versus improper art. Almost a hundred years ago, Bernard Shaw wrote about the effect of photography on people's sense of propriety: "Photography is so truthful—its subjects are so obviously realities, and not idle fancies—that dignity is imposed on it as effectually as it is on a church congregation. Unfortunately, so is that false decency, rightly detested by artists, which teaches people to be ashamed of their bodies. . . ." Sometimes what photography reveals is a reality that people find intolerable. We saw that lack of tolerance in the reaction against Mapplethorpe's pictures. To take part in any effort to bury his supposedly offensive images is to be an accomplice in bigotry, to aid in the wiping out of his subjects by once again rendering them invisible. That, finally, is what is so disappointing about the Corcoran's not standing up for Mapplethorpe's work.

The Corcoran also betrayed its

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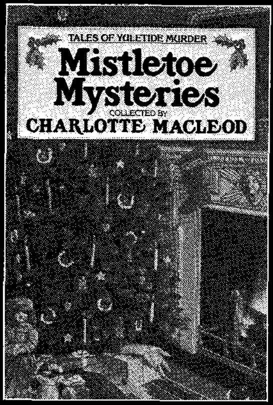

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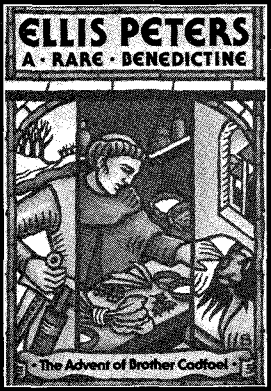

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social contract with artists and viewers—not that it was the first museum to make such a mistake. Many museums operate from a position of fear, always worrying that images may be too graphic or extreme and upset the audience. Often, though, it is the people in charge of these museums who have the closed minds; and the audience, as Mapplethorpe's crowds prove, is fully capable of dealing with the controversial material.

Mapplethorpe understood that what he wanted to see—homosexuality brought out of the closet and into the light, sex brought out from the dark or up from under the counter, strong women, black men who are vigorous, beautiful, and classical instead of the usual bottom-of-the-pile image—others did, too. But, obviously, not everyone. One of the loudest voices to be raised against Mapplethorpe's work is Hilton Kramer's. Kramer is one of the few writers on art who made a statement in support of the Corcoran. His July *Times* article on the Mapplethorpe-Corcoran episode, "Is Art Above the Laws of Decency?," could be read as a disgorging of bitterness against contemporary art and its values, and was full of anger at the professional art world—a community that by and large has stopped listening to him. Of all people, it was Minor White whom Kramer cited as an example of a photographer who approached male nudity the right way—that is, inoffensively. Kramer wrote, "There are male nudes in the Minor White retrospective now on view at the Museum of Modern Art that no one, as far as I know, has made any fuss about." And he left it at that. He didn't tell the reader that White's nudes had never been out in public before, because of the very issues now surrounding Mapplethorpe. Kramer, touting White as a symbol of acceptability, either didn't see the connections between the two photographers or didn't want to get distracted by them. For instance, there's that cancellation of White's exhibition at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor. Although the theme of that show was war, not sex, its disturbing images and text had quite a bit in common with Mapplethorpe's S & M pictures. White's allegedly unpatriotic "Amputations" sequence was criticized for its focus on the physical and emotional suffering of soldiers. Mapplethorpe's subjects are civilians, and their clothes

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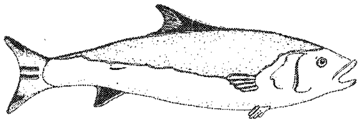

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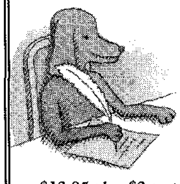

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are costumes rather than uniforms, but they, too, are creatures who live in battle, and it's a battle that both Mapplethorpe and White experienced at first hand: the struggle not to be condemned by society because of whom and how you love.

IN the obvious ways, some of Mapplethorpe's photographs are harder to look at than White's. Mapplethorpe intended his work to challenge us. When he first got rolling, he didn't want to make the same old art. He wanted to get to us. He wanted to tap our most personal, least understood feelings. It is not possible to have an impersonal reaction to his sexual imagery—the part of us that it hits is the part that is most raw—so it's not surprising that his pictures have elicited both love and hate. They have always had enormous personal meaning for me, extra-pictorial as well as pictorial. I first saw them when I was in my mid-twenties. It was at a time in my life when I was afraid of what would happen—and worried about how my parents would feel—if I said I had a girlfriend, not a boyfriend. It was a relief to come upon an artist who addressed homosexuality in an unqueasy, honest, and often beautiful way. It was an inspiration to see self-portraits that were so candid, and at the same time so cool. It meant so much that he didn't project himself as "a loser." Later, Mapplethorpe and I became friends. His imagery wasn't all that was honest about him. He was a straightforward man. It was his willingness—actually, his need—to reveal himself that made it possible for him to treat his subject so directly. I've written about him once before, for the book that was produced on the occasion of his retrospective at the Whitney. I remember struggling with the section of my essay that addressed his S & M pictures. They are so tough to look at that they brought on a horrible thought: What if these criminal-looking images were exploited by those who see homosexuality as a crime? What if the fact that Mapplethorpe had AIDS was to color the reception of his work? It didn't happen then, but a year later, in Washington, we saw the exploitation and ignorance in action.

That Mapplethorpe was going to succeed was in the cards. He worked hard, all the time—and he understood what was missing from most of the

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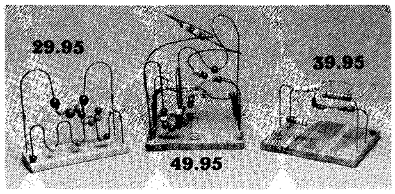

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other imagery that people were being offered. Like Minor White, Mapplethorpe was a figure of his time, but times had changed. He was able to photograph the transition of homosexuality from a dirty secret that people felt they must hide to a vision of lives that could be led out in the open, without fear of recrimination. To some, his pictures seemed to be the mirror they had been waiting for all their lives. And his attitude toward his material was also welcome. No apologies, no disguises, no theories: he just laid it all out. Minor White didn't have this chance; that's what is so painful about his work. In the end, it is much harder to look at his photographs than to look at Mapplethorpe's most frightening images. Photographs like Minor White's suggest how much is lost when the public becomes an entity to be afraid of rather than a body of people to whom one tries to tell the truth.

—INGRID SISCHY

•

RAIN & SNOW

(KYOTO, JAPAN)

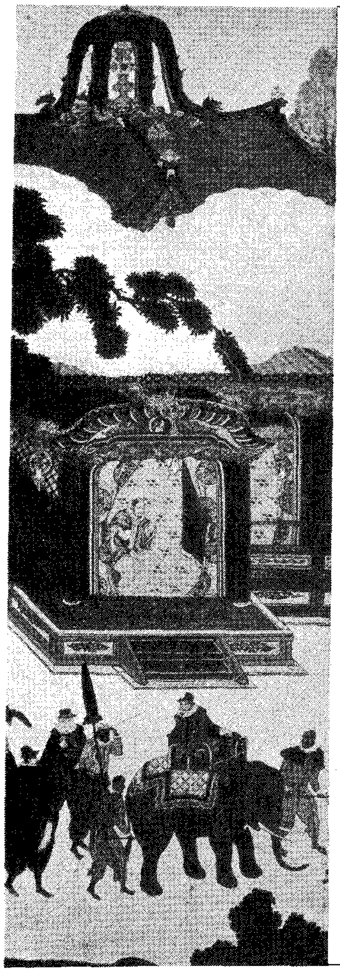
I

When, with a shiver, after
weeks of such dryness, the rain
comes, it comes as in answer
to yearnings not bound within
the twin, tight kingdoms of plants
and animals—as if those
loose, nerveless others (the fence
pales and roof pantiles, the clothes-
lines and sighing, tire-stroked street),
that lodge here merely, bearing
no gift for flight, at least might
savor a sense of being,
on the outside, anyway,
as free-running as the sea.

II

Not simply unforeseen . . . but
unforeseeable: just so
are these angling oddments cut
from a black, unyielding sky.
Yet it seems the stooping hills
have been waiting to lighten;
and waiting the housetop tiles,
for a film through which to burn,
under-brightly; and waiting—
having first swallowed every
city glimmer in passing—
the river, waiting to be
visibly undazzled by
even beauty so unlikely.

—BRAD LEITHAUSER



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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CHINCHILLA FARM, by Judith Freeman (Norton; $19.95). Incidental to this novel is a plenitude of facts more wonderful than fiction: that Mormons wear special underwear at all times, called "garments"; that people put clothes sprinkled for ironing into freezers to prevent mildew, and mayonnaise on houseplants. The lyrical but tough-minded voice is no more or less inflected in telling that the narrator has been married for years to a man who illegally shoots pelicans for the hell of it, or that when she leaves home, and Utah, for L.A. she is surprised to find in the room where she is staying "so many lights. I was used to one light in the middle of the ceiling, which you turned off and on with a switch near a door." The narrator's calm view of the world as an unthreatening, even benign place is startling. She unfearfully befriends vagrant drunks, attacks her husband's girlfriend in a ladies' room, conducts a former sister-in-law on a wild escape from her gun-toting husband (he uses a silencer) to Baja. Extraordinary are her levelness (strength without aggression, observation without nervous judgments), a cool and uncondescending view of class, and passages like "Time had stopped going forward and backward and was rising and falling, up and down, like mercury in one grand column."

DISAPPEARING ACTS, by Terry McMillan (Viking; $18.95). If Ntozake Shange, Jane Austen, and Danielle Steel collaborated on a novel of manners, this blunt and entertaining book might be the result. It is narrated in alternating chapters by Franklin Swift and Zora Banks, two weary veterans of the black singles wars, as their Brooklyn love affair shifts from struggling alliance to misalliance and back again, and as they try to find the right measure of each other's worth through elation and suspicion, career breakthroughs and setbacks, and, ultimately, childbearing and the possibility of a lasting truce. Class differences as well as gender play a part: Zora is a schoolteacher with a college degree; Franklin is a high-school dropout who is unsteadily employed as a carpenter and construction worker. The vulnerability and complexity of black male self-esteem and the precariousness of black middle-class existence are powerfully dramatized. Less successful are the supporting characters, who generally conform to type, and a maternal villain who is used to explain away far too much; but the insistent, profane, and honest voices of Franklin and Zora win the reader over.

NIGHTSHADE, by Jack Butler (Atlantic Monthly; $18.95). On Mars, John Shade, a vampire novelist who traces his life back to eighteenth-century Virginia, ranches *bevos*—artificial cows that produce real beef and small talk: "Got some racks going bad, here, boss." Despite his age and the cynicism that comes from having to succumb to his occasional "Need," Shade manages to hang on to the revolutionary spirit of the era he was born into, and becomes the figurehead of a rebellion pitting Martian society's outcasts against the status quo. Before the revolution is hours old, the "trivia," a kind of CNN without frontiers, has made him a folk hero and the star of news movies like "The Rancher and the Mutant Girl," and his novels the subject of televised literary panel discussions. This is a book playfully at odds with itself: while the intricate B-movie plot wrestles with motifs of innocence and fatalism, meaning shadows action at a cautious distance. Mr. Butler is a very funny writer who knows how to keep a suspicious reader interested, and, once you've adjusted to the scenery, like Shade you "get sucked into the pleasures of conspiracy."

GENERAL

VLADIMIR NABOKOV: SELECTED LETTERS, 1940-1977, edited by Dmitri Nabokov and Matthew J. Bruccoli (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich;

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$29.95). This epistolary trove by the Russian-American novelist, poet, and lepidopterist actually begins with a letter written in 1923, to his mother; it contains the lustrous paragraph (as translated by Dmitri Nabokov) "It is evening now, with touching cloudlets in the sky. I took a walk around the plantation, behind the grove of cork oaks, ate peaches and apricots, admired the sunset, listened to a nightingale's twees and whistles, and both its song and the sunset tasted of apricot and peach." The last letter, written shortly before his death, to his son, begins, "My dearest, your roses, your fragrant rubies, glow red against a background of spring rain." In general, the letters are businesslike, as, from 1940 on, the American immigrant sets about reconstructing and surpassing in English the artistic achievements he amassed in over twenty years as a Russian émigré in Europe. We find him tenaciously engaged in the awkward authorial tasks of seeking publication, bickering with editors, pursuing academic appointments, listing typos, and taking the properly aloof tone with uncomprehending readers, reviewers, and interviewers. Above all, "Lolita," its gingerly rise to masterpiece status by way of a Paris pornography publisher and its heady aftermath of notoriety, wealth, and film adaptation, dominates these communications. Not so continuously interesting as the previously published correspondence between Nabokov and Edmund Wilson, and rather wearing in its eventually dominant tone of offended hauteur, this volume nevertheless holds many glints of pure verbal gold, sprinkled in spendthrift fashion by a wonderfully vivacious and poetic mind.

BLOODY ROADS SOUTH: THE WILDERNESS TO COLD HARBOR, MAY-JUNE 1864, by Noah Andre Trudeau (Little, Brown; $19.95). Grant and Lee in relentless confrontation day after day through the bloodiest campaign of the Civil War. The author, a gifted new historian, narrates the beginning of the end of that conflict through the experience of the fighting men—diarists and memoirists, Northern and Southern, who set down what they did, saw, and heard. Both commanders are well drawn; Mr. Trudeau deftly allows his sources to reveal the fierce aggressiveness that Lee ordinarily concealed with politeness and Grant with understatement. The soldiers—they include officers and enlisted men—vary from keen to dull, able to sluggish. What they share, besides their willingness to go on fighting, is surprise as the murderousness of each successive battle increases beyond their imagining. Along the way, they notice details, like the odd appearance of trees after bullets have stripped off their bark, and they also record changes in themselves. At the book's end, a young New Yorker remembers that his unit, marching through Virginia, deliberately trampled "the finest wheat field I ever looked upon."

A PLACE FOR US, by Nicholas Gage (Houghton Mifflin; $19.95). In "Eleni" the author recounted the story of his mother's murder by Communist guerrillas in northern Greece in 1948. In this absorbing and affecting volume he tells what happened after he and his sisters joined their father in Worcester, Massachusetts. In its outlines, the book is an American success story, in which hard work pays off, and frightened, impoverished youngsters find security and opportunity. In its details, it portrays a complex of struggles—conflicts between the constrictions of Old Country ways and the allurement of free-and-easy Americanisms, and the inescapable discords within a family whose closeness created stress as well as strength. Mr. Gage is candid about the lingering effects of a terrifying childhood, and he makes credible the family's ability to embrace the New World.

NOTE: "What About Me?," a collection of drawings by Edward Koren, has been published by Pantheon ($9.95, paper). All the drawings originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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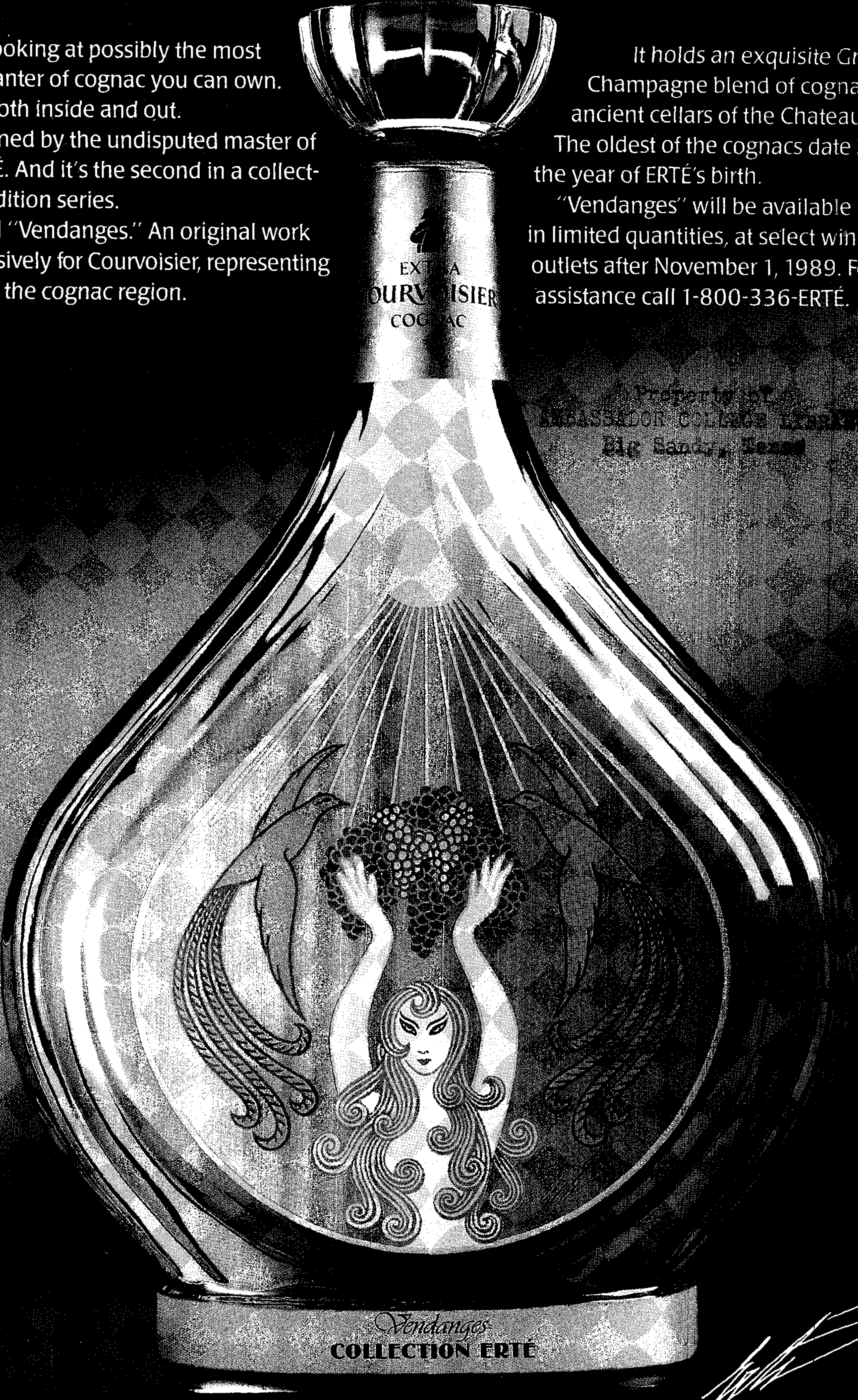

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